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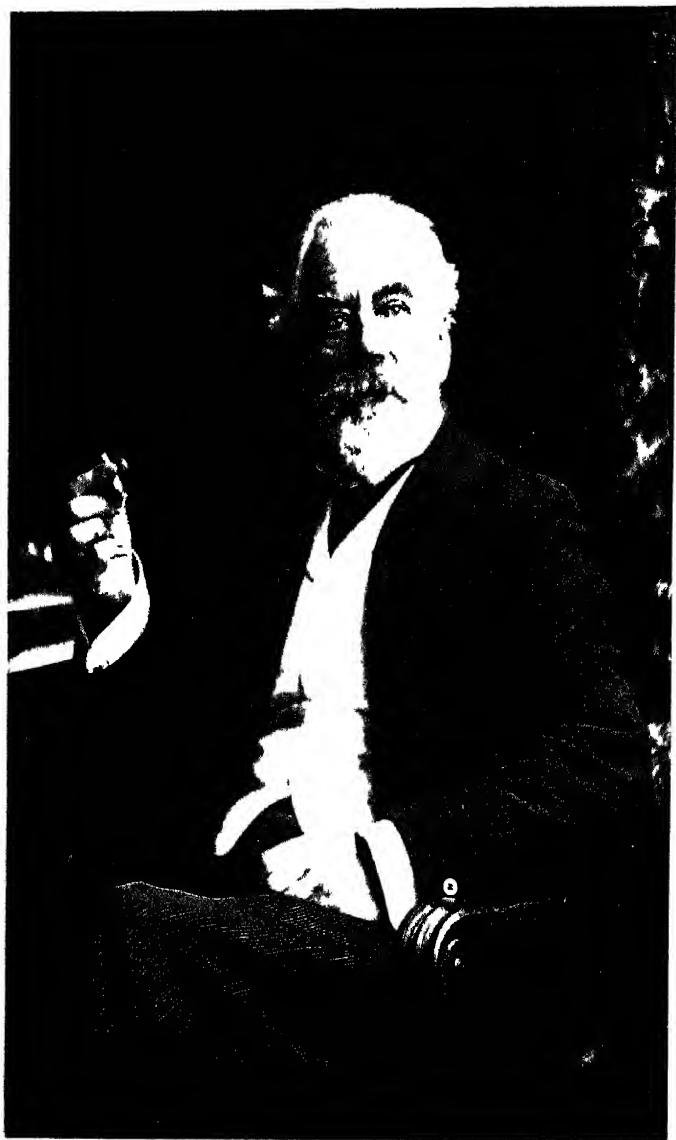
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SIR EDMUND GRIMANI HORNBY

SIR EDMUND HORNBY

An Autobiography

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

D. L. MURRAY

“Reminiscences cease to be Reminiscences when they
are much weeded and pruned.”

MORLEY: *Oriel College and the Oxford Movement*

FRONTISPIECE

LONDON
CONSTABLE & CO LTD

First Published 1929
Reprinted 1929

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO. LTD.
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, GLASGOW.

INTRODUCTION

‘THERE were wonderful giants of old, you know,’ the school song tells us; and Sir Edmund Grimani Hornby, himself no dwarf in mental and moral stature, makes some of the most imposing ones who upheld Queen Victoria’s empire stalk before us again in the candid autobiography which these few pages are to introduce. A great and industrious representative of his country, Consular Judge in three Empires which had by his time lagged far enough behind the progress of Occidental civilisation to have assumed the likeness of a Sleeping Beauty’s Court or a spellbound ogre’s castle, he revives for us the romantic days of the British diplomatic and consular service. Or is it that the present days are as romantic, only we still lack the memoirs and the secret history? That is unlikely, because we have passed in most walks of life from the era of personality to the era of efficiency; and, whoever profits thereby, it will not be the Kinglakes and Trevelyan of to-morrow.

‘My first interview with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe,’ says Sir Edmund, with the good-humoured coolness that must have been invaluable to him amid the babel of an Oriental consular Court, or when, riding circuit as Supreme Judge he had to impose his travel-stained presence upon the bedizened jacks-in-office, nominally his subordinates, whose arbitrariness he was sent to control, ‘my first interview with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was decidedly a funny one.’ It took a man of his tenacious strength to give that account of one of Lord Stratford’s rages; for when the

sublimest figure among the British Ambassadors of a heroic age began to thunder and lighten, the ramshackle Empire of the Porte creaked dismally in the tempest, and the less formidable autocrat on the Neva touched his bell to order general mobilisation. Not their panic but Sir Edmund Hornby's calmness must remain the surprising thing to any one who glances at George Richmond's drawing of Lord Stratford in that flaming old age during which his star blazed at its zenith. The piercing sternness of the eyes caverned by the overhanging, snow-wreathed summits of the 'Canning brow'; the disdainful corners of the long, thin lips; the obstinate, pointed chin—not all these are so subduing as the austere delicacy and idealism that enhalo the venerable head. What a record lay behind the great Ambassador when Sir Edmund first encountered him in the midst of the Crimean War, which represented the triumph of his personal policy over the Government whose agent in name he was! The cousin of the great Canning had been a diplomatic secretary at foreign courts while still a Cambridge undergraduate. Left when twenty-four to his own wits and the chance of a message through a stray cruiser as Minister Plenipotentiary at Constantinople during Britain's wrestle with Napoleon, he on his own initiative made peace between Turkey and Russia, and by the Treaty of Bucharest brought the French Emperor's great Russian campaign of 1812 to its snow-laden ruin. How he had afterwards come to rule the Turkish Empire over the heads of Sultan, Vizier and Divan; how the Tsar Nicholas I, who had put upon him the affront of refusing his nomination as Ambassador at St. Peters-

burg, had been disarmed by him and brought to ridicule in the long diplomatic duel of the Holy Places ; how at length the British and the French Empires had been lined up in bristling array upon the Crimea to defend the Sultan and Lord Stratford's policy—all this Sir Edmund must have known when he stood up at Therapia to the angry old dictator in the grey dressing-gown (who had wished a nominee of his own to hold Sir Edmund's post as Commissioner for the Turkish loan), and calmly told him that he proposed to telegraph straight home to the Foreign Office asking, after such a reception, to be relieved of his duties. One looks again at the portrait and one begins to understand. Only a crooked dealer had real cause to fear those eyes. Sir Edmund waited, and had his redress that very evening, when he dined, an honoured guest, at the Embassy and was greeted with one of those phrases of unforgettable nobility with which the letters of Lord Stratford are strewn : ' Will you accept an old man's apology who has much to trouble him ? ' That blend of Homeric simplicity with courtliness is Lord Stratford's alone. It rings true metal, and is evidence of the faithfulness of Sir Edmund's memory.

It would be hard, too, to mention a place where a keener insight is shown than Sir Edmund's into the method by which Lord Stratford upheld his influence and won his victories. Its subtlety seems to have lain in a union of fearlessness with rigid restraint, rather than in the *finesse* that is conventionally taken for the diplomatic art. Never to be silenced by internal tremors from saying all that needed to be said, and never to be provoked into saying a word more than was

opportune at the moment, these appear to be the maxims upon which Lord Stratford handled momentous crises and fenced with truly redoubtable adversaries ; he relieved his pent-up furies upon minor obstructors of his will, whether tortuous Pashas or casual Secretaries of Legation. Here is the advice he gave the author of this autobiography before presenting him to the Sultan and his Ministers :

‘ Never deal with subordinate officials, treat them as they deserve, the scoundrels. Keep your temper [this from a man who had never kept his own was to say the least funny]. . . . Never pass over a slight, but bring it instantly to the notice of the offender, not angrily, for that will make him think you are hurt, but firmly ; close your mouth until it is apologised for. Do not fight about trifles ; never ask for what you are not going to insist on, or what your own feeling tells you you would not grant yourself if in the situation of the Turk. Be frank—you need never fear giving reasons for your demands if you are only asking what it is right to ask for. . . . No man will ever succeed with Eastern rulers or with their subjects unless he is firm as a rock and as *just* and honest as a god.’

It is satisfactory to find that Sir Edmund (like Lord Stratford in his old age) realised that the ogre’s castle of the Sultan could no longer be rightly propped up by civilised Powers.

But if Stratford de Redcliffe is the figure that stands out most prominently in the reader’s memory after this autobiography has been finished, there are plenty of lesser sketches of notable men all the more amusing from their dry pungency. Evidently Sir Edmund

preferred ' Lord Stratty ', with all his tempests, to his successor, Sir Henry Bulwer, and his dislike of that capricious little diplomatist has made him, one feels, a little less than fair to a man of great abilities, one of Palmerston's most brilliant, if also unsafest, pupils. Meanwhile here is ' Pam ' himself, presiding with cheery impartiality in the Foreign Office at a pitched battle between Sir Edmund and certain traducers of his official conduct from ' Exeter Hall '. After judiciously holding the bottle while Sir Edmund trounces his detractors, he gives the decision and insists on the combatants shaking hands before leaving the ring. When they had gone, ' You do not mind,' he briefly remarks to the victor, ' my not warning you ; but I thought it best that these fellows should have the explanation from your own lips, as I felt certain that these charges were a pack of lies.' Sir Edmund admired the genial candour of Lord Clarendon, but was not the man (we should guess it) to endure obsequiously the stiff discourtesies of Lord John Russell. ' This celebrated Minister, he tells us, ' always irritated me ; he had a knack of standing up with his back to the fireplace and not asking me to sit down, which, however, after allowing him a few minutes for reflection, I invariably assumed he had simply forgotten to do.' Then would follow a curt complaint and a heated refutation. Once, Sir Edmund recalls :

' He told me I took high ground and that I forgot I only held office " during pleasure ". I replied I was quite aware of it, and if he thought my conduct justified him he had better then and there dismiss me. All this struck me as slightly autocratic in so eminent a Liberal

and a Reformer. However he climbed down a little and stopped paring his nails . . . and finally requested that the interview should be treated as *non avenue*. The little scene is like a cameo of the typical Whig "elder statesman".'

But the attractiveness of the autobiography is not wholly confined to these mordant portraits or to its decidedly shrewd, if sometimes rather limited and 'professional', views on the proper methods of dealing imperially or diplomatically with Oriental peoples. Sir Edmund Hornby had too vivid an enjoyment of life in its romantic and picturesque aspects not to feel the glamour of the antique magnificence amid which he moved both in the nearer and the farther East. The picture of Jerusalem which he draws in Book II. Chapter XI. is that of an imaginative and philosophical observer, as are his account of old Peking and its walls in Book III. Chapter IV., and many of his graceful little wayside sketches of that mysteriously enchanted *Dai Nippon*, the Japan of the Shogunate and the feudal *daimyo* and the two-sworded *Samurai*, which when Sir Edmund visited it was only just stirring from its prolonged medieval slumber. The keen, and often amusingly disconcerting, flavour of his judgments preserves to the last page the individuality and liveliness of his memoirs.

D. L. MURRAY.

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

THIS autobiography has been put aside for many years. I have read and re-read it, wondering if it would be of any interest to readers less biased by childish memories. In the end it was decided to publish it, for it seemed to us the record not only of a richer nature, but of an older civilisation, both in Europe and the East, than we shall ever know.

As my father is careless of dates, it might be a help to the reader to summarise the main events of his life. He was born in 1825, of Yorkshire and Italian stock, his mother being one of the Venetian Grimani whose Palazzo on the Grand Canal it was my father's half serious dream some day to claim, as the last of their race. In 1841 he began his career as private secretary to his uncle, Mr. Henry Southern, then British Minister at Lisbon: was called to the Bar in '48, married Emilia Maceroni in '50, was sent as Commissioner of the Turkish Loan to Constantinople in '55, and two years later was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court. He was knighted in 1862, and in '65 sent to China to reform the Consular Court in the Far East, where he held the office of Judge of the Supreme Court till his retirement in 1876.

At this point the autobiography breaks off abruptly, seemingly in the middle of a paragraph. The earlier chapters were evidently being written or revised in 1894; he may still have been at work upon it when he died, two years later. The exact date of the last section of the book—his Tour in the Interior—is uncertain, but it must have been before 1876, the year in which my father retired from the service. His passion for international law survived; as soon as his health recovered he busied himself with working out a scheme that came to fruition in the establishment of the Hague Tribunal; in 1893 he went with his friend Lord Hannen to Paris, when the Arbitration on the Behring Sea dispute came to final settlement: in the same year he answered an invitation to the Great Fair in Chicago by a paper 'On the advantages of a permanent Court of Arbitration,' which was read with commendation at the Congress, and, again in 1893, wrote two pamphlets, 'A Suggestion for the Establishment of an International Court of Arbitration and a College of International Law,' published by the Peace Society, and another, 'A Permanent International Tribunal of Arbitration' for the International Arbitration and Peace Association, an extraordinarily clear-sighted anticipation, down to detail of site and procedure, of the League of Nations at Geneva.

On his return from the East my father settled in Sussex and tried his hand at farming, with, I believe, disastrous results, for, as he insisted on employing discharged gaol-birds to give them a second chance, the farm would not pay, and he finally migrated to Devon. Late in life he married again and had two children, one of them myself. My mother, an American, daughter of John P. Roberts of Middletown, Conn., and

later of Shanghai, he met first as a child on a trip from Shanghai to Japan. He has often told me how he admired her when she used to fly round the Race Course in Shanghai on her pony in a long riding habit and a red turban. He married her when she was twenty.

He died in 1896 at Rapallo, where he was staying with his old friend General Siborne, the Herbert Siborne with whom he learned schläger stick in Germany and who was with him later in the Crimea. The end came unexpectedly in his sleep, after a long mountain climb. He was buried in Rapallo. It seemed fitting that he should rest in a country to which he was bound by long affection, and to which, through his Venetian mother, he belonged.

CONSTANCE DRUMMOND.

BOOK I
ENGLAND
1825-1855

CHAPTER I

MY friends suggest that I should write the history of my life. I am not inclined to think it will prove very interesting to anybody ; but, as I have often thought I should like to have known more than I do know about my father and mother, and what they did in their youth and what during their lives they thought about, it is possible that my children, and even my friends, may like to know something of my humble self.

To begin before the beginning, I may say that the Hornby family is a very old one. Hugh Hornby came over from Normandy with Henry I. in the capacity of secretary and esquire, so it is probable that he had some little education. His loyal service—whatever it was—was repaid with the hand as well as the land of the daughter of a Saxon Thane who had large possessions on the borders of Yorkshire and Lancashire—a Hornby Castle and a Hornby Grange still exist. Let us hope that he proved a good husband. A Hornby went to the Holy Land, and a Hornby fought in the French wars with Edward III. and the Black Prince. During the Wars of the Roses a Hornby took the side of the Lancastrians ; but history is silent respecting the family after the seizure of the throne by Edward IV. An uncle of my father—an old gentleman of ninety—who was very proud of his ancestors, told me that about two hundred years ago one of the female Hornbys married a weaver in the neighbourhood of Blackburn, and, having no children, induced her two nephews to take to her husband's business. They did so, and became the founders of the Lancashire Hornbys, a family of considerable repute and wealth. When I was at Hankow, in China, I happened to see the

"Hornby Crest" (a bugle horn) on a bale of shirtings, and inquired of the Chinaman in whose possession it was whence it came. He remarked it was "one Number 1 good chop. No wantchee wash, measure or weigh that piecee goods—all proper," signifying thereby that the shirtings from the Hornby mills were not loaded with size or short in length.

George Hornby, another uncle of my father's, came to London to seek his fortune—entered into partnership with another Yorkshireman, a builder of the name of Slater, invented sash windows and built most of the houses in Berners Street, Guildford Street and other streets in the neighbourhood of the Foundling Hospital. This worthy man late in life married his housekeeper, built a marble stable for his fat carriage horses, and, having informed my mother that, had she named me 'George' after him, he would have left me a fortune, died and left the bulk of it to a brother—a horse-racing drunkard—to whom during his life he had allowed two pounds a week, and who dissipated his inheritance of £120,000 within a couple of years.

My grandfather was a fair amateur artist—I have an oil-sketch, on wood, of himself, very fairly painted. He married a Miss Netherwood, of Netherwood Hall, Nottinghamshire, and died of rheumatic fever a comparatively young man, leaving one son and two daughters. His widow, with ample means, bestowed her hand on a Mr. Southern, a man of very considerable ability, well known for his liberal opinions, a great man at elections, and a free-thinker. He dissipated his wife's fortune and left her and an infant son dependent on my father and some small property in the neighbourhood of York, yet the latter always spoke of him with affection.

In gratitude for the care the elder Southern had bestowed on his education, my father sent his half-brother to a good grammar school in York, and finally to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took fair honours, and would have come out high in the Wrangler's list had he not fainted during the examination. At Cambridge young Southern became the intimate

friend of George Villiers, afterwards Earl of Clarendon, whom he accompanied as private secretary to Madrid when Villiers was appointed Minister at that Court. Southern became a civilian lawyer, but never practised—devoting the earlier years of his life to literature—joined Sir Henry Nicolas as joint founder and editor of the *Retrospective Review*, founded with Rintoul the *Spectator*, was for a long time the literary editor of the *Examiner*, and for a short time edited the *London Magazine* and the *New Monthly*. He ultimately, at Sir George Villiers' suggestion, entered the diplomatic service, and died British Minister at Rio de Janeiro in 1852.

He was originally engaged to the sister of my mother, maid of honour to Caroline, wife of George IV. She died of consumption at Berne, and Southern, soon after meeting with Miss Agnes Wellesley, a natural daughter of the Duke of Wellington, a woman of superb beauty, but a perfect demon in temper, married her, only to be divorced from her in a few years. Poor thing! She went to the devil and finally died in great misery, but not until my father had, through me, found her out and rendered her last moments as happy as the life she had led rendered possible. This lady had no children, but conceived a great affection for myself, then a sturdy, fat infant of five years old. This affection showed itself in rather a remarkable manner. I always slept in her room, and partook of her midnight suppers, which she prepared with her own hands in a dressing-room adjoining her bedroom. The party consisted of my aunt, myself, and her three dogs—Jack, a mastiff; Pompey, a greyhound; and Toddles, a pug. On one occasion, in a fit of passion, she threw me out of the window on to the lawn below simply because my mother expostulated with her for keeping me so late in bed of a morning. Her chief pleasure at other times was to strap me on to the back of an Arab horse her father had given her, Sultan by name, and then, circus fashion, take him and me into a circular paddock adjoining the house (at Patribourne, near Canterbury), and, standing in the middle herself with a four-in-hand whip, make him gallop round and

round until I was half dead. Eventually, having burned some MS. my uncle had devoted more time to than she judged she ought to have been deprived of, she stabbed him in the foot as he tumbled over a chair in endeavouring to avoid a somewhat murderous onslaught. After this my father insisted on my uncle separating from her. I have a perfect recollection of her—tall and dark with lovely black ringlets, exquisitely chiselled features, and an arm and leg which a Venus might have envied. Fourteen years afterwards, as I was returning home one night near the Albany Barracks, a woman was forcibly ejected from a public-house and fell with some force against me—she was the worse for liquor. I held her up as well as I could, and supported her some way down the street, when the cold night air seemed to refresh her, and she stopped to thank me. I asked her to let me see her safe home, and conducted her to a wretched lodging in Regency Square. A gas lamp in front of the door threw a strong light on both of us, and, as she stopped to give way to a terrible fit of coughing, I noticed her with some interest. The face was not unknown to me. I felt I knew it well, but my memory failed me entirely. She asked me my name. I told her, when she said, ‘Ask your good father to come and see me.’ I promised to do so, and next morning accompanied him to the house, where, lying on a trestle-bed in a half-furnished room, miserable in itself and all its surroundings, he recognised Agnes Southern, his brother’s divorced wife. In spite of all the attention shown her and the care taken of her, she rapidly sank, died, and was interred in the burial ground attached to St. John’s Wood Chapel yard, my father and myself being the only mourners.

Previous to the marriage Southern had acted with Dr. (afterwards Sir John) Bowring as joint secretary to Jeremy Bentham.

My father was articled to a Mr. Mitton, a solicitor in large practice at Pontefract, whose widow subsequently married Basil Montagu and shone for many years as a social star amongst the *litterati* of London. She was very partial to my father, who, besides being a handsome man, was fond of the society of clever

women, and a worshipper of talent. Through Mrs. Montagu he was introduced into literary society in London, and he first met my mother at Lady Percival's, by whom she and her sister had been brought up.

This excellent woman—my mother—was the daughter of William Grimani (he had a host of Christian names besides), an Italian of old Venetian family. His father was Gaspar Grimani, who had been forced to leave Italy for running away with his second cousin, a novice from a convent where she had been placed.¹ For this misconduct, rendered worse by the fact that he was himself an abbé—although he had never taken priest's orders—he was obliged to fly with his wife from Italy. He was the son of the Procurator Grimani, the friend of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and, on the death of his elder brother without issue, became the Marquis Grimani. Thus, if titles in Italy descend through sole surviving females, which I believe they do, the writer of this memoir is the Marquis Grimani up to date, as all my great-grandfather's sons and daughters by his second marriage are dead, and I am the last Grimani of the senior branch, although I believe that some of the descendants of the junior branch of the family calling themselves *Grimani e Servi* are still living in Venice.

The Grimani family had given three Doges to Venice,² one Grand Admiral, and one Governor of the then Venetian Island of Corfu. There still remains in Corfu a stone tablet, let into a wall forming a boundary of the port, recording the fact that Grimani built the fort and the harbour. Gaspar Grimani had three children—one boy (my grandfather) and two girls, both of whom were stolen and placed by their great-aunt, the superior of some convent on the mainland near Venice, in some religious establishment. What became of them was never ascertained.

En secondes noces Gaspar married a lady of German extrac-

¹ Francesca Morosini.

² Antonio, Doge 1521-23; Marino, 1595-1605, whose father built the Palace, now the Corte d'Apello; Pietro, 1741-52.

tion, a Miss Wagner, a great beauty, by whom he had a numerous family, one of whom was brought up by Lady Suffolk and ultimately married Charles Young, the actor. Gaspar supported his family by taking the situation of professor of mathematics at Eton College, which George III., who knew him intimately, obtained for him. My grandfather was partially brought up in Spain, where he studied and married, having two daughters—my mother, Francesca Brigetta Florenza, and my aunt Belina. Fearing that the same influence which had robbed his parents of his sisters might accomplish his ruin, he joined his father in England, and became a professor of Italian, wrote several educational works, and being a very handsome man, extremely accomplished and of fascinating address, he speedily obtained a number of wealthy pupils. Lady Percival took charge of his daughters on the death of their mother, to whom she had been greatly attached. Amongst other accomplishments my grandfather possessed was that of being one of the best swordsmen of his day, and even in his old age I have seen him disarm some of the great professors of the art of fencing by the slightest movement of his wrist—a secret twist, of which he was very proud and which he would never disclose. It had saved him in his youth, he was wont to tell us, from being killed by some celebrated duellist. Although Gaspar Grimani had renounced the Roman Catholic Church, his son remained a good Catholic all his life, and died one in my arms.

My mother was not very young when she married, being about thirty-six years of age. As I first recollect her she was short, slight of figure, dark, with marked regular features and very small feet. She wore spectacles, usually dressed in yellow satin with broad black lace flounces, wore a turban with a bird-of-paradise feather in it, and looked extremely Moorish, especially as she reclined on a low ottoman and received us in state as we were marshalled into the drawing-room to be kissed before going to bed. My father in those early days generally wore a blue coat with gilt buttons, a frilled shirt, nankeen waistcoat, and nankeen pantaloons buttoned tight at the ankles. He

stood upwards of six feet, and was strikingly handsome, with light curly hair and very blue eyes.

Of this marriage there were three children—Philip Henry Netherwood Hornby; myself, Edmund Grimani Hornby; and a girl, Fanny Belina Hornby.

My brother was very good-looking. He became a clerk in the Board of Trade and died in 1879.

My sister was very pretty and had a wonderful mass of beautiful hair. She married, but died a few years ago.

As for myself, I was known as 'Mrs. Hornby's ugly boy,' being fat, addicted to waddling instead of walking, and decidedly infirm of speech. I believe I grew out of my ugliness—at least I hope I have done so—and have certainly proved myself a good walker, but I never became an orator or a skilful speaker.

Of my infant life I naturally recollect but little, except that I lived in mortal fear of cows and of the beadles in their cocked hats who guarded the Bank of England (we then lived in a large house in St. Swithin's Lane opposite Rothschild's), and of those who kept watch over the nursery maids in Drapers' Gardens.

My father had a great aversion to schools of all kinds, so we had a tutor, a Mr. Mitchell—a species of Dominie Sampson, whose principal delight was to read to us Pope's 'Homer' out of a huge illustrated folio, and tell us wonderful stories of gods and goddesses and heroes clad in Highland kilts of brass and iron, who slew men and dragons with particularly short swords. The consequence was that all women to me were Helens of Troy, whom, in fancy, I abducted from their lawful homes, slaying in true Homeric style their fathers, brothers, and husbands when they ventured to remonstrate. My especial Helen for many years was a very pretty young work-woman who, I am afraid, taught me, after the manner of Helens, many things with which I had better have remained unacquainted.

When Mr. Mitchell died—which he did when I was about twelve years old—a Mr. Andrew Wright succeeded to the post. He was sub-editor of the *Tablet*, and therefore did not sleep in the house—a staunch Roman Catholic and an intimate friend

of Cardinal (then Dr.) Wiseman. This gigantic prelate was particularly kind to me, and when I used to go and see him, used to listen to the theological systems I elaborated out of the Unitarianism of my father, the High Church principles of my mother, and the Catholicism of my tutor with great amusement and kindness. I remember once going to him with a creed I had invented, and by which I long held—if, indeed, I have ever wholly abandoned it. It was what I called ‘Duo-tarianism,’ and consisted in a worship of God the Father and of Christ the adopted Son, the Holy Ghost playing the part of a Spirit which animated, although in disproportionate manner, alike the divine and human objects of my worship. The Doctor smiled and, patting me on the head, told me to stick to it until my tutor got my father’s permission to teach me a better faith. This he never succeeded in doing, although, when I grew older and studied the Bible and listened one Sunday to Dr. Hutton, minister of Carter Lane Chapel, and the next to our sleepy old rector at the end of the lane, I was tempted to bury my doubts in the comforting lap of the Holy Mother Church. I confess to having imbibed an intense contempt for the goodness and respectability of sectarianism and an immense distrust of the wearisome dullness of the Established Church. When I was fourteen I went to the school of the London University, Mr. Wright still remaining our tutor to coach us in the evening for the next day’s studies. Here I made some progress, but I never became a scholar in any sense of the word.

At the age of fifteen I accompanied my brother to Germany, where we remained two years under the care of Captain Trott, a Hanoverian who took pupils at Salzderhelden, a village not far from Göttingen, on a spur of the Hartz Mountains. Here, at least, I learnt German, military drawing, and *schläger-stick*, in which latter art I became a proficient—sufficient, at least, to give my instructor a hair-lip and a scar on his cheek which ornamented him for the remainder of his life.

Dear old Trott (Charles Cato Trott) had been a Captain in the German Legion in Spain, and thoroughly understood how

to keep order and discipline amongst the half-dozen youngsters confided to his care. I was the youngest, with the exception of Herbert Siborne, now a General of Engineers. The others averaged from eighteen to twenty-two. The Amt-Haus in which we lived was a large mansion situated on the slope of a hill overlooking the village and the broad meadows beyond, through which the Lina ran like a stream of silver. In the garden were the ruins of an old castle, the 'Helden-burg,' surrounded by a deep moat or burg-graben, overgrown with under-wood, in which I never failed during the winter to turn out a hare. I was a sad poacher, my principal friend being an old forester, an ex-major in the Hanoverian army, who had the care of the pine and beech forests by which we were surrounded. He lived in their midst about six miles off, and at least once a week I used to pay him a visit and listen to his stories of sport, and from him I learnt to track the roe-deer, unearth the badger, and trap all sorts of vermin from the wild cat to the humble mole. Old Trott encouraged us all to go about the country and learn as much of the people and the language as we could, and his excellent wife and her sister-in-law, the, to our eyes, fascinating Fraulein Tellkampf, used to sit working, or dispensing excellent coffee and zweibach cakes, while we played kägels or nine-pins in the burg-graben and talked away in German as if it were our mother tongue. In winter we skated or sledged the ladies of the village over the ice-covered meadows, and during one winter we were able to go twenty-five miles on end without a check.

After leaving Salzderhelden we attended lectures for some time at Göttingen, and returned to England by way of Paris, with some smattering of metaphysics and an intense love of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Körner, and Heinrich Zschokke. At Paris I stayed nine months, during which time I learned to speak French fluently and to take off my hat to every living soul that addressed me. In that city I made the acquaintance of M. Coqueril, a Protestant minister at the Oratoire, and of Baron Rothschild, at whose house I gazed at many celebrities.

The acquaintance of this gentleman I made under somewhat peculiar circumstances. On leaving Germany my father had sent us a bill of exchange for £33 to defray our travelling expenses. Not immediately requiring any money, we did not cash it, but on arriving at Frankfort my brother and I went to Messrs. Rothschilds' bank to get the money. None of the clerks—and there were but few, it being lunch time and Friday—paid us any attention. As we considered our financial business of some importance, we got rather impatient and somewhat nettled. Thinking that perhaps the bank was unable to find so large an amount at a moment's notice, and seeing a gentleman sitting at a desk in an inner office, I boldly walked in to see how matters were with the bank, and, having taken off my hat, began a long speech in German, the gist of which was that if the bank could not honour the bill, my brother and myself could not possibly either pay our bill at the *Weisse Schwann* or proceed to Paris. The gentleman looked up at us in undisguised astonishment and laid his hand on a bell. This I thought was conclusive evidence that the bank had stopped payment. However, he did not ring it, but rising with some dignity, begged us to be seated, and asked for the bill. With this document, considering what I conceived to be the impending insolvency of the firm, I was not willing to part, but, holding it tightly, permitted him to inspect it. He seemed struck with the amount, and thinking it might be inconvenient to him to cash it immediately, I said I would be satisfied with ten pounds down and the balance on the day we were to leave Frankfort. He appeared to be intensely relieved by this suggestion, and said that it did not often happen that the firm had so little cash in hand, but that he would let us have ten pounds in German coins and the balance a week hence. I then appealed to him to recollect that we were boys far away from home, and if there was any doubt about the ability of the bank to pay the balance at the end of the week he would candidly tell us, so that we might write to our father for a remittance to enable us to continue our journey. He at once said that the pres-

sure was only momentary, and that we need have no anxiety, but that if we were likely to be uneasy he would see if he could let us have the whole in the course of the day, or on Monday at latest. To this I replied that, although we might feel uneasy, I did not think that ought to justify us in putting him to inconvenience. I suppose we looked a little crestfallen, but he shook us very warmly by the hand and said we were very good to trust him. He then asked us if we had lunched, saying that he was going to eat something, and would we join him. To this we consented, thinking that it would save us the cost of lunching at the hotel, and, I am afraid, thinking also that it was something saved out of the fire. He preceded us up a magnificent staircase with plate-glass in the walls and highly decorated bronze balustrades, a very palace of Aladdin. Still my heart sank within me at all this magnificence and no cash in the till, and yet I felt I could hardly express my feelings on the moral aspect of this mode of conducting business, especially as we had accepted the hospitality of a lunch. A happy thought suggested to me that it was possible—my historical knowledge coming to my aid—that as in Frankfort the Jews had been always badly treated—skinned alive and so forth—that the Christian government of the town, represented by Austrian and Prussian troops ostentatiously parading at noonday, had been perhaps at this time exceptionally hard on the bank, and my sympathy got the better of my distrust. Isaac of York and King John rose before my mind. I accordingly suggested that Christian governments were exceedingly tyrannical, and I feared the Jews had a hard time of it in Frankfort. At this our host covered his face with his hands and, having apparently conquered his emotion, he shook me by the hand and said something about a despised race. An eminently Christian-looking footman in gorgeous livery at this moment opened the door of a small salon and disclosed a most charmingly dressed table with lots of plate and fruit on it. At any rate, I thought, the government had not walked off with the silver. Our host put on his hat for a moment, and we sat down to cutlets deliciously cooked and some sparkling wine. This

invited confidence, and in the course of the meal we freely informed our entertainer of every particular attending the family at home, dwelling particularly on the fact that we lived opposite to a Messrs. Rothschild in the City of London—with the view of exciting some sympathy in the matter of the bill—and disclosed all we had done in Germany and what we were going to do in Paris. After having enjoyed all the good things we rose to take our leave, and as we shook hands I pointedly begged he would manage not to disappoint us in the carrying out of our financial arrangements. This he promised, and again thanking us warmly for our consideration, we left.

Having walked over the town, we returned to the hotel, and found a note just delivered addressed to us. On opening it we found it to be an invitation from a Mrs. Cohen to dine with her *en famille* at seven and to go with her to the opera in the evening. To this was added a postscript saying she would send a coach for us at half-past six. We had not much time to dress, but, wondering who on earth Mrs. Cohen was and why she asked us to dinner, we got ready, and awaited in the courtyard the arrival of the fly. Presently a magnificent carriage drawn by splendid horses made its appearance, coachman and footmen in gorgeous array. The latter asked if we were the English gentlemen 'Der herr Cohen' expected to dine with him. My brother replied and got inside, but I could not restrain my admiration of the horses, and having looked them carefully over, suggested in my best German to the magnificent being on the hammer cloth that they were, of course, English, to which he condescendingly replied in genuine Anglo-Saxon that they were Hungarian.

Well, to bring a long story to an end, we arrived at Mrs. Cohen's residence, the staircase of which was exactly similar to the one we had mounted in the early part of the day, only it was brilliantly illuminated, and instead of one flunkey there appeared half-a-dozen, while a distinguished individual in a Field-Marshal's uniform ushered us into a large salon literally ablaze of gold and wax candles. At the end of it, on a low settee, sat

an extremely oriental-looking little lady with a Peri of a little girl playing about her. Had we not known that Frankfort was a free town, notwithstanding the Austrian and Prussian troops, the only conclusion we could have come to was that somehow or other we had been brought to the Palace by mistake. However, the queen, or empress, or sultana—whatever she was—with almost hysterical emotion rose very gracefully and warmly greeted us. Indeed, she seemed overcome with an extreme inclination to laugh, and having somewhat incoherently alluded to a bank and a bill, fairly broke down, covered her face with a lace handkerchief, and indulged in peals of unrestrained laughter, the peri dancing round her and us in a series of improvised fandangoes, in which a light blue scarf floated like a cloud amidst the gold and brocaded couches and chairs. I looked at my brother, whose face wore an expression of blank dismay, and felt that somehow or other we were in Fairyland. A cordial “Guten Abend” recalled us to our senses, and, turning, we beheld our host of the morning—the impecunious banker. An elderly lady soon made her appearance, and she also enjoyed a very hearty laugh, shook us warmly by the hand. At dinner I was a great deal too much amazed to enjoy it as it deserved, and cautiously abstained from any wine, deeming it prudent to keep my head clear for the next scene, whatever it might prove to be. After dinner we returned to the salon, and then the oriental lady indulging again in a succession of peals of laughter, the elder one in excellent English called us ‘dear boys,’ and told us not to mind the volatile little being on the lounge. By this time I had recovered my senses, and, seating myself near the sultana, begged for an explanation, and, having been patted on the shoulder and told I was very nice, I was informed that we were in the house of Rothschild Brothers, that her husband and herself had been intensely amused about our anxiety for the solvency of the firm, and that the former had played a little joke on us. We then began to see the absurdity of the whole thing, and chatted and laughed until we went to the opera, after which we returned to supper, and our host

walked back with us to the hotel. Next day the sultana called for us and took us to see all the sights, and every day of our stay we either lunched or dined with our kind friends, going out to their country seat one day and to the opera almost every night, and when we left Frankfort not only got our balance in bright louis d'ors, but a letter of introduction to the house in Paris, by the head of which we were constantly invited to soirées during the whole of our stay.

On our return to England my father determined to send me to Portugal, where my uncle Southern, under whose auspices I was to enter the diplomatic service, was Secretary of Legation. I spoke German and French as well as I did English, but, with the exception of geography, I was wretchedly uninformed and profoundly ignorant of everything that should form the basis of a lad's education. My father, no doubt, had decided for the best, but what lads want during school life is mental discipline—information they will pick up quick enough. No doubt modern languages are useful, but they are easily acquired, especially if a sound knowledge of Latin, and particularly of English, is given as a foundation; but desultory learning and general discursive reading between ten and seventeen is simply destruction to mental strength, and when I started for Portugal I was about as ignorant and conceited a young whelp as could well be imagined. How my uncle did not pack me back again after a good, sound kicking is to this day a mystery to me.

With me it has taken years to unlearn all the nonsense I picked up in early life. Not one single premise on which I based a rule of conduct that I can recollect was a sound one. I was not naturally vicious, but I had strong animal passions, good health, few, perhaps no absolutely bad principles, but certainly no good ones of any strength. I verily believe I had but one mainstay to keep me straight or bring me back when I wandered away into crooked paths. I loved my father. To please him I would have suffered much; to pain him was my greatest dread. I had also a horror of debt, of resting under

an obligation, of being thought a coward or capable of a meanness.

With this capital I started on my own account, for from the day I left England in 1841 to the present I have been practically my own master, except when I fell under influences which ruled me unknown to myself; fortunately I do not recollect to have fallen under a bad influence. The devil left me fairly alone; perhaps he thought I should come to him quick enough of my own accord. I trust he has miscalculated his attractions or my weaknesses.

CHAPTER II

AFTER calling at the Foreign Office for a bag of dispatches, I left London on the top of the mail coach for Plymouth, where the *Lynx*, a two-topsail schooner carrying three guns, or rather pop-guns, was lying ready to take me to Lisbon. Never coach carried a more puffed-up young bull frog. Not only did I think myself a confidential member of the Government, but I had an idea that everyone who cast eyes on me must recognise, and did recognise, the fact.

The first thing I did, detesting as I did tobacco, was to light a cigar with a lucifer match, the noise I made starting the horses and eliciting an uncomplimentary remark from the coachman. At Vauxhall the stage was put on a truck and the passengers into carriages. At Southampton four horses were attached, and we started *via* the New Forest for Plymouth. A lovely moonlight drive and the cold night air brought me down to the level of ordinary humanity, and I am absolutely certain that I did not make a donkey of myself for the rest of the way, but then I slept soundly at least two-thirds of it. Arrived at Plymouth I drove to the Admiral's official residence and having interviewed his secretary, who did not seem to care how I or my dispatches got to Lisbon, I went on board the *Lynx*. The Commander seemed a very good fellow and showed me a comfortable berth in his cabin, but suggested that I had better sleep on shore and said he would dine with me, and he did so. The next morning his second in command informed me that he had gone raving mad and had been confined in a strait waistcoat. I went off to see him and bring my things on shore. In the evening came a note from the Admiral suggesting that I should

go down to Falmouth and take a passage in a fruit schooner that was on the eve of starting for Portugal. I did so, and was soon on board the *Dolores* of 90 tons burden. The captain gave me his berth, and took the mate's, and the mate slept under a tarpaulin on deck. We put into Salcombe to enable the captain to take leave of his family and stayed a week there. From this place we took seventeen days to Lisbon, during the whole of which time I was sick and unable to touch any of the fat pork and peas pudding that was offered to me, and by the time I arrived at Lisbon all my bull-frogism had disappeared, for a time at least, and a more meek, humble-minded miserable being never entered the Tagus. Here I was met by one of the interpreters of the Legation, who informed me that my aunt had been nearly poisoned by her mulatto maid, who in a fit of jealousy had given her an over-dose of iodine. Poor little thing, she never fully recovered, and ultimately died of the effects of the poison some four years later.

Both my uncle and aunt received me very kindly, and ill and suffering as the latter was she did all in her power to make me comfortable and at home. I endeavoured to repay her kindness, and from the moment of my arrival became her bondsman, nurse, and companion until a few months of her death. She was twenty-two years of age—pretty, sparkling, full of fun, and as sweet a little creature as ever wore a mantilla or flirted a fan. My uncle was then about forty-nine years old, a great student, especially of chemistry, and utterly unable to appreciate or understand his girl-wife, and I verily believe thought that he had been singularly fortunate in securing her so eligible a companion as myself. As my aunt spoke but little French I applied myself to the study of Spanish, and by dint of sheer hard work mastered it sufficiently to converse with ease in a couple of months. I never did much work in the Chancery except on mail nights, and then I used to copy dispatches until daylight. My duties were chiefly confined to receiving visitors, riding or driving with my aunt, attending her to balls and the opera, and going off to all the men-of-war that came into the river to pay a com-

plimentary visit to the commanders and inquire for dispatches. I went shares in a felucca yacht of 7 tons with the two interpreters of the Legation and was twice nearly drowned, and our senior attaché, Loftus Otway, did me the honour of shooting me in the cheek, nearly blowing my head off. To keep up my French my uncle insisted on my learning by heart every day two pages of Paul de Kock's novel of *Jean*, which introduced me to all the works of that author. I used to read these out aloud to a number of my aunt's friends until I learnt to overcome the unpleasant faculty of blushing. They were all young women, and I do them the justice of saying that they were either utterly unconscious of the meaning of the *double-entendres* with which every page was bespattered, or their residence in Lisbon had case-hardened them to an extent that rendered immorality as uninteresting as morality. The American Minister's wife took me under her especial protection, and from her I learnt even more than Paul de Kock could teach me. As a set-off to all this waste of time an old English engineer undertook to teach me the elements of practical science, and with him I passed some very pleasant and instructive hours.

Lady Sartorius—the wife of Admiral Sir George Sartorius—and Miss Lamb, her sister, lived in the next house to ours. I used to go and read Shakespeare to them. Neither Lady Sartorius nor her sister were young, but the former had a baby which nearly came to a tragic end. Sir George had sent from somewhere a great beast of a monkey—a female baboon—which was usually chained to a post and slept in a barrel. On one occasion this animal got loose and finding the baby asleep in its cot in the verandah took it out and with it in its arms swarmed up a pipe to the roof of the house. There it sat rocking the infant in its arms, treating it with great tenderness. The noise the mother and Miss Lamb made when they discovered their loss attracted my attention and I ran in to see what it was all about. Fortunately the baboon and I were good friends, and when I mounted a ladder chattered away with great delight, especially as I had some bananas in my hand; but it had evidently

no intention to give me the baby, its maternal instincts prevailing over its usual greediness. There was a dormer window in the roof, and I sent the butler—an old man-of-war steward—up into the garret whilst I kept the attention of the monkey fixed on myself. The man crept silently up, got half out of the window, and sprawled within reach of the animal on the roof. I was in momentary expectation of it throwing the baby down and kept ready to catch it or prevent it falling some twenty feet on to the verandah. To my great relief I saw an extended arm and hand grasp the beast by the neck and haul it backwards; it dropped the baby, which slid down the roof within my reach—none the worse for the adventure. The butler and I held a drum-head court martial and sentenced the monkey to death, and the old man shot it with a pistol.

Amongst the many who showed me great kindness were M. Marechal, the Austrian Minister, and his secretary the Baron von Hubner; the French Minister, M. de Forth Rouen, and M. d'Oubril, the Russian attaché. This gentleman was my rival in the affections of the American Minister's wife, but as the competition was principally confined to jumping over chairs and other feats of strength at which I could, as boys say, 'lick his head off,' our friendship remained unaffected. Padre Marcus, the Queen's confessor—an able and astute churchman and the double of Friar Tuck—took a special fancy to me, taught me to play piquet, and introduced me to all the pretty girls at Dona Maria's Court as his adopted son. I was bound to fall in love with some one of them, and therefore singled out Dona Maria Maxima de Gomes de Castro, the daughter of the Minister of Foreign Affairs—whose fan I carried at balls and her prayer book at church. Under the circumstances I think I deserve some credit for not turning out an unmitigated blackguard. That I did not do so is, I think, entirely attributable to my aunt, for whom I conceived an intense affection—and if my numerous female friends were not models of perfection, their sex was redeemed in my sight by the fact that she belonged to it.

Of diplomatic life I naturally saw a great deal. It seemed to

me to consist in an ingenious and well-developed system of lying—what was promised one day was forgotten in the most unblushing manner the next. Remonstrance was listened to with a smile. Intrigue, that a child could discover and be ashamed of, was looked on as evidence of talent. No one seemed serious, but everybody amused. Notes passed and re-passed—the great art in writing them being to convey in an extremely amiable and friendly manner the impression that your correspondent was a liar and that you had found him out. Upon which you received an answer clothed in the politest of language to the effect that your intelligence was miraculous but that your assumptions were unfounded. I never discovered that any good came of them, or that anyone ever succeeded in getting anything he aimed at. If after months of negotiation a treaty was concluded, it was never adhered to, and generally had to be supplemented by some further writing or agreement which rendered the original understanding nugatory. Indeed, the only merit of diplomacy consisted in no one ever losing his temper, which, considering that everyone was at some time or other thwarted on the subject he had most at heart, was somewhat surprising. English diplomacy principally consisted in enunciating very high and commendable principles, especially on the subject of the slave-trade and on the obligation of governing people according to some solemn constitution which it was assumed existed; but as slavery flourished and the people were victimised upon every possible occasion, nothing resulted but a very great waste of good foolscap paper and a flying about of moral maxims which everyone concerned was delighted to accept but which no one ever attempted to give practical effect to.

I know only of two fundamental rules which it is *de rigueur* to follow in indicting a dispatch upon any subject of importance. (1) Begin by declaring that the party addressed, whether he be a crowned head or a Minister of State, is, you are profoundly convinced, always actuated by the deepest sense of responsibility—that his motives are of the very best, and that his intentions are without the faintest doubt the noblest that ever entered the

head of a human being—and wind up the paragraph by saying that nothing can shake or alter this conviction. (2) Then proceed to demonstrate with mathematical accuracy and logical clearness that the course pursued by him is one which shows that responsibility sits but lightly on his shoulders—that his motives could not by any possibility be other than atrocious, and that his intentions could only proceed from the basest design to involve the world and civilization in ruin for the purpose of compassing some mean and petty personal advantage. Having urged this with all the strength and energy of which you are master, so that no one could by any accident mistake your meaning or find a flaw in your argument, proceed further to express the high consideration, respect, and esteem you possess for the individual you have conclusively shown to be something worse than a hypocrite, an impostor, and common cheat.

In writing a report to your own chief of the result of following the instructions you have received from him and on which you have acted, let him feel that no other instructions could have been framed more effectually to gain the end in view; that in urging the points on the sovereign or Minister you followed with fidelity the line of argument indicated in such instructions, illustrating them by a few home-thrusts, and never forget to add that you are glad to be able to state that His Majesty or His Excellency appeared 'profoundly impressed' and begged for a copy of the dispatch to be left with him. It is, of course, most probable that nothing of the sort occurred at your interview. Indeed, it will be most likely that H.M. or H. Ex. exhibited the usual symptoms of intense boredom, and so far from desiring a copy of anything only desired to get rid of you and your subject. But you can always lay a foundation of truth for an assertion relative to the impression produced and the request made, by—towards the close of the interview—boldly expressing your gratification at the impression you feel, from your knowledge of H.M.'s or H. Ex.'s vast powers of comprehension, you have produced, and that you will, with permission, leave a copy of the dispatch in order that H.M. or H. Ex. will have an

opportunity of more leisurely considering its contents. The Grand Llama himself could not by any ingenuity save himself from bowing to both these timely remarks, and in those bows you are justified in reading acquiescence. Always recollect to reserve your anticipations of a defeat or a fiasco for a private note accompanying the public dispatch. The writing of such a note places you on terms of confidential intimacy with your chief and gives him an opportunity of privately altering or of entirely abrogating his official instructions or giving others of a very different import. Bear in mind also that success in diplomacy always consists in bringing yourself prominently before the department upon which you depend. The best way of doing this is to write as many dispatches as possible. The clerks of the office will always bear you in mind because they will have the trouble of docketing and registering your effusions, and the chief will at least see your autograph constantly. If no opportunity occurs for writing a dispatch, make one. It is not difficult to get up a little row—it may, it is true, cost a few millions, but then it may not. There is always someone on whose toes you can tread, but take care that the offence given is personal rather than national. Diplomats stand an immense amount of personal kicking, but they are extremely thin-skinned on the subject of the glory and influence of the country they represent, and rise like a trout on a midsummer day to the slightest reflection which may involve their *prestige* before the world. Important affairs manage quietly if you can. Utterly unimportant matters make as much noise about as you are able, and always bear in mind that success in the service is due to self-assertion—giving as much trouble as possible, and have no fixed opinions of your own on the subject.

Spain being, during my eighteen months' stay in Portugal, in a chronic state of revolution, I saw a good many of her statesmen who were continually crossing the frontier to find shelter from their political opponents. Narvaez turned out Espartero, Olozago turned out Narvaez, and Serrano and Narvaez turned out Olozago, and each one of these gentlemen sought an asylum

in their distress in Portugal, and each one of them in their turn bullied the government of that country for allowing the exiles to remain there—so the relations between the two countries were what is called ‘strained,’ and in order to shield Portugal the British Legation threw the aegis of her protection round the exiles, and most of them during their stay were received as private guests by my uncle. Having been secretary of Legation at Madrid and being married to a Spaniard, he knew all these more or less distinguished men intimately, but his time being greatly occupied their entertainment fell to my share. Espartero, Olozago, and Zurbano (a guerrilla chief) were my chief friends. The former I believe to have been a real patriot but of no great capacity. Olozago was an orator, but as a statesman he lacked vigour and physical courage. I was sent to meet him on the frontier and conduct him to Lisbon. A price of £500 had been set upon his head by his successor—he had escaped with the aid of some contrabandistas to whom he offered a larger sum to assist him in keeping it on his shoulders and had ridden from Madrid in their company. Being young then I thought to rise to be a Prime Minister of so much celebrity and so feared as to be the subject of a £500 reward, the height of human felicity, and when I saw a very dejected and terror-stricken man in the midst of a group of hardy smugglers, come cantering up to and wade across the little river that divided the two countries, my opinion of patriots sunk very low. Having bid adieu to the contrabandistas, Olozago and myself put our horses’ heads towards Elvas, where we stayed a couple of days to recruit the statesman’s strength, and then we travelled on to Lisbon by slow stages. My companion was a very stout, handsome man of about forty-five years of age, of decidedly Moorish extraction, with a rich voice which he modulated with remarkable skill. As an orator I believe he was unrivalled, and on this account I should imagine he could have become an object of fear.

I began to know the road between Elvas and Lisbon pretty well, as I think I must have traversed it on horseback some five

or six times, and during the two years I remained at Lisbon there must have been a dozen Pronunciamentos in Spain followed by an exodus of as many distinguished politicians, and although all of them were very much down in their luck and made but sorry companions, I enjoyed the country and amused myself with the peasantry, who were always glad to see me and gave me of the best of their fare to eat and drink. At Elvas I used to put up at a nunnery of which the principal was a friend of my aunt's. As in those days I had smooth cheeks and but a budding moustache the good nuns were pleased to consider me in the light of a very good little boy that they might safely admit within the gates. Indeed, they were all actively employed in preserving apricots, peaches, and greengages, packing them in circular gaily painted boxes and cutting out very pretty patterns in tissue paper. They made a very good thing of their work, and since these times I have heard that the convent is looked on much more as a manufactory of preserved fruit than as a religious house. I slept in a cell of the hospital in one wing of the convent, from which the numerous bells calling the sisters to prayers were not very audible. I should think there must have been 200 inmates varying in age from 40 to 80. There were certainly not more than a dozen young girls—chiefly of the peasant class, who were learning the art of preserving fruit in combination with religious dogmas. The director was a genial old gentleman, with whom I took my meals and who smoked cigarettes with me until the hour of bed-time.

Although I was quite alone I was never in any way molested. The inns were of course of a very primitive description, the stabling forming generally part of the general room. Each possessed one or two sleeping rooms, but the majority of the travellers either slept in their covered carts or lay down in their wraps on the floor of the eating room. Once I had a scare: I was riding quietly along a road or horse-path on the side of a wooded ravine, at the bottom of which was a small river from which the ground rose abruptly to a considerable height. Of a sudden my horse became very uneasy and, trembling, broke out

into a lather of sweat. I was afraid he was seized with cramp, and thinking with some consternation of the ten miles' walk to my next halting-place, I dismounted behind a clump of arbutus bushes and endeavoured to find out what was the matter with him; but could discover nothing. He did not seem in pain, but simply trembled violently and sweated profusely. As I was standing by him I chanced to look through the bushes across the ravine and saw a troop of some dozen mangy-looking curs trotting slowly along a similar path to the one I was standing on, on the other side of the ravine. They were wolves. Fortunately the wind, such as it was, came from their side of the hill, and my horse had scented them. There was nothing for it but to wait in the hope they would not smell us, and in a few minutes, to my great relief, they were out of sight. I don't know whether they were hungry, or whether, if they had seen or smelt us, they would have had the pluck to cross the stream between us and them, but I do know that I felt quite as much in a fright as my poor steed. I remained quiet for nearly half-an-hour, and then re-mounting continued my journey; but it was an experience I should not care to repeat. No one had ever told me there were wolves in the country, and I had never seen any before, or perhaps I should not have entered on my travels with such a light heart.

I visited the chief places of interest in Portugal, and had I known more of the history of the country I should have profited more than I did. I had several friends among the rural clergy with whom I used in my shooting excursions to stay: none of them were men of the least education, but for all that some of them were pleasant companions. Bigoted they were not, although they used to talk of saints and miracles and the cures which faith in them could accomplish; but under all this jargon of religion it seemed to me their own faith was limited to belief in a personal God—intensely human in his love and anger, and in his interference with all that men and women did. As a rule I found them kind and charitable to the poor and needy, simple in their exhortations to godliness, and not over-harsh to

sinners. At a village about thirty miles from Lisbon lived my particular friend, a priestly naturalist, who had charge of an old priory which he occupied, and where I used to go and spend a week at a time. His niece lived with him and kept house. She was some twenty years younger than her uncle, and the mother of two extremely dark-eyed pretty boys whose father was currently believed to have been a soldier. She kept the place clean, cooked the food, and generally sat with us working of an evening. Nothing delighted her more than to have an argument on the celibacy of the clergy, and she always endorsed my views as to the expediency of their being married men, and used to make my host laugh heartily when she declared she would turn Protestant.

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The priory was situated at the end of a lovely valley—the ground rising behind it and swelling up until it rounded off at the sky-line into a succession of green rolling hills. It was a two-storied building on three sides—the fourth being a comparatively low blank wall with a large doorway in it. There were only a few loop-holes on the outside, all the windows faced the inner court. Opposite the entrance wall was the chapel, and on each side were on both stories cloisters looking on to a very tidily kept garden. There were about twelve good-sized cells in the upper cloisters—six on each side and one large room on each side of the chapel—one of which had been the prior's room and the other the guest-chamber. This last room was set apart for my use, and here I kept a change of clothes—a thick pair of boots, so that after I had crossed the Tagus in a boat I had about twenty miles to walk through cork forests unencumbered with luggage. The lower cloisters were devoted to kitchen and stables. My friend the priest kept a mule and three or four goats and a lot of fowls, and here with about £20 a year he assured me he wanted for nothing. He had a few fields of Indian corn, some melon beds by the stream,

an orchard of oranges, lemons, and olives, and as much wood as he wanted. His dues he received in kind, and for the services of the church—masses for the dead, etc.—he took them out in labour or in poultry. He had an excellent collection of insects, birds, and even the smaller animals, all caught, dried, stuffed, and classified by himself. I never met a man more contented with his lot, his only dread being promotion, which from my acquaintance with the ecclesiastical authorities and Padre Marcus I was able to secure him from. My presents in return for my bed and board usually consisted of castor oil, sweet spirits of nitre and quinine, of which I used to send him supplies—and now and then an illustrated work on natural history—with a supply of doll-pins, camphor, and stationery. My visits to this priory were always a cause of great curiosity to my aunt, who would never believe that I could find any pleasure in the freedom of country life unless there was some member of her sex to share it with me, and at last she persuaded my uncle to accompany me, which he did—an event which threw my dear padre's niece into terrible agonies, lest her *pilau* should not be sufficient to stay our appetites after our ride, as on this auspicious occasion we had secured horses in order to get back to Lisbon before night-fall, which, by the bye, we did not do. I do not know what inquiries my uncle made, but they satisfied my aunt. The former was, however, so pleased with my host and his collections that it was all I could do to prevent him obtaining for him preferment, and confine himself to sending him some books and the children some clothes. I think if I could have secured a similar priory within hailing distance I should have turned priest myself. As in those days I had more than enough of the society of gushing young ladies and Paul de Kock's novels—to say nothing of older dames who ought certainly to have spent their time better than in praising my *beaux yeux* and curling chestnut hair. Like pastrycook apprentices, sweet things palled on me after the dosing I got during my last year's stay at Lisbon; not that I was in the least degree good-looking, but I was well-grown, active, with a clear

healthy skin, and my hair, which I grew long, as was then the fashion, curled and certainly was very different from the black pomaded wigs of the young Portuguese counts and barons, most of whom were at least a head shorter than I was. Then my aunt had taught me to entertain an intense veneration for the sex, and there was nothing I was not willing and anxious to do to give them pleasure. I was their obedient servant and slave, would read to them, dance with them, hang over them and flatter them to any extent. Old and young it was all the same to me then, and they repaid my devotion by an extra amount of petting, so that a week's rational amusement with my collecting friend very soon became an agreeable change.

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CHAPTER III

AFTER a stay of a year and a half at Lisbon it was decided that I should accompany my aunt to Madrid and thence to England, in order that she should get better medical advice than was possible in the Peninsula. The over-dose of iodine that she had taken the very day of my arrival had almost totally destroyed the coats of her stomach, and after taking food she often fainted, sometimes three or four times. Indeed I have known her have more than a dozen fainting fits in a day. One day, whilst out riding with her beyond Belem Castle, she fainted on horseback, and I had some difficulty in supporting her, but the horses were quiet and I managed to get to the gates of an avenue leading to a large country house. Finding a window open I carried her in and laid her on a sofa and then rang the bell. No one answering it, I looked out of the window and seeing a lady reading on the terrace I shouted and beckoned. Presently the lady appeared, looking very surprised, but on my telling her that my aunt had fainted and I had carried her in, she hurried up to the sofa. I then begged her to unlace my aunt's stays, I having already unloosened her habit. I am afraid I showed a little impatience, as I was frightened at the unusual duration of the fit, and hurried her to get some water and salts. After a time my aunt recovered a little, and as no servants seemed to be about I suggested the expediency of getting some coffee, and volunteered to make it if I might rout out the materials. To this the lady consented, saying that the servants had gone to a *festa* in the neighbourhood, so she and I found our way to the kitchens, which were very extensive, and I soon boiled some water, fished out coffee and sugar, cups, etc., and carried them upstairs, much to our

hostess's amusement, as she was evidently not accustomed to be fussed or ordered about, or knew much about domestic affairs. By this time my aunt had recovered, and after some minutes recognised the lady as the Infanta Isabella whom I had so unceremoniously treated, and the country house was a wing of the Royal Palace of Belem, then closed, as the Queen preferred to reside in the Palace of Necessidades, nearer Lisbon. The Infanta, who was about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, of good figure and fair, treated the whole affair as a good joke, and after an hour's rest we returned home. Next day I rode out again to apologise for my abruptness of speech and manner and to thank the Infanta. She seemed to live in great retirement and to be given to study—she spoke English with fluency, and indeed in appearance was infinitely more English than Portuguese. Padre Marcus explained this in a very simple way and not much to the credit of the lady's mother; but he added that she was worth all the rest of the Infantas put together, and that an infusion of Anglo-Saxon blood—if there was any—had certainly improved the breed.

As there was no diligence my uncle had to hire a cart and a pair of mules to take us as far as Talavera de la Reyna, whence we could proceed to Madrid by the mail. A cart was procured, mattresses and pillows put inside, while the back was filled up with our boxes, and over all was a waggon hood of stout canvas. The pole extended out some four feet behind, and on this was hung some cooking utensils and a small meat safe. Our muleteer was a fine handsome fellow of forty-five years, who had been a smuggler. The mules stood about 15.2 hands, with coats as fine as those of our best bred horses. True, they were a little advanced in age, but they must at one time have been worth £60 or £70 each. Such mules are bred from blood mares, the sire being a donkey; but not the sort of animal we are accustomed to see in England. These stallion donkeys do no work and are simply kept for breeding purposes. They are formidable-looking brutes of 15 hands and very savage. Lord Clarendon bought one and paid £80 for it.

I forget how long it took us to get to Madrid, but I think it must have been at least a fortnight. We passed through an interesting although depopulated country—aqueducts, and ruined towns in which the houses had undoubtedly been built out of the ruins of palaces and temples, were frequent, and attested the fact that in Roman and Moorish times the country teemed with wealth and a numerous population. At Merida, then a mere long street of poor houses and stables, I found that the place where our mules were put was paved with mosaic of a beautiful pattern covered over with three or four feet of straw manure, and scraping away a bit of the dirty whitewash I found the remains of fresco-painted walls. I should have liked to have cleaned out the whole of this place and pulled down the mud partitions, but I had no time and no money for archaeological researches. We constantly came on ruined and terraced gardens overgrown with brushwood and brambles, in the midst of which were great stone and marble basins, evidently baths.

We slept one night in the house of a priest, whose 'niece' did the cooking and the honours of the establishment both remarkably well. The *puchero* was excellent, and so were the partridges fried in oil with plenty of garlic. The padre was an intelligent young man of about thirty and the 'niece' about the same age. There must have been a remarkable difference in the ages of the parents and that of her uncle.

At Talavera we had to wait a day or two for the diligence—a lumbering vehicle drawn by half-a-dozen mules.

At Madrid we took up our residence at the house of my aunt's great uncle, a bishop *in partibus* and director of the conscience of Dona Isabella Segunda, an old gentleman of eighty-five. He usually called me 'the young heretic,' but was extremely kind, advising me never to change the religion in which I had been brought up—such as it was—until after years of study and reflection I came to the conclusion that some other was nearer the truth than the one I entertained. The best chance of getting to heaven depending, in his opinion, not on any form of faith but on conduct whilst on earth.

I cannot say that during the nine or ten months we stayed in Madrid my conduct was such as would, even in the opinion of a latitudinarian, entitle me to expect anything in the shape of a reward hereafter. However, I looked after my aunt—translated and copied dispatches at the Embassy, worked away at Spanish, and went a great deal into society. I suppose I had some attractions, although I am now totally at a loss to imagine in what they consisted, perhaps in a certain teachableness, gentleness of manner, and a vigorous healthy physique. I stood 5 ft. 11 in., was broad across the shoulders, and as strong as a young bull. I certainly was neither learned nor witty, and in the company of *young* ladies was shy, unless much encouraged to be the reverse. Sir Henry Bulwer was then H.M.'s Minister and Mr. Augustus Paget senior attaché, the latter as fine grown and good-looking a fellow as a woman could wish to look on, his chief about as poor a specimen of humanity as could well be imagined. Somehow or other Sir Henry Bulwer had managed to acquire a reputation for ability, but neither whilst I was in Madrid nor subsequently when he and I were at Constantinople, did I ever discover the slightest trace of it. He could be entertaining when it suited him, and was a good hand at leading conversation at table or in a salon; but if he could not bring *himself* in by hook or by crook, he soon got sulky and sat quiet. He had an extraordinary opinion of his attractiveness to women, and gloried in the reputation of being a Don Juan.

Of this short champagne part of my life I write with hesitation. However, it only took a comparatively brief space out of it, and on the whole I am inclined to think it did me more good than harm. It sickened me of dissipation, even that of an elegant society kind; not that I ever drank, gambled, or indulged in the reckless freedom of low companions—male or female. Indeed, 'young Madrid' I looked on with considerable contempt. Not a youth of my acquaintance could walk twenty miles on end, jump, wrestle or box, and as to riding, their trousers had to be tightly strapped down to keep them from

rucking up to their knees, and their horses were circus-trained to curvet, toss their heads, champ their bits, and that was all they could well do. Their whole time seemed to be passed in oiling their hair and twisting their moustachios. Educated in any sense of the word they were not. Ignorant dunce as I was, beside them I was a miracle of learning. Dash it! they could not even make love in a decent manner; they could ogle a girl as she passed, titter and whisper amongst themselves—they always went in two's and three's—and fee a nurse or a duenna to carry an ill-spelt and ill-written note. They may, and I suppose they did, get further; and if they were to be judged by their boasting, their success was marvellous.

The *jeunesse dorée* of Spain seemed to me to lack manhood, and I very much doubt whether it ever had a boyhood. All the intelligence, wit, and pluck of the nation was centred in the women, and this was true of all classes, from the washerwomen of the Manzanares to the duchesses. None were supremely beautiful, but all appeared to possess a certain grace of speech and witchery of manner; all could use their eyes and their fans to perfection—could talk well, and as companions were unrivalled, being able without effort to adapt themselves to the humour and caprices of their male admirers in a way that was delightful. Equally uneducated as the men, their natural intelligence was far superior and supplied the place of book-learning. All women were politicians, and indeed the few good measures that were occasionally passed through the Cortes were generally directly the result of their instigation.

The only really able men that I came across had all a strain of Jewish or Moorish blood. It was visible in their faces, manners, figures, and eloquence. The hidalgos—or blue-blooded aristocrats—were, as a rule, a gentlemanly effete race whose dress was irreproachable and whose conversational powers childish. Olozago, Martinez de la Rosa, Salamanca, Sanches Silva, Linage and Gurrea, and a dozen others, showed their foreign descent. Serrano was peasant born, although he swore to the contrary, and Narvaez—well, I should

imagine his forbears were butchers or bull-fighters. Espartero was a kindly man and might have been a full-blooded Spaniard, but I doubt it. He was at least well-intentioned but no hero. His Duchess and niece were worth ten of him.

Of the gay world of fashion were Madame M., the widow of an old *hidalgo*, who had left her a fair fortune and two daughters, one married and the other a very mature girl of sixteen years. Madame was aged thirty-nine, of tall, statuesque figure, with a youthful, comely face, splendidly formed by nature and not misformed by art—clever, amusing, and exquisitely self-indulgent. She adopted me as an *enfant chéri* and gave me all the privileges of a lover.

Madame B., the wife of a very wealthy banker, was a Brazilian by birth and really lovely, as fair as an Englishwoman and as loving as an Italian. I cannot say her husband, who was some twenty years her senior, neglected her, for he was uniformly polite and attentive to her wishes and wants, although blind to her beauty. He preferred the society of Mlle. Guy Stephan, an opera dancer. On more than one occasion he took me to supper with this lady, when I should have much preferred supping with his wife, which I generally did about twice a week. Mlle. Stephan was a tall, bony, muscular woman with a skin like parchment, plain of feature and flat of figure, in conversation loud, and as to manners, brusque; but she could tell a good story *un peu risqué* with effect and with unblushing audacity, drinking champagne and smoking cigarettes whilst doing so. Yet over Señor B. she seemed to exercise a remarkable influence. I believe she was fairly faithful to him, and I suppose it was the reputation of having so distinguished a *danseuse* as a mistress that compensated him for the money he spent on her. He had won her from the Duke d'Ossena, the richest nobleman in Madrid.

As might be expected, Madame B. had lovers in plenty, but when I knew her she had quarrelled with all of them, and was doing, as she used to say laughingly, 'penance,' which ordeal apparently included the perfecting of my education. I always

attended her to the opera, and as with great good taste she never stayed for the ballet, we got back in good time for the nicest of *tête-à-tête* suppers, which lasted generally until any time in the morning. Where Señor B. was I neither knew nor cared, placing implicit confidence in Madame's *savoir faire*, which I must acknowledge was a miracle of courage and ability. I really think now that I must have had some little love for this sweet specimen of womanhood, but from what I have since known of the passion I think affection had very little to do with any of my feelings. I naturally liked being petted, especially by two such women whose experience opened up to me such apparently inexhaustible vistas of pleasure. I was as vain as a peacock of my position, although I never boasted of it, half its charm consisting in its secrecy. Fortunately for me my two ladies were of different politics and moved in different spheres, one being a Moderado and the other Progressist. One loved music and the other hated it. The only common ground they met on was at Court, where I kept instinctively in the background, hidden in the diplomatic group.

Madame M. possessed in the neighbourhood of Aranguez a Quinta—about 20 acres of wood and orange plantation. In the midst of this ideal spot, sheltered from observation, was the house built in the style of a tiny Roman villa, indeed it was asserted that the foundations were those of an old villa. It consisted of but a few rooms—an entrance hall of marble used as a sitting room, a boudoir, bedroom, a couple of dressing rooms, and a bath, the latter genuinely Roman. This was the gem of the place. It was half room and half conservatory, and may have been some 30 feet by 20; the room portion was marble, marble pillars supporting a waggon roof of opaque glass extending over the whole length, leaving about six feet of painted ceiling on each side of its breadth. A marble couch was on one side; a marble table occupied the middle of the mosaic floor. Half-way between the room and the conservatory was the bath of marble, let into the floor about 3 feet deep. In size it was some 7 ft. by 5 ft., the water being heated by pipe arrange-

ments, the temperature of the whole apartment being regulated winter and summer to about 68 degrees. Round this bath were planted pomegranates, roses, heliotropes, ferns, and bamboos, and in the midst was a jet fountain springing from the ground; the only live things, not human, being little green frogs and two pairs of doves who had their nests in some artfully contrived niches.

Only special favourites ever visited this luxurious abode of peace and quiet, indeed I never could make out how more than two people could contrive to sleep there. I suppose they did, but not in my time, and I was there pretty often. Our bath costume was distinctly Roman—toga, sandals and all, which suited, I flatter myself, my smooth face and crisp curly hair. Madame M. looked a Lucretia all over, her tall figure and classic head dressed Roman fashion completing the illusion. Meat was a prohibited diet; fish from the stream, salad skilfully prepared, melons, pomegranates, grapes, etc., etc., sponge cakes and champagne, formed our daily fare. Lucullus would hardly have quarrelled with the *menu* in such company.

On the whole I am inclined to think that my old uncle the bishop was right when, in answer to my aunt, who began, after the mischief was done, to smell a rat behind the arras—he said ‘Never mind, the lad is probably better off with women of position than he would be with professionals, or if he fell in love with a young girl. He keeps his head, his heart is not affected, and he is learning Spanish.’ This, however, did not prevent my getting a severe wiggling, which, as it came from the lips of a woman but five years older than myself and to whom I was devotedly attached, pained me excessively—I did not like being found out, perhaps, the more so as I was absolutely powerless to snap asunder the bonds that bound me, and which were so deliciously silken and soft that it seemed like sacrilege to attempt to break them. However, what I could or would not do my aunt did. She suddenly discovered that her health rendered a course of travelling necessary, and after a sojourn of nine or ten months we left Madrid for the South of France,

and for three months I acted as nurse, maid, doctor, companion, and courier to the sweetest of suffering women, and in the delight of feeling myself useful and necessary I lost even the memory of my flirtations. I think our departure was hastened by the imprudence of my widowed love, who proposed to the bishop to adopt me as her son, to convert me to the true faith, and to leave me a large portion of her fortune. This truly maternal offer that worthy cleric declined on my behalf, giving me to understand, when a day or two before we started northwards he told me of it, that the only course open to me if I had been fool enough to accept it (quite forgetting or ignoring that he had never given me the chance) was to turn priest and become the lady's spiritual director, in which position I should not have outraged the decencies of Spanish social life.

As I have said, I do not think my liaisons did me any harm. Moralists will doubtless differ from me. I do not pretend to defend my conduct—still less do I offer myself as an example. What did *me* no harm might prove injurious to others. I was brought up with a great reverence for women. Scott, Cooper, Zschokke, and a host of other novelists had imbued my mind with an almost chivalrous regard for them. When I emerged from my chrysalis state they were still objects of devotion, I might say of even respectful devotion; but I was human, the animal perhaps preponderating in my then nature—for lack perhaps of greater mental culture—although, if my mind had been brought earlier under training, I believe I should have turned out an abominable prig.

Of Spain at this time there was little to be said for it beyond its scenery and climate. The roads were bad, the people idle, the upper classes ignorant—both alike under the curse of brain-indolence. There were no manufactures and no railroads, half at least of the land was uncultivated, and with the exception of the forests and vineyards the country hardly produced enough to feed the population; yet in every part of it there was ample evidence that at one time it must have been prosperous and wealthy—of cathedrals and religious houses, aqueducts and

bridges, and of large towns containing public buildings of great size and beauty, there are many remains. At Merida, for instance, whilst our mules were being rubbed down I went into a stable. A portion of the wall behind one of the stalls had recently fallen down; it had to be underpinned and some men were working at it. They could not, however, find any basement or foundation. They had already gone down some five or six feet meeting with nothing but hard black mould. I watched them digging deeper, and at last their mattock and spade touched hard stone, and presently they pierced through it, broke, and brought up a fragment. I examined it. It was mosaic. I went to the priest in whose house we had slept, and brought him to the stable, and when the men under his direction had cleared a square yard we both went down into the hole they had made. The surface was all beautiful mosaic work, over which for generations muck had accumulated. I persuaded my aunt to rest another day, and in the twenty-four hours we excavated several square yards and found that the whole basement of the stable was covered with mosaic, which when washed and scrubbed was as bright with vivid colours and mauresque designs as the day it was laid, probably some hundreds of years ago. At my suggestion my uncle visited the place some months after and completed the removal of the rubbish, besides unearthing many columns and other interesting relics of the past. All round Merida there are ruins of public works and buildings covering a considerable acreage. At one time, either in the time of the Romans or of the Moors, Merida must have been a town of considerable size and importance. When I was there it consisted of but one straggling street and numbered perhaps a population of 700 souls.

The fact is that Spain presented in the forties the appearance of a country in a bad state of ruin. So far from enriching it, except momentarily, the discovery of the gold of the New World and of the Indies had evidently had the effect of disturbing the industrial efforts of the people, diverting them from the development of the soil and crushing out all energetic life; whilst the

upper classes, counting over their hoards and anxious only for their souls in the unknown future, sank lower and lower. This, following so soon on the expulsion of the Moors and Jews, who centred in themselves all the art and culture of the country, joined to the cruel and relentless bigotry of the Roman Church, which begot in its turn a constant succession of wars and revolutions, effectually sapped the vigour of the nation, leaving it to be exploited by political adventurers and financial speculators.

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CHAPTER IV

DURING my aunt's stay in London our house was the rendezvous of most of the exiled Spanish ministers. My father, although he spoke nothing but English, welcomed them all, no matter what their politics, but, like myself, doubted their patriotism—in the sense of anxiety for the people of their country as distinguished from their personal anxiety to get back into power. He always drew this distinction between English and foreign statesmen. Alas, if he had lived to this present year of 1894 his illusions on this subject would have been cruelly dissipated—Lord Grey was his political idol.

Of all the emigrés I think the man he cottoned to most was Prince Louis Bonaparte, afterwards Emperor of the French. Whether the Prince, with that wonderful tact which distinguished him, only showed the best part of his nature to my father—who, however, possessed an instinctive as well as a professionally acquired knowledge of men—I know not; but he always insisted that Louis Napoleon would make an ideal ruler if only his kindliness and the life he was leading—eating out his heart, as he expressed it—did not prevent him from showing a 'stiff upper lip'—a favourite phrase of my father, who, for those days, although an ultra-Liberal, had a profound contempt for weak-kneed politicians. His pet aversion in those days was Gladstone, then rising prominently into notice, whom he always described as one 'who would be all things to all men' so long as he could lift himself up to power on the weakness of others.

My dear mother, who spoke French and Italian fluently, gloried in her salon, if such it could be called. Not that she liked the Liberal patriots, being herself aristocrat *au bout des*

ongles; but men who could talk well and were *aux petits soins* she delighted in. Amongst our English friends were the Kembles—Charles Young the actor, who was a connection by marriage of my mother’s, Count Stryletzki, Frederic Pollock (afterwards Lord Chief Baron), Wilde (hereafter Lord Chancellor Truro), Charles Hall (subsequently Vice-Chancellor Sir Charles Hall), and Sergeant Talfourd (afterwards Mr. Justice Talfourd). Mrs. Talfourd my father used to call the ‘mad shepherdess,’ as she generally had half her costume unbuttoned and in disorder. Mrs. Sarah Austin occasionally dropped in, but there was no love lost between the two ladies. Mrs. John Taylor my mother also cordially detested, and as to John Stuart Mill, who followed Mrs. Taylor like her shadow, my mother looked on him as an effeminate nincompoop not worth notice. Mr. John Taylor, an old friend of my father’s, she liked, and always told him that if he would only box his wife’s ears and periodically kick J. S. Mill (‘not to hurt him much’, she generally put in) she should respect him as well.

I forget whether it was before or after I returned from Spain that my father’s partner, Sam Towgood, used to take me occasionally to lunch with his uncle and godfather, Sam Rogers, the poet and banker, who then lived in St. James’s Place, and to his aunt’s, Miss Rogers, who had a house in the Regent’s Park. In both places I met many celebrities; but what I like to remember best is the kindness and interest they all showed to a hobbledohoy who certainly was neither attractive in person nor of any particular mental capacity. Indeed, as far as poetry was concerned I was then and have been and still am utterly insensible to its charms. There are only three poets whose poetry I can appreciate, and they are Pope, Dryden, and Oliver Goldsmith. Tennyson, Swinburne, Morris and Co. I simply do not understand. Perhaps Mrs. Meredith, the wife of George Meredith, was right when she declared I had a ‘Manchester mind.’

About this time (or rather a little later on), when my aunt had returned to Spain, I determined (prompted thereto by my

long attendance on her) to become a physician, going through the curriculum of botany, surgery, and medicine. Accordingly I entered myself at the London University Hospital and attended lectures, both there and at the Botanical Gardens at Chelsea, and if I could only have got over the dissecting part of the business might have made some progress. Liston was then Surgeon, Bryan demonstrator, and Elliotson lectured on *materia medica*; but the smell of the dissecting room used to turn me deadly sick, and I fainted several times. I was not in good health, the news of the sudden death of my aunt nearly killed me, and I used after that to doubt whether living was worth the trouble. Liston and Elliotson, who both took an interest in my studies, advised me strongly not to persist in the anatomical branch, at any rate in my then state of depression. I was too nervous—‘not but what I was frightfully nervous,’ said Liston one day to me, ‘and am so still, until I get the knife in my hand.’ Indeed I often noticed how his hand trembled before he began an operation, and how wonderfully it steadied the moment he made those marvellous incisions which seemed to avoid everything, yet cut down so deep into the flesh. Well, the end of it was, I threw up the sponge, and thus fortunately for those who might have been my patients, the probability of my committing murder *secundum artem* was finally put an end to.

Being in wretched health I was sent down to a farm-house in Buckinghamshire in the vale of Aylesbury, and amongst cows, pigs, and poultry, and thanks to a strong pony and a running stream with lovely bathing pools in it, I rapidly recovered my energy and strength. The farmer was a land auctioneer and surveyor, who had married a woman far superior in rank and education to himself, and her lively, intelligent conversation materially contributed to my convalescence. Here also I made the acquaintance of a Wesleyan preacher—a farmer and theologian rolled into one. He was seventy years of age, a splendid, vigorous old man with the natural gift of eloquence. He, too, like the Spanish bishop, placed conduct before dogma, and if he

was intolerant sometimes it was only on the subject of any one's inability to withstand temptation or to weakly give way to adversity. He did much to strengthen me mentally. When I returned I went into my father's office and worked hard—soon mastered all the petty details of Common Law procedure, and could draw an Abstract of Title with credit. After eighteen months of this preliminary work I was translated to the chambers of Mr. F. Knight, a special pleader and an excellent tutor.

About this time I made the acquaintance of Mr. Carlyle, and in rather a curious way. My father had a friend of the name of Chalmers, a retired clerk from some public department, who, with his four daughters, lived at No. 4 Cheyne Row, next door to Carlyle. Amidst many peculiarities the old gentleman abhorred tobacco smoke. Carlyle made himself a seat in his back garden just under Chalmers' favourite window, the smoke entering therein to the intense annoyance of the latter. He wrote a note to Carlyle, to which he received a reply in Carlyle's roughest style. An angry correspondence ensued, in which both parties lost their temper. My father suggested I should act as a diplomatic medium, whereupon I called on Carlyle and represented the matter to him in as amiable a manner as I could. At that time he was not the 'Lion of literature' which he very soon after became. Society had not made up its mind about him. Men, even literary men, talked more of his mannerism and style of writing than thought of its matter. He was certainly not liked. His neighbours disliked him, and the tradespeople looked on him as a lunatic, and not an amiable one. His surroundings were not at all to the taste of Chelsea society, which consisted chiefly of homely people of small independent means whose chief pride was centred upon white door-steps and clean windows. At No. 5 the windows were thickly coated with dust and smoke. The house was poorly furnished and reeked of tobacco smoke. Mrs. Carlyle had a down-trodden look which induced the idea that her husband was a brute, and the two women servants were rather slovenly in

their appearance. I forget how I introduced myself and my mission, but I have a very distinct recollection that I felt very small and wished myself well out of the house. However, I succeeded to the extent of extracting a promise that he would remove his seat to the corner and smoke at the window furthest off from No. 4 on condition that the Miss Chalmers moved their piano to their furthest wall from No. 5, which they very good-naturedly did, always beginning their musical performances with two or three Scotch airs, which, as one or two of them sang very well, was looked on as a compliment. As I then spoke German fluently (an accomplishment rather exceptional in those days), and had some acquaintance with the works of Goethe, Schiller, and Lessing, and could rattle off some student songs, Carlyle condescended to tolerate me, and for some months I used to drop in of an evening, generally making some excuse out of a difficulty to get at the true translation of some German phrase. Carlyle at times suffered from profuse watering of his eyes, and then I made myself useful in reading to him, but this was of rare occurrence. I hardly think that he would have succeeded as a professor or lecturer, as, like Austin, he was not happy in making a difficult subject very intelligible, and never seemed satisfied with any explanation he gave, and this made him irritable; the fact being, as it appeared to me, that only a Carlyle could understand Carlyle. I never once saw him gay or lively, or even, I might almost say, cheerful. His sympathies were with humanity: his reason and judgment against it. He was a loud and angry barker, but a feeble biter. A Socialist and a tyrant, a Freethinker and a Calvinist combined in one individuality. The best part of his nature shines forth in his writings, the worst in his everyday manner of speech.

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CHAPTER V

FROM Knight's chambers I went into those of James Shaw Willes (afterwards Mr. Justice Willes), and with him I remained two years, having the direction of the pupil room. The second year he returned me my hundred guineas on the pretence that I had been of use to him. At any rate I worked hard. I used to be in chambers at ten o'clock apportioning out the work; during the day I worked up the 'cases' that poured in for opinions; I dined and walked from six to eight and then returned to chambers, discussed the cases with Mr. Willes and wrote from his dictation pleas and opinions until 11 p.m., Willes generally beginning the latter work by walking up and down the room with a cigar in his mouth with the customary recommendation delivered in a strong Irish brogue, 'Now, Hornby, take your pen.' The clearness of that man's brain was marvellous. He would master a huge brief in a few minutes, glance at my notes, which were voluminous, and forthwith dictate an opinion which was nothing less than a condensed and masterly essay on the law which governed the case. Or he would compose a 'Special Plea' of several folios long without a break. Once or twice a week Bramwell (afterwards Lord Bramwell), who had the next chamber to ours, would stroll in, and then some knotty point would be discussed, differences of opinion being expressed in the strongest language—particularly on Bramwell's part. Both these men were intellectual giants. Bramwell's forte was Commercial Law, Willes a knowledge of Pleading and of the principles of Law, and both possessed the rare faculty of expressing their meaning in the simplest language. They both delighted in going back to first principles and tracing

through recorded cases the decisions of innumerable judges. They were too strong and too courageous ever to gloss over or avoid decisions that were apparently against them; but revelled in demonstrating that such cases were either inapplicable and therefore of no governing power, or that they were, if properly interpreted and explained, absolutely authorities in their favour. It was no uncommon occurrence for them when arguing a case in Court to cite all the authorities their opponents had accumulated against them before the latter had a chance to quote them as authorities on which they relied, and they ground them to dust. When opposed to each other, then came the tug-of-war; then old Baron Parke braced himself for an hour's enjoyment, puffing out his cheeks and looking daggers out of his twinkling eyes, whilst Baron Alderson chuckled, apparently wholly occupied in reckoning the odds as to which would in the end get a bad fall.

I remember a month or two after I had been called to the Bar¹ I had to smash if I could a plea in *pais darrein continuance* drawn by one J. Brown, a famous pleader. At last I detected the omission of a single word, doubtless in the copying; but it was the last chance we had of winning a case that ought never to have been fought by our opponents. I therefore specially demurred to it. Bramwell did not like the task of supporting it, saying that leave would be given to amend before we could open our mouths, and his father dying the day before the case came on before the Court of Exchequer, it was left to me to do the best I could. I had worked up every case that had ever been decided on kindred omissions—none were direct authorities—and upon the question of amendment I found some two or three cases in which it had been allowed, but on terms which I felt our antagonists, with the best will in the world and not over scrupulous, could not without risking 'perjury' possibly comply with. At the same time I dreaded being 'shut up' without being heard, so I persuaded my client to put Willes' name on Bramwell's brief, I undertaking to get him to argue it. This

¹ 1848.

was done, and off I went with it at 10 o'clock at night to Willes' chambers, and after a long dissertation persuaded him that it was arguable. He glanced over my notes and took them home with him, and at 10 o'clock the next morning he was in his postman's seat. When the case was called on, Brown, who had drawn the offending plea, rose, admitted the error, and asked leave to amend, pooh-poohing in no very complimentary terms the demurrer, calling it an abuse of the science of pleading, etc., etc. The judges were on the point of granting it when Willes begged to be heard, with a look that plainly showed he intended to be heard willy-nilly. The Court looked resigned. The Chief Baron composed himself for a nap, Parke looked furious, Alderson as if some fun was likely to turn up, and Martin stared at the clock.

First Willes disposed of the alleged abuse of the art of pleading, mildly suggesting that the plea itself afforded a much better instance of an abuse, as it was clearly used to defeat a just claim. At this Martin pricked up his ears. He then went on to review the history of these pleas, which immediately drew the attention of old Parke, evidently longing for a false step. Now the omitted word was 'full,' which ought, following the statute, to have been associated with the word 'true'—the sentence being in the statute 'a full and true account, etc., etc.,' and for two hours did he demonstrate the absolute necessity of the presence of the missing word, citing authority after authority as I handed them up to him, and amplifying from his own brain the fatal consequences which might arise if judgment was given against him. He then touched upon the claim 'to amend,' admitting that he had no objection to his learned friend inserting the word 'full,' which he intimated had not been *carelessly* but on the contrary *purposely* omitted, but on 'terms' and accompanied by an affidavit on certain facts. Poor Mr. Brown, after consultation with his client, vainly struggled against this generous concession and had at last to admit that no one could make such an affidavit, since the parties in whose name the claim was made were assignees under an old bankruptcy and were dead and

buried twenty years ago. On this we won, Parke and Alderson declaring that the argument of Mr. Willes was worth the sacrifice of ten times the time devoted to it, and admitting that when he began they had made up their minds that nothing could come out of it. It did me good also, for Willes said that he had neither drawn the demurrer nor looked up the law, but that his learned friend (meaning me) had done both. At which old Baron Parke honoured me with a glare that but for my elation ought to have annihilated me, however it was intended as a look of kindness and encouragement.

I do not think I should ever have succeeded at the Bar, I was too nervous and self-conscious. I remember on one occasion, in the course of an argument, getting my tongue into the roof of my mouth and it sticking there, a cold perspiration breaking out as I began to realize that I was breaking down: the agony I endured for a moment or two was intense. Mr. Peacock, who was sitting below me, raised himself and whispered, 'Put your finger in your mouth and pull it down, I'll find your next authority, but say anything for the moment.' Fortunately Baron Martin seemed to think something was the matter and kindly said, 'You were arguing just now that so and so was clear. Have you any case in support of your views?' This gave me time; it had the effect and I proceeded. As I walked back to the Temple Mr. Peacock overtook me and said, 'My dear fellow, what you felt I have felt a hundred times. I saw in a moment what it was and took the liberty to tell you what to do, and old Baron Martin saw it also, and between us you managed capitally. It was a neat argument and fairly put, and as long as you work up your cases as you have done this one, never fear about losing your head.' Mr. Peacock had a large junior practice, but after losing his wife and two or three children during some epidemic, his health failed and he ultimately accepted the post of Legal Member of Council and went to India. He was a first-rate lawyer and a most kindly natured man.

Once, for the opportunity was seldom given me, I was apply-

ing for a *rule nisi* for a new trial in the Court of Exchequer when Hawkins (the present judge), who had been junior counsel in the case on the other side at the hearing, came into Court to listen to the grounds on which I based my application, and without having any *locus standi* or right to open his mouth constantly interrupted me, disputing my facts and sneering at my arguments. This put me out terribly and I was hardly able to go on, when Baron Martin, to my great relief, came down on Hawkins like a thunder-cloud and told him to hold his tongue. I then went on and obtained my *rule nisi*, and better still, a week later got it made absolute, and on the second hearing won the case before a jury in a canter. As, however, I was returning to chambers after getting the *rule nisi*, feeling low-spirited at my want of pluck on being so easily put out, I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder, and looking up saw that it was Baron Martin who had overtaken me. 'Hornby,' he said, 'this will never do. When you have an *unscrupulous* beggar like Hawkins opposed to you, stick up to him, man—don't be so d——d polite.' I replied that Mr. Hawkins was so much my senior that I felt some hesitation about doing so even if I felt equal to putting him down. 'Damn his seniority—what's that to you? If he does not care about the discourtesy of snubbing you, why the devil should you care about snubbing him? Go for him, lad, and don't mince your words either; the judges will not object to your asserting yourself, and clients like a fellow who can hold his own, no matter who is against him.' This was kind advice, but all the same I thank the gods I have never had occasion at any future time to act on it.

Apropos of the *puis darrein continuance* plea. When on the trial of the case before Baron Platt and a jury in the Bail Court it was tendered by Mr. Montague Chambers, the leading counsel on the other side—my leader being absent—it rather took me aback, as I knew it would stop the case going to the jury. At the back of the bench on which I was sitting there was a passage leading to the Court of Exchequer railed off from the Bail Court, and on the top of the partition was a short red

curtain. Just as Baron Platt was asking me what I proposed to do and I was saying that the other side ought to have given notice that they were about to tender such a plea, a voice from behind whispered through the curtain into my ear 'Tell him that it ought to have been engrossed on parchment. It is a plea of record.' I immediately said that his Lordship would recollect what the learned counsel had apparently forgotten, that such a plea must be engrossed on parchment, as it was to be put on record with the *postea*, and that paper was not of a sufficiently durable material. At which Baron Platt, who knew about as much of pleading as Montague Chambers, who however was a capital *nisi prius* advocate, looked awfully wise and said 'of course,' and pitched into Chambers for his ignorance. Chambers was dumbfounded, and for the matter of that so was I. However, I let him down easily, fearing an argument and, above all, being asked for an authority, and proposed to waive the objection if the other side paid the full costs of the day as between attorney and client, and gave us ten days' time to reply in. This was accepted, ominous chuckling going on all the time behind the curtain. I immediately left my seat and made my way behind, and there discovered Baron Alderson nearly choking with laughter and haw-hawing in a portentous manner. Seeing me, he whispered 'Had them both there, eh? Excellent. Neither of them ever heard of such a plea. Glorious.' 'But, my Lord, *must it* be written on parchment?' I asked. 'Heaven knows,' he replied, 'everything in Queen Elizabeth's time was written on parchment. Look it up, lad; but it does not matter since you waived your objection.' And off he went to his court, enjoying his joke and guffawing the whole time. A few minutes later Montague Chambers met me and said—'I say, was that a fluke of yours?' I replied 'If it was, it is nevertheless the dictum of the greatest lawyer of this or any other day.' 'But give me the name of the case that I may look it up—it is all right now, but I should like to know where it is to be found.' I briefly replied 'that it was an Exchequer case,' and cleared out.

I had, however, generally no cause to complain of my treatment by my seniors. Most of them knew I devilled occasionally for Willes, and this won for me a species of regard which I can now conscientiously declare I was not entitled to. Sergeants Shee (afterwards a judge) and Wilkins were always most kind, and so was —— Q.C. Poor fellow—years after he was disbarred I met him outside the National Gallery, and forgetting all about his disgrace, went up to him and greeted him. He was very much affected and said, 'Thanks, Hornby, you are the first man of my own profession who has shaken hands with me voluntarily for years.'

I was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1848, and, as may be imagined, had little or no business for two or three years. I succeeded to Willes's old chambers, 3 Inner Temple Lane, and when they were pulled down, migrated to Fig-Tree Court. The latter rooms had just been given up by Sir —— a Bencher of the Inn and a very eccentric old goat. For some months women used to pester me after nine o'clock at night with inquiries after the former tenant. On one occasion a 'lady' somewhat the worse for liquor insisted upon coming in, not believing my statement that Sir —— had long left the chambers and this world as well. Fearing a row I compromised, promising a glass of whisky and water if she would behave quietly. She searched the rooms and fulfilled her promise. She was not bad-looking and was well dressed. Over my mantelpiece was a fine engraving of 'Leda and the Swan' which I had taken with the rest of the furniture, and on my expressing doubt as to so old and decrepit a man as Sir —— (he was considerably over eighty) receiving ladies of her youth and beauty, she said 'That only shows you did not know the old boy—we had glorious suppers here—he used to get under the table, bark, and try to catch our legs (we were usually three or four) as we ran round. And'—pointing to the engraving—'don't I remember that ere bl——y duck.' I was relieved when, having drunk the whisky, she retired.

My professional earnings hardly paid for my share of the

chambers and the clerk's fees were smaller still ; however he was not a costly luxury, receiving only 10s. a week. Still, it was quite as much as his three masters got, not but what the ' fee book ' showed more ; but solicitors had an ugly habit of not paying, and when I left England they owed me some £150, which I need hardly say I never received. However, I wrote three leading articles a week and an occasional review for the *Liverpool Mercury*, and this I did for four years, receiving £180 a year. I also reported *nisi prius* cases for the *Morning Chronicle*, getting a further sum of about £25 a year ; my old friend James Hannen (the late Lord Hannen) reporting for the same paper. Hannen was an extremely able man, and our friendship lasted until his death in the year 1894. I have seldom met a man with such a judicial mind or who was a better lawyer. He had practised for a couple of years as a pleader, devilling for Tom Chitty, whose pupil he had been. In those days he was a Radical, as I was, but he left me far behind. In 1848 he delighted in Louis Blanc, Fourier, Lamartine, etc. etc. Since then, like myself, he developed into a Conservative-Liberal, and no longer refused to wear a shirt collar because Lamartine did not ; on the contrary, his collars were of the Gladstonian type, although not selected from any love to that wily old statesman.

For a year I edited the *Inquirer* newspaper, a Unitarian organ, the editor, the Rev. Mr. Hincks, having died. As Hannen used to observe I did not do so badly, as I had no religious principles of my own ; but I did it neither for love nor money, but to help my old friend, Richard Kinder, the printer. I wrote also a book on ' Dairy Farming ' for £50, for a large factor who became bankrupt and never paid me ; also a thin octavo volume entitled *Leading Cases on the Law of Domicile* for a coloured barrister who was anxious to get some legal appointment on the Gold Coast, which he succeeded in obtaining ; but he forgot to pay me the stipulated honorarium, although a year after he sent me a monkey and a parrot—the former fortunately died, but the latter was my constant companion in all climes for forty years. I edited also the first series of shilling volumes entitled

Readings for Travellers for their perusal whilst travelling on the railroads—I believe it was fairly successful—also the *Letters of James Boswell* (the biographer of Johnson) to his Friend the Rev. Mr. Temple—an ancestor of the present Bishop of London. These letters came into my hands in the way detailed in the preface. Mr. John Wilson Croker (then editor of the *Quarterly Review*), who assumed a monopoly of everything ‘Boswellian,’ declared them to be forgeries. The *Times* entered the lists and established beyond a doubt their authenticity and favoured me with a two-and-a-half column notice of the book, which sold off the edition of 1200 copies in a fortnight. For this Bentley, the publisher, gave me £50.

Samuel Butler’s MS. of *Hudibras* came into my possession by a similar fluke. It consisted of a folio MS. common-place book written in Butler’s own hand and contained the whole of *Hudibras* with a great deal more. I wanted badly to publish a new edition of the poem, but my father got nervous about my literary attempts and dissuaded me, and I sold the MS. to Messrs. Boone of Bond Street for £40. I ought to have got the money thrice over. All this time, however, I did not neglect my law, but attended the Courts, did some devilling and read hard.

As luck would have it, whilst on a Saturday-to-Monday trip to Weybridge on the Thames with an attack of my old enemy, intermittent fever, I pulled out of the river a young lady who had fallen out of a punt. She had a huge crinoline on, so that I acted as a sort of ‘tug,’ and being a girl of pluck I had little difficulty in getting her ashore, and as I felt pretty confident I could earn my bread and cheese married her¹, and settled down in a cottage at Weybridge for which I paid £20 a year. We had but one servant, and for four years had a merry although occasionally an anxious time of it. She was very beautiful and accomplished, the daughter of Colonel Maceroni, who had been aide-de-camp to Murat. She ought to have married a more brilliant and ambitious man than I was, for she was fitted to be a leader of society: she had a beautiful voice, composed songs

and wrote some delightful pieces of poetry. From Constantinople, whither she accompanied me, she wrote to my father and Mrs. Austin some extremely interesting letters descriptive of life out there during the Crimean War, which were published and much praised.¹ By her I had four children, two of whom are, thank God, still living. She had much more ambition for me than I had for myself; the fact was I was too hard worked to keep the pot boiling to care much for society, and I had an intense horror of getting into debt. I don't doubt *now* that if I had followed her advice and with her help I should have cut a much better figure in the world than I have; but I wanted pluck and dash and had a somewhat low opinion of my own abilities. I could not bring myself to dance attendance on great people or ask for place. She died in 1868 whilst I was in China, to which country I could not make up my mind to take her and the children. I am now sorry I did not.

¹ *In and Around Stamboul*. 2 vols. . Bentley, 1858.

CHAPTER VI

I BEGAN my married life, as I have said, in a cottage at Weybridge. Within a few yards of us lived John Austin and his wife, Mrs. Sarah Austin, and for some time their daughter, Lady Duff Gordon, with Sir Alexander, lived in an adjoining cottage. We soon became intimate, and at their house I met Guizot and Bartlemy St. Hilaire, Tom Taylor, Thackeray, and several of the younger members of the Orleans family who were then living at Claremont. With Guizot I took several walks to show him the country round about ; but I cannot say that he was much of a companion, very reserved in his manner, slightly pedantic and decidedly dogmatic. John Austin I liked much and generally spent two or three evenings a week with him. He loved a good listener and talked well—I mean neatly.

He was pleased to take some considerable interest in my career—introduced me to Lord Brougham, who was in his retirement then studying chemistry, and who dearly loved a gossip even with so inconsiderable a being as myself. Of Mr. Justice Quain (then at the Bar) I also saw a good deal at the Austins' house ; but unlike Lord Brougham he evidently considered me wholly beneath his notice. At Mr. Austin's suggestion I was asked to read law with the young French princes at Claremont, but the only time they could spare was just that which, without giving up all idea of practice at the Bar, reporting, and leading article writing, I could not afford, so beyond two or three interviews with the Duke de Nemours and one with Louis Philippe himself, nothing came of the proposal.

After four years of leading article writing I was beginning to think I had written myself out, when I had a stroke of luck

which put my foot on the lowest rung of a not very lofty ladder.

Some merchants—creditors of the four South American Republics—were anxious to get the assistance of the Foreign Office to compel their governments to pay their debts (some half a million sterling) in a proper manner. They had been offered payment in paper at about 60 per cent. discount : they contended that their contracts stipulated for payment in gold. The Foreign Office, under the advice of the Law Officers, refused its assistance on the ground that the contracts, as translated by a sworn Notary Public, did not stipulate for such a payment. The merchants took the advice of Rolt, Q.C. (afterwards a Lord Justice), Sutton Sharpe, Q.C., Romilly, and Smythe, all four of whom were first-class men. They agreed with the Law Officers—taking, of course, the sworn translation as the basis of their opinions. One of my father's clients being interested, he one evening asked my opinion, showing me the contract in the original Spanish as well as the translation. I demurred to the correctness of the latter on the ground that, although the word used in Spanish was rightly translated according to dictionaries, it also had a special official meaning, and that the offer to pay in paper, although it was 'currency,' was in my mind a clear attempt at fraud. Upon this my father determined to have another consultation, and sent me a blank sheet of paper with two guineas marked on it to attend. I did so, but was unable to force conviction on the minds of the four counsel, who evidently preferred the sworn Notary's translation to mine. The consultation broke up, and as I was leaving Rolt's room he beckoned me back, telling me I was entitled to hold my opinion, asking me if I had had any experience in writing opinions. I certainly had not, although I had copied hundreds. He then said, 'Well, sit down, and as I thoroughly see your point I will dictate one,' and he did so, bringing it out with much greater clearness and force than I thought it capable of. 'Now,' he said, 'sign that and send it to the solicitors.' I did so ; as it was the last straw to cling to it was sent on by them to the

Foreign Office. Lord Clarendon was then Foreign Secretary, and Mr. Unwin Addington Under Secretary. Lord Clarendon was an exceptionally good Spanish scholar—Mr. Hammond was the chief Clerk of the department, and he sent the case and opinion up to his Lordship. As Hammond told me afterwards, Lord Clarendon sent for him and asked who the ‘Hornby’ was that set up his opinion against that of his four colleagues, not to mention the Law Officers. Hammond was as ignorant on the subject, as well indeed he might be, as the Foreign Secretary. ‘Well,’ said the latter, ‘send for him, I should like to have a talk with him.’ Accordingly I received a note requesting my attendance at the Foreign Office and went to keep the appointment. Whatever qualms I had were soon dissipated by Lord Clarendon’s kind and genial manner. ‘Where did you learn Spanish?’ he asked. I told him in Spain whilst I was private secretary to my uncle Southern. ‘What,’ he cried out, ‘my old Cambridge chum—why, he was my private secretary whilst I was Minister in Madrid. You have learned to some purpose. Your view is the right one and the Notary’s wrong.’ He then asked me what I was doing and if I cared to do some work for the Office, as he was not satisfied at all with the way the cases from the Office were sent to the Law Officers for their opinions—adding that it was hardly work for a barrister. I said I should only be too glad to do anything of the kind, and after a chat I left him in the seventh heaven of bliss. Now I felt I could put a stop to that infernal grind—writing leading articles to order. Well, to make a long story short, I got bundles of papers shied at my head from the Foreign Office. The experience gained in my father’s office here came to the front, and I speedily reduced chaos to order. From that day to the day I left England on service I never wanted work from the Foreign Office, although it speedily took a different form. About a month after my interview Lord Clarendon sent for me and asked me if I cared to take the appointment of Commissioner to settle, under a Treaty then about to be signed, all outstanding claims of the citizens and subjects of the United States and of

England against the governments of either country. The salary would be £600 a year whilst the Commission sat, which, as he understood, would not be for more than a year, as there were but a few cases to settle, so that it would not interfere with my private practice—I did not think it could reduce it much either, seeing that what I had brought me in on an average about £25 a year. Accordingly I accepted the appointment, and went home that night to give at least one moment of pleasure to my ambitious wife. She was delighted, and for the moment I believed or imagined a golden future. Two kittens could not have been more frolicsome: we wandered up and down our garden walk castle-building until long after dark. Next morning we treated ourselves to a second-class return ticket to carry the good news to my father, who then lived in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. Lunched *en route* at Verrey's in Regent Street. Ordered a couple of dresses at Jay's for my wife and a magnificent dress for the baby—I never could bear to see my wife's portly figure in anything but black, hence our selection of Jay's—and then astonished my tailor, to whom I was *not* in debt, by ordering a complete suit. He was a rattling good fellow of the name of Brown, in Bond Street, a volunteer and a smart officer; to him I confided my good fortune, and he was as pleased as I was.

As to my father, he was beside himself with pleasure, the dear old man. My mother immediately set to work with my wife to talk about a house in London; but my father, taking advantage of a favourable moment, made my wife, who was very much attached to him, and whom he loved for her talent as much as for her beauty and voice, promise not to change our residence nor our *ménage* for at least a year—so I was saved from the risk of bankruptcy and the certainty of a *mauvais quart d'heure*.

CHAPTER VII

WHEN things were pretty well in order the United States Commissioner arrived—a Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut of the name of Upham, about 6 feet 2 inches in height and as thin as a live human being could be—he wore a skull wig. With him also came General Thomas, a West Point man, as tall as the Commissioner, but a broad, powerfully built man and very handsome. He came in the capacity of Agent of the United States Government. It then became necessary for the Foreign Office to appoint an Agent to represent it, and on Lord Clarendon asking me if I knew a man fit for the post I immediately mentioned my friend James Hannen, and he was appointed with a retaining fee of 400 guineas and permission to engage as Counsel for any of the private claimants who might see fit to employ him.

The first thing to be done was to appoint a secretary, and I agreed to Judge Upham's son taking the place. I had certainly no cause to regret it. He did his work, was thoroughly loyal to me, and a very competent young fellow into the bargain.

I very soon discovered that my worthy colleague had come to fight his country's battles—up hill and down dale. Indeed, General Thomas was as much disgusted as I was at his chief's partiality. The first point we fell out on was regarding the appointment of an umpire in case of differences arising. The treaty only specified that an umpire should be appointed, and did not, as it ought to have done, stipulate that such umpire should not be of the nationality of either country: one of the thousand instances of the slovenly manner in which treaties are drawn. Judge Upham had made up his mind, or his mind had

been made up for him by his instructions, that he would not consent to any foreigner or any Englishman being named as umpire, declaring that some of the cases that would come before us involved points upon which his countrymen were so sensitive that none but an American could or ought to decide them. Argument, entreaty, or threats were all alike thrown away upon him. Hannen and—I must do him justice—Thomas also were furious, and I felt that if I stuck out the treaty would fall to the ground, so after a month's discussion I consented to join in nominating Van Buren, an ex-President of the United States residing in Italy; but I told Upham that I should write a private note to him to accompany the joint dispatch, letting him know *why* I had consented, and this note I showed him, and in it I urged Van Buren to accept the position, as he was the only United States citizen that I was acquainted with in whom I felt my countrymen would have confidence. Thomas was much pleased with the note, saying, however, that he feared Van Buren would not accept the post. As it turned out he was right. Van Buren declined in an official note on the ground of his age and infirmities, but he wrote both to me and Upham privately, thanking me most warmly for my expression of confidence, at the same time saying that acceptance of the umpirage would place him in a false position and that a foreign jurist ought to be asked to undertake it. To Upham he wrote a note that I certainly should not like to have received from anyone. Thomas got hold of it somehow and communicated in confidence its contents to me. Ye gods! it was a 'stinger,' but it produced not the slightest effect on my colleague, who merely casually remarked that he was glad Van Buren declined, as he, Upham, had heard he was in his dotage.

After another week's wrangle we hit on Joshua Bates, of the firm of 'Barings,' a U.S. citizen and naturalized British subject. No better meaning man existed, but he was no lawyer, and his education and sympathies inclined him—almost I believe unconsciously to himself—to Yankeeism, especially on questions of slavery, State repudiation of debt and filibustering raids on Canada

—at least he went wrong on all such cases; but he was a thoroughly honest, upright, intelligent man and became my best and firmest friend. When the Commission was over, both my wife and self were ever welcome both in Arlington Street and at East Sheen. At this excellent man's house we constantly met Jenny Lind, who delighted in my wife's singing and was never tired of listening to her, declaring her voice to be not only rich and soft but intensely sympathetic. Motley, the historian of the Dutch Republic, etc., etc., was also a constant guest. He was one of the most un-American of Americans, and had I known him at the time of our search after an umpire, as well as I did a year or two afterwards, I should certainly have been ready to accept him. Here also I met Professor Owen—a gaunt, sepulchral-looking man who looked all bone, but who was genial, communicative, and anecdotically full of anatomical lore.

After this interlude about umpires the work of the Commission began in earnest. The Foreign Office provided a suite of rooms in Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge. Surely no more economical Commission ever sat—the staff consisted of the two commissioners, a secretary, and one messenger. Instead, however, of a 'few cases' some 150 cropped up. The largest proportion were of trifling moment and ought to have been settled years ago; but some fifty were of importance, involving grave questions of international law. My colleague had a very short way of disposing of them. All cases against England were to be settled promptly by payment at a good rate of interest. All cases against the United States were to be dismissed as ridiculous and outrageous. Poor Mr. Bates was not prepared for this summary mode of procedure, and at last, finding that all the important cases would have to go to the umpire, I arranged, to save the parties the expense of a re-hearing, that he should sit with us on every case.

We sat every day from 10 to 4, and hard work we had of it. I think the Commission lasted in actual session some fourteen months. Some month or six weeks after it was over the Yankees published a volume of reports in which were such

serious errors and omissions, to say nothing of reasons for judgments which neither I nor any one else had ever heard of, that the Foreign Office desired me to prepare an English edition, which I did. Congress voted Upham and Thomas an extra honorarium of 6 and 4000 dollars; but the English Treasury regretted, when that fact was officially communicated to it, that it had no funds at its disposition out of which to pay a similar well-deserved compliment to the British Commissioner and British Agent. However, this did not distress either Hannen or myself: the former had laid the foundation of a lucrative practice and very soon became Treasury devil. As for myself, I climbed a little higher up my ladder, and had at least acquired some knowledge of international law.

Within a few weeks 'Barings' asked me to go out to Canada to argue a case connected with the Grand Trunk Railway before the House of Representatives at Quebec—gave me a thousand guineas on my brief and paid all my expenses. This work occupied about ten weeks. I won my case and returned.

Amongst the Ministers I made many friends—John (usually called Jack) Macdonald, Sir Francis Hincks, Sir William M'Nab Gartier, Brown a journalist, and several others. All able men with unlimited powers of consuming champagne.

About that time there was a good deal of discontent amongst the French Canadians, not that I ever discovered any absence of loyalty to the British Crown, but a radical, nasty sympathy was growing up between the English-born colonists and the United States, and the Press of both countries seemed to unite in contemptuously writing down the French element in Canada. It was certainly not a 'go-ahead' or 'enterprising' element; but it was orderly and respectable, and from what I saw of it far more deserving of sympathy and protection than the rowdies who made up the blustering opposition which required all Sir E. Head's firmness to keep within the bounds of decency.

BOOK II
CONSTANTINOPLE
1855-1865

CHAPTER I

WHEN I returned to England I went down to Bridport to see an old friend and recruit myself, for I had had a touch of the old fever. I was not there a week before I was summoned up to town by the Foreign Secretary and asked if I would go out to Constantinople to manage the loan of five millions which France and England had granted to the Turks to enable them to carry on the Crimean War. Of course I accepted the offer, and waited on the Foreign Secretary for my instructions, only to be blandly informed that he had none to give; but that the Chancellor of the Exchequer (then Sir George Cornewall Lewis) might possibly have some ready. To him I accordingly went, to find that he had none either; but he kindly added that all I had to do was to get the money which was lying in the Bank of England out to Turkey as it was required and by the cheapest means, to keep accurate accounts of its expenditure, and above all to see that it went to the troops and was not spent on palaces, harems, and bacsheesh. Thus *fully* accoutred, I sallied forth like a knight of finance. My wife accompanied me, leaving our baby behind in the care of its grandmother, a most competent, loving old lady. At Paris I called on Lord Cowley, our Ambassador, and from him learnt that my French colleague had already started. Accompanied by Mr. Moore, a Foreign Office Messenger, we started for Marseilles, and went on board the *Sinois*, a Messageries steamer,¹ taking some 300 French troops to Constantinople, and had a very pleasant time of it; my wife delighting our *compagnons de voyage*—the rank and file included—by playing to them and singing every evening

¹ August 30, 1855.

any number of French songs, and always winding up with 'Partant pour la Syrie.'

For our social life in Constantinople I must refer my readers to my wife's charming collection of letters, published by Bentley, and shall confine myself to my recollection of my official doings.

My first interview with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, to whom I reported myself immediately on my arrival, was decidedly a funny one. He received me in his grey dressing gown in his study at his country house at Therapia, looking anything but pleased and without offering to shake hands. I had hardly finished my bow before he let fly at the Government for not appointing the man he had nominated—a Greek and competent financier and one who had his confidence. Having abused the Foreign Office to his heart's content, he wound up a long tirade by wishing them joy of their nominee—meaning me—to whom, of course, he could not be expected to render any assistance, and therefore I was at liberty to manage the loan as I thought fit, as that could alone have been the intention of the Government in sending me out. I was thunderstruck, although I had heard from Mr. Moore that his Lordship was apt to give way to extraordinary fits of ill-temper, especially when he thought himself slighted. However, his venerable appearance, as well as his evident conviction that he had been ill-used by the Foreign Office, made me keep a civil tongue in my head and I let him finish without saying a word; but as he was walking to his dressing room with an evident intention of disappearing, I ventured on a placid 'Good morning, my Lord,' adding that as it was his intention not to assist me it was my intention to telegraph to the Foreign Office begging to be relieved from my duties, as without his assistance, and perhaps in the face of his opposition, I simply could not and would not even attempt to perform them, and without adding a word left the room. On the stairs I met Lady Stratford whom I had never seen. She put out her hand, saying "Mr. Hornby, I think, I am afraid my husband was not quite himself this morning as he was very much put out at Mr. — not being appointed; but I hope

you will not take to heart anything he may have said, as—with this terrible war going on—he is sadly harassed and overworked.”

Now this was so kindly said and so evidently kindly meant that, angry as I was at my reception, I could not vent it on her Ladyship, and then there was a worn, anxious look on her nice intelligent English face and in her eyes that told plainly that all the labour did not rest on the Ambassador’s shoulders. There was pride also in loyalty to her old husband—for he must have been at least twenty-five or thirty years her senior—in every word she spoke, which struck me, so I simply said that I was afraid my visit had been at an inopportune moment; but I suppose I *looked* as if that visit would be my last, as she added ‘Don’t say or do anything until you hear either from me or Lord Stratford.’ I mumbled something and returned to my hotel, telling my wife to be prepared to leave by the next mail, and to calm my ruffled temper took her for a walk along the shore of the Bosphorus to Beyuk-dere. The loveliness of the scene soon soothed me, and as for my wife, she was enchanted—to leave she declared to be simply impossible, and if I did she would remain and manage the loan herself. On our return we found that Lady Stratford had called leaving a note asking us both up to dinner and begging my wife to bring me *volens volens*. I had a great mind to refuse, but I put my dignity into my pocket and we went, to be received by Lady Stratford most kindly. Lord Stratford took my wife in to dinner. There was only the staff of the Embassy present—Lord Napier, Secretary of Embassy, and his wife; Altson, the Oriental Secretary; Count Pisani, the Chanceller; half a dozen Attachés; Colonel Mansfield, Military Attaché (afterwards Lord Sandhurst), and Lord and Lady George Paget, the latter a most beautiful woman. Lord ‘Stratty,’ as I afterwards used to call him, made himself as agreeable as he could be when he liked to my wife and won her over. After dinner he came up to me and shaking hands very warmly said, ‘I am afraid—nay indeed I am certain—I was most unjustly rude to you this morning. Will you accept an old man’s apology who has much to trouble him? Of course I stopped

him and said that I had already forgotten everything except his and Lady Stratford's kind welcome to my wife and myself, and showed him that I could be as peremptory as he could be, when I absolutely refused to allow him to refer again to our morning's interview. From that moment to the day of his death we remained the best of friends. All said and done he was a 'Grand Man.' No doubt he had a temper which was too easily roused and over which he had but little control, but a more noble and affectionate nature no man, nay, no woman, ever possessed. He was *gentilhomme* from the crown of his white head to the soles of his feet. Incapable of meanness—too apt to fire up if he suspected meanness in others, and as to courage, no crowned head, statesman bully, or intriguer ever existed to whom he would not, as boys say, 'let on' if once he thought his own honour or that of England demanded it. Nay, indeed, he was too much of a combatant to make a good general, but for all that he could hold his own with any living diplomatist. He had been brought up in the school of his great name-sake, George Canning, of Wellington, Nesselrode, and Talleyrand, and possessed all their grand powers. Weaknesses no doubt he had, but they were amiable ones; he liked, for instance, to write annually a greater number of dispatches than any other Ambassador, and fancied himself a bit of a poet. Moreover, he was very anxious to justify himself for being a Christian, and wrote a pamphlet entitled 'Why I am a Christian,' to which I used to threaten a reply to be called 'Why I am *not* a Christian.' On theological subjects I could meet him on equal terms. In poetry he beat me hollow—indeed, the only way I could stop him was by beginning to recite Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' which I knew by heart. Sentimental little sonnets were his chief delight.

In person Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was a little above the medium height, slim and well proportioned, holding himself erect. He had a fine head, distinguished features, white hair, and a good clear complexion. He was a good horseman and was extremely fond of horses. I bought of him when he left

Lady Stratford's Arab, a beast of *pur sang*—the best and handsomest I ever saw, and I rode him until he was over twenty-six years of age, and then, being a heavyish weight, passed him on to my little girl, who rode him until he was over thirty years old.

The ‘Elchee’ was very particular in his turn out. To meet him going to the Porte was a sight worth seeing—two mounted Cavasses in front, himself, then the secretaries, then two grooms, and finally two other Cavasses—all splendidly mounted, the people all bowing and showing him the profoundest respect.

Lord Stratford had one distinguishing characteristic. He was not what I should call a remarkably clever man or remarkably well read, but he was a masterful man, long headed and long sighted, able to look into the future and foresee the consequences of any line he made up his mind to take; the line was not always the right or even the most desirable one, but if it annoyed any one whom he especially disliked or had a contempt for, that formed one great reason in his mind for pursuing it. He hated the Emperor Nicholas and despised the Emperor Napoleon. Indeed, he had a very mean opinion of Frenchmen generally and loved to thwart them. The principal cause of his success as a diplomatist was his courage, dogged honesty, the readiness with which he assumed responsibility, and the trust he inspired. Hated as he was by his foreign colleagues, they feared him. No diplomatist that I ever met liked a ‘row’—*i.e.* a personal one. Lord Stratford enjoyed it. Two red spots used to come into his cheeks, and then every one knew that a storm was brewing. It was of no use to storm in reply, of no avail to endeavour to pacify him, still less was it advisable to truckle to him. There was nothing to be done but to bolt or sit it out. At the same time when the explosion was over and the smoke cleared off, the old gentleman was amenable to reason and never refused to make the *amende honorable* if he felt he had been unduly harsh, and this he always did gracefully and without reserve.

The Turks had the most implicit faith and confidence in Lord Stratford. He never asked impossibilities and never receded from what he asked for, hence they were often cautious and slow in promising, because they knew they would have to perform. As a public servant he was not suited to the days of telegraphs and daily dispatches. All he wanted was to be clearly told what his Government wanted, and then to be left to carry out his instructions in his own way, and no man ever did carry them out more loyally or in better faith towards all parties concerned. The 'Great Elchee,' as the Turks called him, was not a name bestowed by fear, but was really the result of affection. 'He is often overbearing,' said old Reschid Pasha to me one day, 'but we know he is a true friend to Turkey and has more pluck in his little finger than the whole Divan put together.' I think it was a little before the Treaty of Adrianople, but I will not be quite certain, when the Russian army had advanced in force as near Constantinople as that town, and had sent in peremptory and humiliating terms to the Porte as the price of their not marching on to the capital, that Lord Stratford heard from a courier who had just come from Vienna with dispatches and had managed to get through the Russian camp, that the army was being decimated by fever and altogether in a bad way. Lord Stratford rang his bell for old Baptiste, his man, telling him to bring food and wine for the courier, a native : when this was done he locked the man in his room and getting on his horse rode straight to the Porte. This august body was tearfully considering the Russian ultimatum. 'Give it to me,' said the Great Elchee, and he tore it up and flung the pieces down on the floor. The Ministers were thunderstruck—'Gracious heaven, what are we to do, the Russians are at our gates, we have nothing left but to give in.' 'Give in—nonsense—write "that unless the Russian army evacuate Adrianople within one week and continue their march to the Pruth continuously, the Turkish army will march on Adrianople."' The poor Turks thought that madness must have seized the British Ambassador and asked him what Eng-

land would do if the Russians instead of retiring advanced. 'I pledge the honour of England that if you stand firm and follow *instantly* my advice that you will be supported by the whole force of Great Britain.' Such was the energy of the man who had never promised what he could not perform, that the Divan screwed its courage up, and a dispatch was then and there written and sent, informing the astonished Russians that the Porte declined to treat whilst a Russian army occupied any portion of Turkish soil. The effect was as Lord Stratford anticipated: the Russian army, worn out by disease, was unequal to the task of carrying out its threats, and rapidly began a homeward bound march, commissioners being left at Adrianople to negotiate. Finally a treaty was come to which, if not one that a powerful country would have agreed to, was still one that in its then condition was far beyond what even the most sanguine friend of Turkey could have expected.

Lord Stratford loved to *talk* about the finesse of diplomacy, and make his hearers believe that he was a past master in the art; but he never *practised* it. When he introduced me to the Sultan and the Ministers he gave a little—nay, not a little, preparatory advice. 'Never deal with subordinate officials, treat them as they deserve, the scoundrels. Keep your temper (this from a man who had never kept his own was to say the least funny). Insist on being treated as an equal, even by the 'Grand Vizier,' the 'Sheik-ul-Islam,' or the 'Kislar Aga' (the chief Eunuch, a high officer of State). Never pass over a slight, but bring it instantly to the notice of the offender, not angrily, for that will make him think you are hurt, but firmly; close your mouth until it is apologised for. Do not fight about trifles; never ask for what you are not going to insist on, or what your own feeling tells you you would not grant yourself if in the situation of the Turk. Be frank—you need never fear giving reasons for your demands if you are only asking what it is right to ask for. Listen patiently to excuses, but never give in to them. Easterns never grant anything without demur. Recollect it is no part of your business to find excuses for excuses.

Nothing delights a Turk more than to be asked to do something which is an impossibility. Ask him for a million, and he will readily promise it; ask him for £100 which he can easily find, and he will spend months, if you let him, in proving to you that he cannot get it. Don't assume that men like Reschid, Ali or Fuad Pashas are trying to cheat you; but always assume that every one you deal with below their stamp is not only ready and willing to cheat you, but is actually doing so, and especially if he is a Christian. Be friendly with the great men, but never intimate with them. Somehow intimacy with a Turk is almost an impossibility. Above all avoid those who praise European systems of government, European ideas, European laws or customs. No *honest* Turk will ever pretend even to admire any of these. If ever Easterns get imbued with Liberal ideas of government their own doom is sealed; the most Englishmen can hope to do is to aid in the getting rid of corruption and in obtaining recognition of the principle that 'Honesty is the best policy' and in the long run 'pays best.' No man will ever succeed with Eastern rulers or with their subjects unless he is firm as a rock and as *just* and honest as a god.'

Fortified with these warnings and axioms I began, not without some misgivings, my dealings with the Turks.

CHAPTER II

MY French colleague, M. de Cadrossi, Inspector-General of Finance, a Breton by birth, was about sixty-four years of age. He looked a little surprised at my youthful appearance and asked me if I had long been engaged in the Department of Finance. On my assuring him that I had never seen the inside of it and that I knew nothing of finance, but had journeyed expressly to Constantinople to give him the pleasure of teaching me, he laughed heartily and declared that nothing could please him more, as he had dreaded having a colleague brought up in a different school to himself and who probably could not speak French. We became excellent friends, and as he did all the office work, kept the accounts—which under his hands were perfect models of ‘accountability’ as well as of artistic neatness—I took as my share all the outside work, interviewing the Turks, and occasional trips to different parts of the country where the Turkish troops were supposed to be, to vouch that the men were paid and not cheated. It very soon became evident that ‘pay lists,’ commissariat lists, etc., whether receipted or not, or even vouched for by the War Department, were not to be depended on. It was necessary to count the corps and ask the rank and file if they had been paid and find out what pay was actually in arrear. Clothing, provisions, ammunition had to be similarly checked. The officers were not to be trusted either in the field or out of it, and not once, but dozens of times, I had to get officers of rank suspended for embezzlement and malversation.

From this censure I except the ‘Uzbashis and Bim-bashis,’ what we should call non-commissioned officers. These were

really splendid fellows, selected from the ranks for their courage and knowledge of regimental duty (this selection being the only real service the commissioned officers ever decently performed—and they only did so to save themselves the trouble of drilling and commanding the men themselves). It was by these men that the troops were led under fire—most of the captains, colonels, and generals keeping at a safe distance—and to these men is due the gallant front the rank and file so constantly showed when before the enemy. From these men also were then recruited the cavasses appointed to the different embassies, and by my own two—Halil and Ibrahim, and those in attendance on the Ambassador and Consul-General—I was put up to many a ‘dodge’ which enabled me to put a stop to what was in fact nothing but a wholesale system of robbery by officers of the pay and food of the men.

Cadrossi seldom appeared in the Council of Ministers, and when he did do so by chance, or at my earnest request, he generally kicked up such an infernal row—which he called ‘exhibiting his just indignation’—that business was out of the question. If I could do nothing else I could keep my temper and smoke my chibouque philosophically, so it soon came to pass that I did the work at the Porte and at the Ministries of Finance and War, whilst Cadrossi stuck to the office. God knows what would have become of the five millions if he had not done so. I was pretty good at cutting about the country, going up to Varna, Eupatoria, Trebizond, etc., and in fact enjoyed it (I only got up once to the Crimea for a day or two, but what I saw there satisfied my stomach for months). I could scent out rascality pretty fairly; with the Ministers I got on well enough, especially Fuad, Ali, old Mehemet, and Kiani—but as to keeping the accounts in the way my colleague did, that was utterly and wholly beyond me.

Nay, so far from objecting to my unearthing an abuse, I verily believe my friends the Ministers often put me on one which had nothing but a nominal connection with the loan, especially if a connection of one of the ladies of the harem or

the protégée of one of their colleagues was concerned—simply because they could unblushingly attribute it when brought to daylight to *my* zeal.

However, all said and done, I do not believe that more than half a million was misapplied. How that went I know not. I suppose in dribblets, but I do remember that on one occasion on our going to the Treasury to inspect and verify our cash deposit in bags, we found one which ought to have held £20,000 in gold (sovereigns) full of copper coins. Cadrossi nearly had a fit, and would then and there have strangled poor old Kiani had I not interfered. We never found out the thief, but I am certain it was *not* Kiani.

On another occasion on hearing that scurvy had broken out amongst the Turkish troops somewhere—I think at Eupatoria—we hastily bought and freighted two large ships with fresh vegetables and sent them off. Two or three weeks afterwards I accidentally overheard some French officers at the table d’hôte congratulating each other on their regiments having been saved from scurvy by the fortunate arrival of two Turkish transports laden with fresh vegetables, which their commissariat immediately bought up from the Pasha in command. On inquiry I found that this lucky deal had been made at the expense of the Turks, whose officers had bagged the cash. Off I went, and brought some half dozen of these gentlemen back with me to Constantinople, and after some persistence, they were cashiered; but whether they were made to disgorge we never ascertained. However, the Minister of War did bestir himself to the extent of sending up another vessel with fresh food at his own expense—at least he said so—we paying for the towage by a tug steamer which enabled us at least to see that the poor scurvy-smitten devils got this time what was sent them.

When I look back at this distance of time I am struck almost dumb at the opportunity given to my colleague and myself to have made our fortunes and at no one’s expense. All we had to do was to shut our eyes a little to what the real owners of the money wanted to do with it, and a cool hundred thousand of

golden tokens apiece, would have but feebly expressed the gratitude of the Turks. Nay, the bonus on exchange—on selling sterling gold for bills or Turkish paper which was actually realizable—would have been to each of us, or to me at least, a small fortune. Even now I put down my pen, make a cigarette—lost in wonder whilst smoking it that the idea of doing so never entered our heads. Fortunate indeed was it that it did not. Who can say how great, how overpowering the temptation might have proved? How vain to pray for ‘strength to resist temptation’ when the one thing needful is to pray ‘not to be led into it.’ I have been drawn into this eminently goody reflection by the recollection of an incident that occurred when the five millions having been spent we wound up our accounts and visited our banker friend, an Armenian of the name of Theodore Batazzi, to sign receipts, etc. As he wished us good morning he gave each of us an envelope; fearing that it might contain something which would rouse my colleague’s ire I hastily opened mine and found a cheque for £1250, which I immediately re-closed, and holding out my hand for Cadrossi’s envelope, which he handed to me, returned them to the banker, saying in English that we were salaried servants of our Governments and could not accept the cheques. He protested, that it was our lawful due, that we had brought business to him, and that it was customary all over the world for a commission to be paid, adding that if we refused we were making him a present. I said I was sure he did not intend to insult us, but it was quite out of the question, and then I hurried myself and colleague out of the room. On the way back I told Cadrossi what had passed, and I verily believe if I had not prevented him he would have gone back and then and there insisted on a duel. As it was, he took the opinion of an old French general, a Breton like himself, who succeeded in ridiculing the idea and putting it out of his head; but he felt himself terribly insulted and refused to accept an invitation from Batazzi to a farewell dinner which the latter proposed to give in our honour.

While the loan was being administered I had lots of other

work thrown on me. Lord Stratford begged me to act for him as assessor to hear and decide the appeal cases that came up from the Court of the Consul-General and all the Consular Courts in the Levant, and which then lay to the Ambassador. Then the Consul-General asked me to try all the heavy criminal cases, which with the city full of scoundrelly Maltese and Ionians, to say nothing of the English hangers-on of the army, were numerous. Then the War Office and Admiralty put me on all sorts of Commissions to act with Admiral Grey and General Mansfield on matters that I absolutely knew nothing about; and as these gentlemen hated each other and only agreed to disagree, besides being possessed of demoniacal tempers, the position was not a pleasant one. On my return to England I asked Mr. Fox Maule—then Lord Panmure—why he did this? His reply was: ‘Look here, Hornby, to your credit be it said, you have the reputation of being an extremely even-tempered man. Now Grey and Mansfield—competent as they are—are the two most ill-tempered men in the service, and we thought if anyone could keep the peace between them, you could.’

At Lord Stratford’s suggestion I also drew up a scheme for establishing a judicial system for the Consular Courts of the Levant, which was ultimately adopted. At last, just as I was leaving for home, thankful to be relieved and rest after so much hard work, I found that I was appointed to settle all outstanding claims on the British Government that the contractors to the army in the East advanced, consequent on the sudden cessation of the war. It happened thus. There were any number of contracts for such things as coals, provisions of all sorts, mules, horses, cattle, sheep, hay, corn, beans, etc. etc. It was arranged the Government should appoint one arbitrator, the contractors another, and the two arbitrators an umpire. Sealed envelopes were to be sent to Lord Stratford to open, and confound it, on the very day I was to leave, they arrived and were opened. Both parties had nominated me. What could I do but forego my passage home and accept, to act for three hot months sitting *de die in diem* in Galata Serai with the thermometer at 90 in the

shade, settling claims. If ever I felt like weeping I felt inclined to blub then. Devil take it, I feel like doing it now !

Well, thank heaven, I did my work ; but I felt very limp after it was done.

For all this extra work I never got one farthing extra pay and never asked for it. The Sultan, however, gave me the Medjidieh and a snuff-box in brilliants. He did not, however, know that I had done anything, but somehow he took it for granted that I deserved something at his hands. In fact, as far as he was concerned I had only kept him from squandering his own money, which does not generally constitute any serious claim on a man's gratitude.

I have never been able to understand any adequate cause for the Crimean War, or why England took any prominent part in it. It began by a squabble between the European Powers about the 'Holy Places.' We had absolutely nothing to do with that quarrel. Russia wanted Turkey to allow her to take the Christian subjects of the Porte under her protection. France was quite willing to take the Roman Catholics—who as subjects of the Porte were comparatively few in number—under her protection, and no one can, by the light of subsequent events, say that it would not have been a good thing if Turkey had, under proper arrangements, allowed both these Powers to do what they wanted. It was little enough, for both France and Russia always did practically intervene when they thought it necessary. As regards the 'Holy Places,' all the Turks did was to place a few policemen inside the gate of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre with kourbashes (whips) to keep the monks of the different Christian churches from cutting each other's throats whenever they met—and this they did with notable force and impartiality.

According to my view the Treaty of Paris (1856) was a huge diplomatic blunder. It freed Turkey from the fear of Russia and left her to misgovern her Christian subjects as she pleased, which she forthwith proceeded to do. I know that although during the war, and immediately after it, neither Lord Stratford

nor myself acting under his orders felt much difficulty in getting the Turks to consent to reforms, especially in their courts of law, in provincial administration, and in the management of their prisons; yet within eighteen months of the treaty it was impossible to do anything with them. They feared Russia *before* the war, and they neither feared us nor France *after* the war, neither were they in the least grateful. Fortunately they had a wholesome dread of Lord Stratty, and if it had not been for this the ill-treatment of the Christian subjects would have begun sooner than it did begin (*vide* Lebanon massacres in 1860).

A little check was experienced by the Turks in 1870, when Russia declined to abide by the clauses of the Treaty of Paris relative to the Black Sea. She took the opportunity of France being involved with Germany to effect this, and the Turks began to behave themselves, *but only* for a little while. In 1878 Lord Salisbury tried his hand with the Turks and endeavoured to bring them to a sense of their obligations under the treaties; but unfortunately both he and Mr. Goschen in 1880 let the Turks see that it was the interest of England to keep them in Europe at any price (which, by the bye, it is not) and both left Turkey disgusted—with the consequence that after another war with Russia and another treaty by which we deprived Russia of the legitimate results of her victories, the Turks felt that we had given them a free hand to do what they liked, a permission of which they have liberally availed themselves. (*Vide* the Crimean massacres 1895-96).

For my own part, I have not the least objection to Russia taking Constantinople, provided a cordon of autonomous states are drawn round it under the guarantee of Europe. I would give Salonica and a slip of country, so as to put it in communication with Austria, to Austria. I would let France have the Lebanon from Aleppo to Jaffa. To Italy I would give Candia, and Egypt I would keep. As to the Turk, the sooner he is sent to Bagdad the better. As to an Armenian or a Greek kingdom, it is all nonsense—neither race is fit to govern.

CHAPTER III

THE conclusion of peace was celebrated at the Beschiotash Palace by a grand banquet given by the Sultan to the Corps Diplomatique, the generals, and heads of departments. I was invited and went. His Majesty was present. At least he came, proposed and drank a toast, and then left. Of all miserable specimens of royalty poor Abdul Mejid was the worst I ever saw : prematurely old, half imbecile, and tottering while still young in years on the verge of the grave, his life must have been a torment and a curse. With a hundred wives and concubines he lived the life of a eunuch or a hermit. Without a friend or an adviser he could trust, and in constant dread of assassination, he passed months and years under the influence of opiates and of champagne fortified with brandy, mechanically performing the duties of his office and going to mosque to pray weekly, as his doctor told me, to be translated from a hell upon earth to the heaven of the faithful.

The palace in which this fête was given had been recently erected by an Armenian architect of florid imagination. It would puzzle anyone to say in what style it was built. It was a mixture of all styles, the Byzantine predominating ; but the general effect was distinctly good. The salon in which we dined was spacious, and most gorgeously and elaborately decorated. Some 250 persons, in every variety of uniform, were present. I sat between General Pelissier, one blaze of gold and orders, and General Codrington, the Commander-in-Chief of the armies of France and England ; the latter wore his scarlet coat without a single ribbon or order, looking with his bald head and fresh complexion like an English country gentleman

in a Lieutenancy uniform, while the little fat Frenchman with his stubby grey hair shone out in all the glory of a Field Marshal.

A minute or two after the Sultan had retired we were startled by two frightful claps of thunder followed by a storm of wind and hail. The whole building seemed to shake, and in a moment the gas went out and we were in total darkness. The band dropped their instruments with a clash and fled. For some moments no one spoke, and then a thin, shrill voice was heard in French saying 'It wants but the hand-writing on the wall and the words "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin" to make of this a second feast of Belshazzar.' It was the Belgian Minister—a *littérateur* of some wit and merit—who, first recovering his senses, delivered himself of this apposite sentence. It served as a fitting complement to the scene. Thanks to some foreign orderlies and servants in attendance on their masters, and the exertions of the Grand Vizier, some palace servants were routed out who hurriedly brought in as many candelabra as they could find, and we continued our wine. It appeared the lightning had struck the palace gas-works—which, Turkish fashion, were planted on the highest piece of ground in the gardens—and disarranged the machinery. No harm was done, and when we left the palace it was to walk or boat home under a lovely sky fretted with stars.

My wife has given in her letters an account of a magnificent *bal-costumé* given by Lord Stratford to the Sultan, so I shall not further refer to it. Percy Smythe, afterwards Lord Strangford, an Oriental Attaché of the Embassy and a thorough Turkish, Arabic, and Persian scholar, distinguished himself by dressing up as a Turkish lady, and to the amusement of the Sultan and the consternation of his Ministers intriguing with His Majesty. Poor Abdul, I do not think he ever laughed so much in his life as during the *quart d'heure* the lady poured into his ear a lot of witty nonsense. In vain the Grand Vizier endeavoured to draw away the *intrigante*: all he got for his pains was a significant motion of the Sultan's hands suggestive that his interference was not welcome, and from the lady a torrent of

Turkish eloquence such perhaps as never flowed from a harem favourite's lips. At last Ali Pasha gave up the struggle and besought Lord Stratford's interference; but as the Elchee knew as little about the 'lady' as the Grand Vizier, Lady Stratford's aid was invoked, and she succeeded in diverting the Sultan's attention. The lady then 'intrigued' with all the Ministers in turn, giving it to all of them hot and strong. The second eunuch, however, unmasked the fair one, and with great good humour enjoyed the joke. This high officer of State was a first-rate fellow, of commanding stature, about 6 feet 4 inches, not bad looking, and of a dark coppery hue. He spoke French fluently, was well read, and certainly possessed more brain power than any of his Majesty's advisers, saving always Fuad and Ali. He used often in after years when I was a Judge to come in a somewhat mysterious way to my house at Bebek to enjoy a pipe and a chat.

We had a lot of trouble with the Bashi Bazouks, who were supposed to be in the pay of the English, and were commanded by General Beatson, who had some reputation as a commander of irregular cavalry in India, and if it had not been for his aides-de-camp, to whose advice he foolishly listened, he might have been more successful; but neither of these gentlemen cared for camp life, and to get the scoundrels who formed the corps into anything like order, constant supervision and a stiff upper lip—to say nothing of 'triangles' and revolvers—were absolutely necessary. The men mutinied somewhere near the Dardanelles, and under Lieutenant Burton's advice were not punished, the result being that Beatson was relieved of his command and a Major Green replaced him. This officer made short work of the mutineers, taking with him a few English gunners and two or three Indian subalterns; he shot some half dozen before he had been in camp twenty-four hours and flogged right and left, until, in less than a week, he reduced a lot of ruffians to observe at least some discipline, and had the war continued might have turned them to some account.

I was present when this officer first called on Lord Stratford

on his appointment, having been hurried up from India. In appearance he was of slight and active build, well browned and pleasant looking, and very unlike the firm determined soldier he was. Of course Lord Stratty gave him a lot of good advice as to how irregular troops were to be managed, to which Green listened in silence, but an unfortunate smile breaking over his face roused Lord Stratford's temper, who immediately called him to account for not gratefully listening to him, and then proceeded to bully him pretty much in the style—only much more emphatically—of a sixth form youth pitching into a lad of a second form. I saw a storm coming up. At last Green, taking advantage of an interval of exhaustion, quietly asked Lord Stratford what his Lordship would think of him, 'Green,' if he was to counsel Lord Stratford as to how he should negotiate a treaty. Lord Stratford was too angry to see the trap, and replied something to the effect that 'it would be something like his d——d impertinence.' Then Green let out, and for about five minutes at it they both went, hammer and tongs, slanging each other up hill and down dale. I must say Green had the advantage of being fresh to the work, Lord Stratford having let off a good deal of steam, and in a minute or two his Lordship, after ordering Green to leave the house, dashed into his dressing-room ; as to Green, he was looking as cool as a cucumber and laughing merrily. Turning to me he said—'Well, that is the queerest old gentleman I ever saw. Now which of us used the worst language ?' I replied that there was not much to choose between them, but I mildly suggested that there was a considerable difference in years. 'Yes,' said Green, 'but it is hard to be taught one's own business by an old fellow who does not know the A.B.C. of it.' This I admitted, and told him to go, and I would look round on him in an hour or two, and off he went. I then tapped at the dressing-room door, and receiving an answer, in I walked, to see Lord Stratford stretched on a long chair mopping his forehead. 'Is that d——d fellow gone ?' he asked. 'Yes,' I said. 'Did you ever hear such language as he used to me—to me,

Sir?—Her Majesty's Ambassador, and old enough to be his grandfather.' 'Well,' I said, 'now you ask me, I do recollect just such language and just such a scene when I first made the Elchee's acquaintance.' At this he jumped up, but recollecting himself and the scene referred to, reseated himself chuckling. 'Well,' he said, 'Hornby, you mean by that, I suppose, that I have made another old fool of myself?' 'No, not quite that; but you certainly showed a remarkable knowledge of the English vernacular. Now just scribble a line asking "Green" to dinner.' 'Ah!' he replied, 'but what if he refuses to come?' 'Leave that to me.' The note was written, and off I went with it to the hotel, handed it to Green without a word, simply saying 'You will come, will you not?' 'Of course,' was the answer, and he did come, walking straight up to Lord Stratford, making a most handsome apology before the old gentleman could get a word in, and then continued chatting and joking until dinner was announced. That was the end of *that* row. Green rose rapidly in the service, and when I last heard of him, some twenty years ago, he was a Lieutenant-General in command somewhere.

Apropos of 'Bashi Bazouks,' who are by no means necessarily soldiers, but are as often robbers and outlaws, I remember when I was staying with my old friend Dr. Johrab, an American and a licentiate of Edinburgh, at his 'Peach Garden,' some twenty miles from Mondania on the Sea of Marmora—from which, by the bye, he derived a nice little income—some half-dozen fellows armed to the teeth and in full Bashi costume coming early one morning, bringing with them on a rude litter a companion who had been shot. He was a fine young fellow, but had been caught *in flagrante delicto* with a shepherd's wife or sweetheart, and by the husband or lover treated to a bullet about the size of a large grape in the back. They seemed all, the patient included, in good spirits, and joked over the affair, admitting, however, that the wounded man had only got what he deserved. He was laid down on some boards stretched on a couple of trestles, and the doctor proceeded to tackle the ball,

finding it dangerously near, if not underneath the spine. Not a murmur escaped the lips of the man ; and on the doctor telling the men around that in all probability the man would die or live only to be paralyzed, he simply said, ' If it is in, take it out.' On which Johrab, after some probing and cutting which took at least a quarter of an hour and which must have caused acute pain, extracted the ball. Then the fellow having been trussed up turned himself round, dressed himself, and announced his intention of walking home. Finally he was persuaded to stay, and in a week was as well as ever. Nothing seemed to hurt these fellows ; the open-air life, sobriety, and light vegetable diet, apparently rendering them callous to pain and capable of living through operations that would kill anyone else. They are unquestionably the stock whence fine soldiers could be made, but their preparatory training would puzzle an ordinary drill sergeant.

Amongst the many celebrities I met were the Duke of Cambridge and that true and loyal friend and aide-de-camp of his, General ' Jem ' Macdonald. I do not know that I ever saw a man to whom I felt so drawn : quiet and soldier-like as he was, there was something magnetically sympathetic about him ; a little stand-offishness at first until he knew you, and then no man more thoroughly genial or whose advice and judgment were better worth the having.

Lord Dufferin came out to inquire into and settle the differences between the Druses and the Maronites in the Lebanon. He was a young man of distinguished appearance and ability, who could talk, and talk well, on every subject, and I never met any one who had such a faculty for sleeping. I am inclined now to think this was a cultivated art to avoid being bored, but when he was fairly roused no one could talk more brilliantly ; his information was inexhaustible, while his manners were perfection.

Dean Stanley was also there with his sister, Miss Stanley. He was good enough to tolerate my society, and I made several excursions with him much to my edification ; but it still remains a mystery to me how and why he remained in the Church.

General Ignatieff and the Prince Lobanoff returned to the Russian Embassy on the cessation of the war. Two more companionable men it would then have been difficult to find, the former the type of a Russian diplomatist, the latter of a Russian gentleman. I do not know why, but I have always had a great liking for Russian statesmen, perhaps because when a youngster at Lisbon Count Strogonoff, the Russian Minister, was very kind to me and took an interest in my diplomatic education. He it was who imbued me with a love of history, himself being an epitome of Alison. 'Study,' he used to urge me, 'nay learn by heart, the dispatches of Canning, Wellington, and Nesselrode. These men taught diplomatists lessons they are always forgetting—*i.e.* that truth and frankness are essential to success in negotiation, that lies are the tools of fools, that firmness is not necessarily bullying, and courtesy in writing and talking—no matter to whom—is the evidence of gentlemanly feeling, self-confidence, and large-heartedness.'

I have had a good deal to do with Russian diplomatists, consuls, etc., and found but one way of dealing with them, and that was, to tell them right out *what* and *why* you wanted something or objected to something. Beating about the bush or concealment only puts them on their mettle, and at lying and dodging they will beat any Englishman that was ever born.

M. de Thouvenel, the French Ambassador, was a man of the type of my dear old colleague Cadrossi, of excellent abilities, untiring industry, and true as steel. It was a great misfortune that Lord Stratford could not get on with him, but it was really more the fault of the 'great Elchee' than of M. de Thouvenel. The former could not bring himself to believe in a man who was either a Frenchman or a Russian. I used to think that at some time or other of his long and eminent career he must have met with foul play at the hands of some individuals belonging to the two nations, and that the hatred and contempt which they had perhaps justly earned had been transferred to the masses of their countrymen. With all his good qualities Lord Stratford was not the man to forget an injury or an insult.

Of old Lord Lyons—then Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons—I entertain a very pleasant and lively recollection, for dining one day with him on board the flagship I enjoyed so intensely to his amusement a magnificent round of salted beef that he sent it to me cold the next day with a note saying that, like myself, there was nothing in the way of eating he enjoyed so much, and that the pleasant recollection he entertained of an admiral was when one under whom he served as a mate sent a similar round to the midshipmen's mess.

Sir Edmund Lyons was an all-round man, good at everything he undertook. As a diplomatist he was, to say the least, successful, although whether he could have stood being a mere mouth-piece of the Foreign Office, instructed at every step of a negotiation by telegraph, I very much doubt. Nothing annoyed him more than the constant instructions which during the war he received from the Admiralty, observing that in a short time the department would instruct an officer when and where to anchor, when to beat to quarters, and how to holy-stone the decks.

CHAPTER IV

As soon as I returned to England Baring Brothers asked me to go again to Canada. This time my work was almost exclusively 'lobbying' to get a Grand Trunk Bill through the House of Representatives. Baring accompanied me as secretary. The Canadian Ministers were willing enough but weak—the majority a doubtful quantity, and although up to the last moment I felt there was a chance of getting the Bill through, I was always doubtful, since it was clear that some twenty-five members, contractors, etc., were simply waiting to be squared either by promise of contracts or money, and as I had no authority to bribe they simply abstained from voting and the Bill was thrown out. Twenty-five thousand pounds would have bought the lot, but I would rather somebody else had the job than myself. I was glad to learn, however, from the Governor-General that the firm, although disappointed, knew that I had done all that could have been done, short of paying cash down for votes; but I confess I was annoyed at my ill-success and had half a mind to split upon some dozen members who had been a little indiscreet in their proposals to me. As usual it was a Psalm-singing Protestant Dissenter who, holding seven or eight votes in the palm of his hand, volunteered to do the greasing process for a consideration. Upon my word I do not think there was much to be said in favour of the Canadians over the Turks when contracts, places, free tickets on railways, or even cash was in question.

The seat of Government was during this, my second visit to Canada, at Toronto on Lake Ontario. The town was *en fête*—full of farmers and lumber men. The ground was

covered with snow, and all business except shopping and lobbying was suspended. Sir Edmund Head was as kind as ever, but seemed in terrible fear that I had a purse in my pocket and was ready to shell out. He had evidently as great an abhorrence of bribery as myself, but the patient way I listened to suggestions relative to contracts, etc., made him very uneasy. 'I don't doubt your winning,' he kept saying, 'if you are prepared to spend money, but pray do not. It is not worth soiling your fingers. If you fail now it is only a question of time, as the Colony must eventually come to the assistance of the Company.' I do not know if it ever did, but it was quite clear to me that the Colony was getting a great deal more of the line than the shareholders were ever likely to get. The most patent abuse was the free ticket system. I went up to Montreal by train more than once; the carriages were full, but certainly not more than one-third of the passengers or the goods either, paid. In Lower Canada I had been taken to a moose-hunt—about fifty miles from Toronto, where I made the acquaintance of a bear. The country round Niagara was snow-clad, huge icicles hung all round the falls, shedding prismatic colours over land, sky, and water. It was truly a wonderful sight; I got some clever sketches from a native artist. To Baring's intense disgust the Grand Hotel was closed, and a small one close to the falls refused to take us in unless we would join the host and his family *en famille*, to which Baring strongly objected. It was kept by a Jew, with a nice comfortable wife and two uncommonly pretty Israelitish daughters, and they really made us very welcome and comfortable, and as I put them up to teasing Baring's life out, who I pretended was extremely delicate and required watching with tender care, that young gentleman's Oxford priggishness underwent a series of shocks from which it took him some time to recover. The mother would warm his bed for him with a huge pan of charcoal and tuck him in, and the young ladies brought him hot toddy when he was half asleep and woollen socks to keep his poor feet warm.

CHAPTER V

ON my return to England I set to work to perfect the organization of the Judicial branch of the Consular service in the East. From the time of Queen Elizabeth all foreigners resident in or resorting to the Ottoman Dominions retained the right to be tried by their Consuls, who exercised extra-territorial jurisdiction both in criminal and civil cases. The Turks were not merchants or traders and left such matters to foreigners, principally Genoese and Venetians, whose Governments secured, by what were called 'Capitulations' or Treaties, the liberties of their countrymen from the capricious treatment of the Turkish Courts and of Turkish officials, by placing them under the exclusive jurisdiction of their own Consuls. As Turkish powers gradually waned and the native Christian elements began to take the place of foreigners, foreign Governments took them under their protection on the ground of identity of religion, and by granting them passports forced the Turks to regard them in the light of subjects of foreign powers, so that thousands of native-born Christians in all the chief centres of commerce were emancipated from Turkish rule, and looked upon as the subjects of Russia, if they were of the Greek faith; of Italy and France and Austria if they were of the Roman faith, and of England and Germany if Protestants. All the powers abused the privileges they assumed, *i.e.* of granting protection—none more so than the Russians, French, and English; the latter having acquired a protection over the Ionian Islands granted passports right and left, so that many thousands more than the whole population of the seven islands placed themselves under British protection in the Levant, whilst as many so-called

Italians registered as Maltese, to say nothing of genuine Greeks and Armenians who managed to get English passports under one pretence or another. Probably for some considerable period, good rather than harm resulted from this grant of personal protection and exemption from Turkish rapacity, since it encouraged trade, commerce, and even manufactures, which could never have flourished in the Ottoman States if exposed to the exactions, cruelty, and corruption of Turkish officials, so that the Turks gained on the one hand as much as they lost on the other. I forget how many so-called British protected subjects there were in the Levant about the time of the Crimean War, but I should think little short of a million. Over these, British Consuls had complete authority, could punish them for offences, could decide between them in all civil disputes, and could regulate and administer their estates when they died. Such extensive powers ought only to have been entrusted to men of reputation and standing and of some legal knowledge. The control of the Consul-General at Constantinople, or even that of the Ambassador, was necessarily slight over Consuls and Vice-Consuls in the outlying ports or in the interior, besides which many of the Consuls were not Englishmen but Levantines, and in many places the office of Consul had descended from father to son for generations. No doubt the difficulty of finding Englishmen who could communicate with the Turkish authorities in Turkish was one cause why the service had thus fallen into the hands of men who were only English in name. Anyhow, great abuses had crept in, especially as regards the administration of the estates of deceased persons, Consuls having the right to take possession of them and administer them how and when they liked. When I, at Lord Stratford's request, examined into the matter, I found that hundreds of estates had never been administered, debts had not been collected and not paid, fees authorized and unauthorized had swallowed up the small estates, and the large ones had been, when administered at all, divided at the Consul's will and pleasure, the interests of widows and children had been

grossly neglected, in short, scandalous confusion reigned supreme. The Crown had, by the Foreign Jurisdiction Act, full power to make, by Orders in Council, ample provision for the regulation of all this Consular jurisdiction, and it was high time that it should be exercised, and accordingly I received instructions to set to work. First Mr. Thring, now Lord Thring, was associated with me, and afterwards Mr. F. S. Reilly (afterwards Sir Francis Savage Reilly). Of the latter gentleman, who died some years ago, I cannot speak in too high terms. He was a splendid lawyer, an excellent draughtsman, and of untiring industry. Between us we managed, on my hastily prepared report to Lord Stratford, to draw up a general scheme, the principal feature of which was to separate the judicial and magisterial functions of the Consuls from their commercial duties, and to place the former under a high judicial officer with a competent staff, to reside at Constantinople. But as it would take some time to organize the new branch of the service and to inquire into and remedy the evil that had arisen under the old system, I was sent out with the title of Judge of the Supreme Consular Court to perform the task of sweeping clean the Augean stable.¹ My staff was left to my selection, so I took out with me my two chamber chums, both barristers and good lawyers, H. Wroth, a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge,

¹ 1857. I may mention that while both Lord Clarendon and Mr. Hammond desired to put the English judicial service in Turkey—and afterwards the same service in China—on a better footing, they both desired to set an example to the Governments of those two countries. In China, where we were not hampered by any capitulations, the powers of the Supreme Court were much more extensive than those of the Levant. It could inflict capital punishment. It had also authority over the local governments within the settlements, and as the members of the quasi-municipality were almost all English, very considerable authority, quite sufficient to prevent any abuse of power. It was also the duty of the Chief Judge there to advise the Minister on all points of treaty interpretation. He was also as regards the Minister in a position of complete independence, and had full authority over the whole Consular body both in China and Japan as far as regarded their judicial and magisterial duties; the idea being to show by example to the Chinese how necessary it was to separate entirely the judicial from the executive and administrative authority. When discussing one day with

and D. M. Logie, a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin—both good Greek scholars. After our departure a wag wrote on the oak of the chambers—'The firm of Hornby, Wroth and Logie removed to Nos. 1, 2, 3, Constantinople. The firm will undertake all legal business throughout the East, having received instructions from H.M. Government to found a Court of Justice in which they will sit as Judges—act as advocates, prosecutors, counsel for defendants, and if necessary as gaolers and executioners, and generally monopolize the whole legal business of the Ottoman Dominions. They will *not* return in an hour.' The latter sentence was prophetic—none of us ever returned to chambers.

The first thing I had to do at Constantinople was to look for a local habitation, and here my acquaintance with Fuad Pasha formed during the war smoothed the way. I was anxious to get a home on the Bosphorus with a good garden. All those on both sides were reserved for the Turks, no Christians being allowed to own or rent any in so-called Mohammedan quarters. However Fuad managed to overcome this difficulty, and I obtained a lease of one belonging to Aarifi Bey. This house was at Bebek, close to the Tower of Roumili Hassan opposite to the Sweet Waters of Asia, on the Bosphorus itself, with a lovely garden stretching up the hill-side. It was an old Turkish

Prince Kung (the Emperor's uncle) a contemplated reform or re-modelling of the Chinese judiciary in the town adjoining the Foreign Settlements with a view to bring the two systems into harmony by means of mixed Courts, etc., His Highness asked me if I was bound to obey an order of the Queen without reference to the legality in the sense of punishing an accused person or in giving such a judgment as H.M. should dictate in any particular case. I answered 'certainly not,' but that under our system of government it was impossible to consider such a contingency as capable of arising. 'But do you mean,' continued he, 'if your Ambassador, for State reasons, ordered you to come to such a decision you would not obey it?' 'First of all my Ambassador would not venture to give me such an order, and if he did I should certainly take no notice of it.' 'Then you are, in your capacity of Judge, above not only the Ambassador but also above the Sovereign.' 'Not so,' I said, 'I am simply the mouth-piece of the law which, according to our system, rules alike Sovereigns and Ambassadors.'

Konak with a Salemlik and harem, containing about twenty spacious apartments. Eighteen windows on each floor looked on to the Bosphorus, the Sweet Waters of Asia, and the panorama of hills on the Asiatic side. The garden consisted of a succession of terraces, with large fish-tanks, kiosks, and at the top were the ruins of a small temple of Diana. No one could be better lodged, and it was well worth the £300 a year I paid for it, for every room had a divan in it, and it was well matted throughout. We had brought a lot of chintz with us and some iron bedsteads and bedding ; rugs and small Turkey carpets we got from Smyrna and some tables and arm-chairs from Pera, and as we determined to maintain the Turkish character of the house, we kept up the 'jalousies' on the harem windows, and generally confined our internal arrangements to Eastern models. Wroth, Logie, and my private secretary, Rumball, lived with us, there being ample accommodation and to spare for even a much larger family. A three-oared caique and a single-oared one, together with three Arab horses and a Bosnian pony, completed the establishment. Of servants we had at least enough—two English maids, a French cook, an Italian butler, a Greek footman, three boatmen (No. 1 a Turk, No. 2 an Armenian, and No. 3 a Greek), two gardeners, a Bulgarian groom, two or three hangers-on of unknown nationality, and two Turkish cavasses : all found room to wait on us and quarrel with each other for the twelve years we lived there. On the whole they were good servants, and as they were under my paternal and sovereign jurisdiction, and I could fine, imprison, and starve them at my pleasure—powers that to preserve order I was bound occasionally to exercise—they behaved themselves on the whole very well. Of course the English maids—whom I think my wife had chosen for their ugliness—gave most trouble ; but as they chose husbands from the household retainers and had no families it did not matter, and as I offered them the option of being licked by their husbands or punished by myself, they joyfully chose the latter alternative, so that we really got on very well together.

As a court house and offices, consulate, gaol, hospital, and port office were in course of building in Galata, I determined to leave Wroth and Logie to do the judicial and magisterial work for a few weeks whilst I visited all the principal consulates on the sea-coast, reserving those in the interior for another occasion. With the exception of Carlton Cumberbatch, the Consul-General at Constantinople, and Blunt, the Consul at Smyrna, and old Campbell at Rhodes, they one and all were evidently disgusted with myself and my mission ; but as most of them had had little contracts with the commissariat during the war, they had pretty well all come under my notice when I sat as sole arbitrator in Galata Serai a year or two before. They did not, however, sufficiently understand that I wanted to alter the system and put it on a better footing, and that I did not visit them on a detective mission with a view of turning them adrift. Their position, I admit, was a deplorable one ; they had few archives, few vouchers, and absolutely no records or even notes of the cases they had tried, or in fact any evidence of their official or judicial action for any number of past years. Appeal cases there were, tied up in bundles which had never been forwarded, money deposited unaccounted for, estates unadministered, and, worse than all, any number of protected subjects who had no shadow of right to the passports they held, and in respect of which they paid an annual fee. Complaints reached me from all sides ; if I had attempted to inquire into one tithe of them, I might have had to spend months instead of hours in each locality. Some flagrant cases I did investigate and put to rights ; but my main object was to start all fair for future work, so I had to devise a general and uniform system and make it as simple as I could. I insisted first on accounts being kept and receipts being given, notes to be made of all cases civil and criminal, registers to be kept, and half-yearly reports of all work done to be forwarded regularly to the Supreme Court. I put a stop to the creation of more British subjects, by insisting that no so-called passports should be issued until the sanction of the Consul-General had been first asked for and obtained, and then I held

a species of 'Durbar' of all the British subjects, in each port, informed them of what I had done, and that it rested with them to facilitate by co-operation compliance with my orders. Then I proceeded to caution them that if ever I found any collusion between them and any Consular officer to defeat the object of the measures taken, I would then and there erase their names from the registers and leave them to the tender mercies of the native authorities. Now I admit this was strong action and language, but I was dealing with Levantines and not with Englishmen, and with Government officers who were also by birth and education Levantines. The airs these fellows sometimes gave themselves were truly astonishing. Upon one occasion I was entering a town in the interior about to visit the Consulate, neither knowing any one nor being known by any one. I had sent my dragoman to tell the Governor of my arrival, and my groom and the cavass were following, but not in sight, when with the crack of a kurbash or whip an ill-dressed cavass holloaed out to me to get out of the way and take off my hat as His Excellency was coming. I had been riding along a dusty road and I daresay did not look very respectable, but I was not going to stand that style of insolence, so I told the fellow to hold his tongue and clear out of *my* way. At this he raised his whip, but I, having a good hunting crop in my hand, laid it across his wrist with just sufficient force to make him drop it and howl, and as he cursed me up hill and down dale in Turkish so that all round him might hear, I boxed his ears soundly, when an individual in a gold-lace cap, riding a caparisoned steed, came up and in broken English abused me and ordered me into arrest, directing a wretched Levantine clerk to take me to the Consulate. This was rather beyond a joke, so I asked him who he was, when he informed me that he was Her Majesty's Consul, and that I should presently see what he would do to me, at the same time ordering his cavass to take hold of me. This, that individual seemed somewhat reluctant to do, and the clerk and he both kept at a respectful distance. The man with the gold-banded

cap then called on the bystanders, who certainly were disinclined to interfere, for help, and bally-ragged me in bad English, on which I told him to get off his horse and take off his cap. At this the fellow's rage was amusing. Fortunately for him my cavass appeared on the scene, yelling out in Turkish that it was the 'Supreme English Judge.' Off the horse tumbled the Consul (who was not a Consul, as he styled himself and as I knew, but a mere Consular agent) and off went his cap, in a moment transformed from an official bully into a cringing sycophant. Well, I turned the tables on him, ordered him into custody as well as his cavass and clerk, and then preceded them into the Consular residence, which was certainly the best house in the place. I felt I could not overlook the offence—if the fellow and his subordinates were capable of such insolence to a man whom they must have seen was at least a foreigner and not a Levantine, of what degree of insolence would he and they not be guilty towards the poor devils under such august protection?—so I then and there suspended him. Now this swell in uniform had £80 a year allowed him for Consular expenses and no salary, and yet he lived in the best house in the place and was evidently very well off. He followed no business except that of—I should say—fleecing the poor devils whom he was supposed to protect, to the tune of from £10 to £50 a head per annum according to the position they held and the business they did. On my return to Constantinople he was dismissed the service—if, indeed, he could be said to have ever been properly in it. It certainly was and is foolish to expect the Turk, or, indeed, any nation or people whom we are pleased to consider less civilized than ourselves, to form any exalted idea of our superiority when the officials we send out to reside amongst them make such unmitigated donkeys of themselves as did the Consular agent referred to, and who had been allowed for upwards of twenty years to degrade the very name of Englishman. A great deal more than half the trouble into which England gets with foreign nations arises from the character, ignorance, and conduct of

those selected to be her representatives abroad. Bumptiousness, idiocy, vanity, and self-seeking assertion are comparatively easily suppressed in England, but abroad, and especially in Eastern lands, they flourish and gain in intensity. The House of Commons is no doubt marvellously clever in keeping down expenditure and in enforcing economy, but where it generally saves a penny it wastes a pound ; and nowhere is this more true than in underpaying officials, with the natural result that half of them are not worth even the stipend grudgingly paid them. I shall have occasion to refer to other cases later on which came under my notice.

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CHAPTER VI

As soon as I finished my first circuit and returned to headquarters I set to work, with the aid of my two subordinate officers, to write a simple code of procedure for the guidance of Consuls in their judicial and magisterial capacities. It still, I believe, prevails both in Turkey and China. My second circuit was longer and more interesting than my first, since it led me through an infinite variety of country and, I might almost say, of peoples, stretching as it did from Belgrade to Bagdad, Egypt, and the islands of the Archipelago. I generally, where I could do so, travelled on horseback, sleeping in a Turkish tent the Minister of War very kindly presented to me, and with my own servants. We made rather an imposing cortège, and as the horses were my own the expense was trifling, although I could not help sometimes grudging the time and the fatigue, but I was never ill and never met with a single mischance. I really believe that the sanctity of my character as the 'Supreme Judge,' as the people and the authorities insisted on calling me, not only ensured my personal safety but also a warm welcome wherever I went. If sovereigns and high officials would only travel more amongst their people without too much ostentation and see things and men with their own eyes, people would not only be more easily governed, but 'corruption' would soon hide its diminished and ill-favoured head. I shall have to recount in their proper place and time one or two anecdotes which in Kurdistan and in one of the Sandyacks of Asia Minor are illustrative of the consequences of travelling under the pretentious title conferred on me.

That to Lord Stratford's hearty support is due my overcoming

the distrust and dislike with which the whole Consular body, with the exceptions I have mentioned, viewed the new order of things, is undeniable. If he had shown the slightest inclination to throw cold water on my exertions or had delayed assistance when I required it, or had done what so many men in his position would have done, and which some indeed, when it was fortunately too late in the day and I was fixed firm in the saddle, tried hard to do—namely, proceeded cautiously, suggesting inquiries before taking action, etc., etc., the reform of our judicial system in the East would have been impracticable. But Lord Stratford took the responsibility of assuming that I had good cause and reason for everything I asked him to do, say, or write, and this promptness not only gave me courage to proceed, but silenced at once both overt and secret intrigue.

Lord Stratford, moreover, himself possessed not only a great love of justice in the abstract, but a great respect for the office of the administrators of justice. For lawyers it is possible he had probably much the same kind of regard as diplomatists are prone to have. He thought them sticklers for forms, quibblers in the matter of phraseology, disinclined to take broad views of matters and generally bad and unpleasant negotiators—men ready to take all and give nothing ; but, as I have said, for the office of judge—its importance and influence—he entertained the profoundest respect.¹ He did, however, a great deal more than

¹ To my mind, and after a long experience of Eastern peoples, it is impossible to attach a too high estimate to the office of 'Judge.' It is curious to observe the profound respect in which Easterns regard the 'Law.' Half the reverence shown to the memory of Mahomet is founded on the fact that he received the law and expounded it. The chief claim the Sultans possess to the obedience of the Faithful arises from their being regarded as the fountains of justice—law and justice being synonymous terms in the mind of a Mahomedan. Although we, nineteenth century Agnostics, may laugh and scoff at the idea of a lawyer being a divine—or a divine a lawyer—there is really no reason why the judicial and priestly office should not be united. The two offices are in reality intimately connected. I have no desire to see clergymen on the bench or Judges in the pulpit ; but I do like to see the office of Judge invested and surrounded with a halo of 'sanctity.'

merely place confidence in me, he insisted on my helping schemes of his own ; for instance, he was very anxious to get the Turks to form a commercial tribunal based on something more intelligible and practical than the texts of the *Koran*, and to him is due the formation of the *Tidgeret*, a species of mixed court for the decision of matters relating to commerce and trade, and accordingly, too glad to please him, I drew up endless 'projects' on the subject of law reforms.

Then the 'Bagnio' and Turkish prisons generally were objects of, to Lord Stratford, loathsome disgust, and they were in fact as bad as they could well be. I will not venture to describe them, or the state of the poor wretches in them ; how they

In England the masses, whatever their leaders may say or do, have not as yet lost—although they probably will soon lose—respect for the bench. The Courts still excite something of the respectful awe which the interior of a church excites. Nay, the 'wigs' and 'robes' perform their mission. The High Sheriff, himself the representative of the Sovereign, and his javelin men, the proclamation through trumpets of the arrival of 'Justice'—now looked on as relics of a foolish past, as something like a show in a fair—had their use, and I maintain still have their use. They were the insignia which brought to the minds of the people the fact that, before the majesty of the law, of justice, Sovereigns and the masses ought to and did—and thank heaven still do—bow their heads, although the bow lacks somewhat of reverence. That before the law all were lowly and equal. Whilst men still believe in a God they must, to be consistent, reverence his chief attribute 'Justice,' and 'Justice' they will cease to reverence if its administrators are not by all classes invested with a quasi or reflected sanctity.

So strongly did Lord Stratford and myself feel the importance of maintaining the Oriental regard for 'Justice' intact—springing as it did from the belief that Mahomet was the divinely appointed administrator and the *Koran* the depository of the law, and of doing nothing which would shake that belief in the public mind, viewing, as we did it, in the light of the only safeguard that existed against the wholesale corruption which leavened the whole system of government—that our chief difficulty in laying before the Porte suggestions for the formation of commercial and criminal courts on something like a European basis, was one which arose rather in our own minds. We absolutely feared that if, as it were, 'lay' Judges were created and 'lay' law created, unless we could at the same time create the respect and confidence which both commanded in England, more harm than good would be done.

endured so long is a mystery now to the Turks themselves. He got the Sultan to nominate a Commission—what it did I know not; but at Lord Stratford's instigation, old Mehemet Pasha, the Minister of Police, and myself set to work, and by dint of sheer bullying we did succeed in covering over open sewers and drains, in unchaining dead wretches from living wretches, in preventing starvation by introducing a system of prison rations, and lastly in getting a hospital with competent medical officers attached to the main buildings. I think in the Bagnio alone out of some 800 prisoners we could only find the causes of complaint or record of any sentences with reference to about fifty of them. Some of them had been in confinement for over twenty years—hundreds, if not thousands, had died. Many were mere wrecks of humanity, mind, health, and strength gone. Since my time I believe these sinks of iniquity have been pulled down and new prisons built, but I doubt much whether anything has been done to improve the prisons in the principal towns in the interior.

For three years, and whilst they were the only places where foreign criminals could be safely confined, I visited them once every month. I kept a special suit of clothes wrapped up in camphor for these visits, and always slept away from home in a room in the Court House after my inspection, as gaol and every other species of fever, to say nothing of small-pox, raged there. I never experienced any inconvenience, and attribute my immunity from disease to my habit of smoking the whole time I was in the prison. The scenes I witnessed were, however, revolting, and I was very glad when the English Government built a small prison at the back of my Court House. On one occasion, however, our prisoners managed to overcome the two gaolers, to open the gates and bolt. They soon came back of their own accord, preferring to be shut up where they had at least clean beds and good food, to being kicked and starved in the slums of Constantinople. I gave the leader, a Maltese gaol-bird, three dozen lashes and never had any further trouble.

CHAPTER VII

WHEN the question of amalgamating the two *hospadar-ships* of Wallachia and Moldavia was on the tapis, Lord Stratford suggested my making my circuit embrace Jassy and Bucharest, so as to be able to report privately for his information the state of feeling in those provinces on the subject. I had a glorious ride to those places through a most interesting country and people. I should much like to take another trip there in order to compare its present state with that of forty years ago. Only, instead of riding a horse, as I then did, I should be quietly seated in a railway carriage, a mode of travelling perhaps more suitable to my age, but certainly not to my mind, or half so enjoyable.

I had travelled a portion of this road before. My companion was a youngish man—a Pasha—holding a high position in the army; he had been partially educated in England, and had gone through a course of military training at Woolwich. We were excellent friends. Thorough Turk and orthodox Mahomedan as he was, he bewailed bitterly the state of his country, the imbecility of the Sultan, the corruption of the Government, the wretched contempt in which Christians were held, and the miserable patchwork of reforms which were being promised and only half-heartedly attempted under foreign pressure. I suppose he found me one of the few foreigners to whom he could talk without reserve. He used to come often to Bebek to hear my wife sing and play, and to enjoy a pipe and a chat with myself and Wroth and Logie, and more than once we made riding excursions into the country on each side of the Bosphorus. I am half afraid he was killed during the Plevna Campaign; at least I saw in the papers that a general officer of his name (there

were, however, several Pashas of the same name) was shot down leading his men—a very likely thing for him to be doing, but an extremely unlikely thing for any one of the others to have done.

On the journey I am now referring to we had to put up one night in a Bulgarian village, the head of which, a Turk, took us to the house of a Christian who was reputed the wealthiest man in the place. The man, a fine specimen of humanity, as far as figure and health went, had, however, a worn, anxious expression, which was not rendered more lively when the head told him that he must put us up and give us of the best—announcing my friend's rank, and informing him also that he might think himself lucky that our servants were not also to be similarly provided for. The poor fellow did his best, gave us the proverbial kid cooked with pistachio nuts ; but not even the pleasant manners of the Pasha put him at his ease, and when I asked him, for want of something better to do, if he had a family, his brow clouded over. He seemed to consider my question amounted to an order to produce them, and going out he presently returned with his wife and a daughter of about fifteen—both were nice looking, but evidently alarmed at the summons, and seemed glad when, after an interchange of compliments, we did not seek to detain them. Next morning, after a light breakfast, the horses were brought round, and our host and his wife and two daughters evidently greatly relieved came out and bade us adieu. The Pasha ordered the servants to ride ahead, and drawing a little ring from his finger, which I think he had purposely put on, gave it to the wife ; as he got on his horse he said something to the father as the latter held his stirrup, who answered something with an expression of almost painful humility which I did not catch. As we rode on I asked my friend what he had said to the old man. ' Well, I hardly like to tell you,' he replied, ' but you know us and our morals by this time. The girl we saw last night was, I suppose, sent, at any rate she came to my room within half-an-hour of our retiring—poor thing, she looked horribly frightened standing just

within the curtain—and I knowing what it all meant, told her she need not be alarmed and that she might run away to her mother—off she went like a kid ; but when I saw the elder daughter this morning the devil prompted me to ask why he had not sent the elder to me, and he replied—“ My eldest daughter is over twenty, no man can answer for a woman of that age ; but my youngest is scarcely fifteen, and I could answer for her.” Now you can judge of the degradation to which these Bulgarians are fallen when they think themselves forced to offer their wives and daughters to us. It has become almost a custom ; shame is hardly felt ; there is only one redeeming feature about the whole thing—the men know how to revenge themselves, and many a scoundrel of an official has met his end by a stray shot or a knife although days, weeks, and even months have elapsed since he took advantage of what are called our rights and privileges. Can you wonder we are under a curse ? ’

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CHAPTER VIII

BOTH at Jassy and at Bucharest I went a good deal into society, and was far more interested in the social arrangements of these peculiarly dissipated capitals than I was in the union question. As in Spain I found the women far more intelligent and attractive than the men; a mild form of gambling was the chief amusement of the latter. The women had emancipated themselves, not perhaps in the direction of politics or education, although they exercised a decided influence over such politics as the Turkish Government had left to discussion, and as regards culture, that was principally confined to the study of French novels. They were devout also, but after a fashion peculiarly their own, and their religious fervour was decidedly spasmodic. The marriage tie sat very loosely on them, not but what they prided themselves on their fidelity so long as it pleased them to remain wives; but this it did not seem to please them to remain for very long. My host, to convince me of the facilities which the law, Church, or custom provided for dissolving the matrimonial tie, gave a small dinner party at which several ladies with their husbands were present; only one of the guests was a widow. They were all young, that is between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five, the men perhaps on an average ten years older. All the former were fairly attractive, agreeable, and full of conversation, and I enjoyed a good meal and a pleasant evening. When the guests departed my host and myself adjourned to his smoking cabinet, when he informed me that he had been married to every one of the ladies who had been present, with the exception of the widow, whom he was thinking of promoting to the vacant post. He was a good-looking

man of about fifty years old, so that putting the number of the ladies present at a round half-dozen, he could hardly have enjoyed domestic felicity for more than three or four years at the most with each. On my asking him how he managed about children, he replied that fortunately he had none, adding that the upper classes in Moldavia were not large breeders, and that if children appeared they were generally put out to nurse, and when old enough the girls were placed in convents for education and the boys sent to school.

During the interval between divorce and re-marriage (the former, however, being rarely applied for on account of misconduct—it generally taking place by mutual consent) and generally after the season is over, the ladies of Moldavia and I believe also of Wallachia go into retirement—not into a convent but into a species of ‘religious village’ supposed to be under conventual discipline. I had heard about these retreats and was anxious to visit one. My friend explained that male visitors were not admitted to reside in them, but he knew of one situated in a distant part of the country in the midst of very beautiful scenery in which the rules, by reason of the distance from any towns, were somewhat lax, adding that he believed that a niece of his by marriage was then *en retraite* there, who would, he was sure, look after me, and to whom, as well as the old priest in charge, he would give me letters.

Next morning I was *en route*. Fortunately the retreat in question was only a few miles out of my way, and after a journey of two days I arrived about five in the afternoon after a longish ride. At the head of a broad valley I espied a small church, well-wooded hills on each side sloped down to a stream that with a good deal of noise rambled over big boulders for at least a mile. On these hill-sides seemed to be hid a number of what we should call in India, or China, bungalows, but they hardly deserved the name, as they had an upper storey; most of them, moreover, had large balconies. Arrived at the Presbytery I sent in my card and letter of introduction to the priest, who in the form of an old man of between seventy and eighty years of

age presently appeared, and having adjusted an enormous pair of goggles read the letter, smiling in a most benignant manner. 'Your horses and groom shall be looked to. For yourself, I am not going to know where you lodge, although I will go so far as to send someone to show you where you are to take a letter, which I am told is of importance, and which you are to deliver in person. It is against our rules, but you are a foreigner—so be it—adieu—be wise.' This speech was delivered in excellent French. A little girl presently appeared and guided me through some winding paths cut in the hill-side for about a quarter of a mile, until we reached a cottage. An old woman, in a sort of semi-nun costume, opened the door to me, and on the girl delivering a message in an unknown tongue, allowed me to enter, and in I walked into an extremely cosy little room which did not bear the slightest resemblance to a cell. As there was no one there I strolled through an open French window on to the balcony and proceeded to make and smoke a cigarette, longing desperately for a cup of tea, a glass of lemonade, or a B. & S. Presently appeared a lady about six or seven and twenty in a costume—the prettiest combination of a tea-gown and a nunnish habit as could well be imagined—a broad white band was spread across the forehead, which however was soon laid aside. My welcome was fairly cordial at first, and much more so when the letter was read; although, judging by the cheeks and eyes of the lady, it must have contained some unpalatable advice and perhaps a scolding for some remembered sin, for it got crunched with some energy, the process being followed by an exclamation that 'Mon Oncle est vraiment trop méchant.' To my great delight in came some delicious coffee and brown bread, of which I partook I am afraid rather greedily, for my fare *en route* had been both scanty and poor. However, as my hostess retired to make arrangements for my unexpected visit, it did not matter. On her return she informed me that fortunately 'the dear Sister Marie' was absent, so I could have her room, and some dinner would be ready later on; but she did not know what the 'dear Sister' would say when she heard

how it had been occupied—adding, that it could not really matter to her as she had possessed two husbands already and was now making *grande chasse* for a third. On my asking her if she—my hostess—was also a widow, she smiled and said that nearly all the ‘Sisters’ had gone through the purgatory of marriage.

We sat out after dinner until the stars made their appearance, and she gave me an amusing if not a very complimentary account of the chief people of the principality. Their sympathies turned towards Vienna, not so much because they liked the Austrian Government, but rather because they liked the pleasure-loving capital. They looked on their peasant compatriots as poor unintelligent slaves, whose mission in life was to minister to their wants and caprices. ‘You cannot wonder,’ she said, ‘that we women get tired of our husbands who have no education, are eternally playing cards, and bore one’s life out with petty intrigues against each other that children would be ashamed of. Principles no one possesses. They are absolutely unknown in the Principality. Religion is simply a means of passing away a dull hour, and as to “Art” or “Literature” there is absolutely none of home growth. We all detest Russia, for if Moldavians are stupid, Russians are brutes. Of the English we know next to nothing; but,’ she added with a sly glance, ‘Monsieur is charming.’ Of course it was impossible not to enjoy the evening, and indeed three or four evenings, after that. My lady possessed some property in the neighbourhood—some thousand acres of wood and dale. The revenue therefrom, I should think, barely amounted to £150 a year, and that principally from charcoal; but the cottages were in good order and the people seemed fond of their landlady. They evidently took me for at least a probable landlord, and promised to show me some good sport when I came next, deer, wild boar—with which the country was infested—hares and woodcock. It was so very evident that my hostess had been congratulated on her presumptive return to slavery, that I ventured to ask her if she thought I would suit, and received for answer, that really from even the

little she had seen of me she was rather disposed to try me for a year or two, especially if I would take her to Paris. Is it to be wondered at that I left my pleasant quarters and my 'nun' with regret? Remember, I was not much over thirty-three years of age. The language puzzled me; it seemed an odd medley of Latin, German, Greek, and Turkish, the former tongue perhaps predominating. The peasants were men of fine physique and the women gipsy-like in feature and well grown; they worked with the men in the fields and woods. I did not see many children about, but I heard there were plenty of schools. One of these days they will, under a decent Government, develop into a fine people; but the upper classes are sadly deficient in solidity of character, and are lazy, sensuous and self-indulgent. Indeed, the sooner the male portion are improved off the face of creation, or made to work, the better for the future prospects of the country, which is really worthy of a fine people.

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CHAPTER IX

DURING the latter part of Lord Stratford's term of office what I will term the 'Concession Mania' seized Turkey and Turkish officials. Always in want of money, the Turks were easily persuaded that the building of railways, the opening of mines, the exploitation of forests, and the foundation of banks would soon put the finances in order, and that wealth would pour into the country from every part of Europe. Lord Stratford thought, and rightly thought, that it would only divert the minds of the authorities from the necessary governmental reforms, and instead of inducing economy would, in view of the promised El Dorado, only promote reckless extravagance. He looked, therefore, coldly on the capitalists who crowded into Constantinople, and I have no doubt that it was mainly owing to the complaints of these gentlemen, who loudly declared that the Ambassador was indifferent to what they called 'progress,' and was losing his influence, etc., that the Government determined to recall him.

What, however, Lord Stratford predicted came to pass and a great deal more. Hitherto the jealousy of European Powers of each other in Constantinople had principally manifested itself in the acquisition of personal influence and the ear of the Sultan on matters affecting the foreign relations of the State. Now it took the form of securing 'Concessions' for their nationalists under the pretence that while Turkey would benefit the successful nation would secure a field for its produce and manufactures. Adept at bribing each other, the Turks, Greeks, and Armenians were quite willing to accept the 'bribes' that foreigners were willing to offer, and from the Grand Chamber-

lain to the lowest underling at the Porte, from the highest provincial governors to their cavasses, all were ready to promise assistance to obtain grants and pocket the very considerable sums which capitalists were only too anxious to pay. I must in justice to Fuad Pasha and Ali Pasha, who alternately filled the posts of Grand Vizier and Foreign Secretary, bear witness to their clean-handedness. At their and Lord Stratford's request I examined all the proposals which besieged the Porte; the vast majority of them were simply the insane suggestions of financial lunatics, and either sought impossible conditions which would have ruined the Porte, or promised terms which would have ruined, not the promoters or the agents, but the unfortunate investors who were to find the capital. I came in, therefore, for my full share of opprobrium, and when Sir Henry Bulwer succeeded Lord Stratford and tried to rush every mad scheme through, declined further to give advice or otherwise to interfere. In spite, however, of the opposition of Fuad and Ali, such was the influence of the entourage of the Sultan, and even of the ladies of the harem who were got at, a number of concessions were obtained, sold, and floated; but I do not recollect a single one that turned out a financial success. Millions were raised and spent. The Turks, as was their wont, promised on paper everything—guarantees of interest, etc.—but when immense sums of foreign gold had been expended on works that were found to be unproductive, or at least by a very long way not so productive as had been represented, and the time for performance came—not one single promise did they fulfil. The action of the Foreign Embassies was then invoked by the disappointed shareholders, and from the day I left Constantinople until I think I may say the present day, the chief work of the 'Corps Diplomatique' has been that of an attorney pressing the claims of his client on an insolvent and fraudulent debtor.

When will the Foreign Offices of civilized countries learn that it is no part of their business to sanction the use of their diplomatic agents to promote the interests of reckless gamblers? Legitimate industrial enterprise is one thing—if *and where it is*

legitimate it will make its own way without requiring bolstering up by diplomatic effort—but turning Ambassadors and Ministers into the agents and humble servants of speculators and concession hunters is quite another thing. It is rather late in the day, as regards Turkey, at least, for our Foreign Office *now* to decline to put its fingers in the fire to draw out some of the chest-nuts which are being roasted to cinders. I would venture to recommend a course of action which I adopted with the Porte with considerable success. I never took up, still less pressed, a claim for redress until I had satisfied myself that it was an honest one; of course it often took me months and in some few instances years to get it even considered; but I kept a little debtor account which was always posted up to date, and whenever the Porte wanted me to do something—which, by the by, was not unfrequent—I used to produce this little book (which the old Minister of Police used to call my ‘Familiar Spirit,’ so often, poor man, did he see it), and gravely referring to it, mildly suggest that one or two little requests of mine remained unsettled, and that as a condition precedent to entertaining a request from the Turkish Government I should like some settlement of my little account. This generally produced the desired effect; but I must say the Turks seldom if ever asked my assistance on matters within my competence without good cause—possibly because experience had taught them it was mere waste of time. Riza Pasha once complained to Sir Henry Bulwer of my impassible demeanour and conduct, and Bulwer took the, to me, extreme liberty of remonstrating with me. I do not think either Riza or Bulwer gained much by their motion, not but what I would readily have given any explanation required; but if once Bulwer got an inch given in to him, he invariably took not only an ell but a mile, so I was always obliged to be on my guard. I knew he used to report me constantly to the Foreign Office, but as he was usually informed that it was generally supposed there I knew my own business best, the encouragement given him was not great.

Bother the little man—when I recollect now, sitting by my

library fire, how he used to try and thwart me, I feel tempted to launch out and use strong language, but as he died some time ago in the odour of a Peerage, I will restrain myself, for although *Mémoires pour servir* ought perhaps to be strictly accurate, yet 'charity' places a limit even to truth, and as I often took it out of him when alive, I will spare him now that he is dead, as I hope to be spared.

Finding it all of no good to keep me at arm's length, he changed his tactics and became suddenly very affectionate—used to put his arm round my neck at, I should think, considerable personal inconvenience considering the difference in height, and thus walk along his reception rooms talking, to show the Perate world that the Ambassador and the 'Supreme Judge' were *au mieux*. Well, one day I received a note from the Under Secretary of State for India (Mr. Hermann Merivale, I think) saying that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to bear me in mind for the next vacant judgeship in India. As I had not asked for such a post and did not want to go to India, where I could not well take my chicks, I wrote thanking him, at the same time begging to know to whom I was indebted for the unsought-for application for promotion. In answer I got back a private note saying that Bulwer had written such a high account of my legal abilities, knowledge, and peculiar fitness for India, adding that I was thrown away in the subordinate post I held, that the Secretary of State determined to give me the first vacancy which offered. After receiving that note there was very nearly a vacancy in the diplomatic service. My anger, or rather I should say 'rage,' however, never lasted very long, and a few d——s and curses dissipated it; but it did once endure longer, and I still regret that I could not on that occasion have given loud expression to a series of prolonged d——s instead of doing what I did do. Bulwer was then the occasion of it, and it perhaps justified him in part in *trying* to get me under his thumb.

A week or two after his arrival at Constantinople the British Colony determined to give him a dinner. It did so, and I was

invited. Hanson the banker, a splendid specimen of an English gentleman, as doyen of the English community, presided, and in a few words welcomed His Excellency. I sat on his left, and on his right was of course Sir Henry, and next to me sat Carlton Cumberbatch, the Consul-General, as fine a fellow as ever lived. Up got Bulwer and delivered himself of a carefully prepared speech. He began modestly enough by saying that it would be premature in him to congratulate the community on the selection of himself by the Queen as her Ambassador; but it was fortunate perhaps for him that he succeeded a diplomatist whose age had put him out of touch with the progress of the times, whose autocracism rendered him as difficult of approach as the Sultan himself, whose education had rendered him unfit to further or to sympathise with the yearnings of commercial men, whose financial knowledge was so limited that he could not appreciate the necessity for capital or industrial energy finding for itself outlets, and whose overbearing manners had destroyed his influence with the Turks, alienated him from his colleagues, and therefore seriously prejudiced the trade interests of his countrymen—and a great deal more of the kind, winding up with an *éloge* of himself as a Liberal who had devoted himself to trade, commerce, and finance, who was not a mere diplomatist but a *littérateur*, an economist, and practical man of business who had ‘measured and weighed his own intellect with that of the greatest statesmen of the day, and never found it wanting,’ and then he painted a picture of what he would do, modifying the probability of a complete success by an allusion to his frailty and health.

All listened to him in silence, although for his peroration he got a few cheers. Old Hanson hung his head, Cumberbatch was furious, and as for myself—well, I was beside myself, and glancing at some of the leading merchants I read their indignation in their faces. But I could do nothing, I had no sentiment confided to my eloquence, and dumb I remained for a few moments nursing my wrath. Fortunately, or unfortunately, Bulwer in his denunciation of Lord Stratford and his admiration

of himself had forgotten to propose the health of the chairman, until the gentleman who had acted as the chief organizer of the banquet scribbled in pencil on the back of a menu a request that I would propose the toast. This gave me my opportunity. I was boiling over with indignation, and if I had not been, Cumberbatch's whisper—'Give it him, Judge,' would have fired me. Up I got and said the picture H. E. had painted in such colours of the glorious era awaiting Turkey and the British Colony now that he was come amongst us had been preceded by comments which he could hardly expect would pass unchallenged. As for myself I had long served under Lord Stratford, there were many present who had also served under him, many more who had experienced his ever-ready assistance, etc. I had then a picture to present, one which delineated a venerable old man, dignified in appearance, whose life had been passed in maintaining the honour of England, whose own personal honour was untouched and unstained, who had, in whatever scale he had weighed *his* intellect, successfully resisted the ambition of Russia, who had by his own unaided genius, by his courage and firmness, stood by the country to which he was accredited in its direst time of want, and raised it, if not to fortune, at least to comparative freedom from foreign tyranny; who would live in the memory of Turks and of his own countrymen as '*the Great Elchee*.' I went on to say that Sir Henry Bulwer must have been misinformed, and wilfully misinformed, if he had heard that Lord Stratford was either difficult of approach or was unmindful of the interests of trade or commerce, and that the record he had left behind him was one of which even Sir Henry might be proud when his summons came. I apologised for my warmth, pleading my friendship and obligations to Lord Stratford as my excuse, and saying that in his absence I thought it would have been the height of cowardice if I had not attempted to vindicate his reputation as a statesman, a diplomatist, and an English gentleman. I am afraid I have not remembered a tithe of what I did say, and I have but a faint recollection of the way in which I said it, but it brought

forth a lame apology from Sir Henry to the effect that he had no idea he had been hurting my feelings, that he had not intended to speak disparagingly of Lord Stratford, etc.

Hanson briefly acknowledged the toast, saying that what I had said about Lord Stratford would be echoed by all present ; but that he was also greatly pleased by the manner in which Sir Henry had promised his assistance in nursing and protecting English trade. So the incident passed off. In the papers next day appeared a mild edition of Bulwer's speech and no mention of mine. As for the Consul-General and the elders amongst the merchants, I thought they were going to hug me, and I went on my way rejoicing ; but in the gloom and solitude of my chamber that night I had an uncomfortable feeling that I had allowed my anger to get the better of me, and that being only an invited guest it was unseemly in me to risk marring the harmony of the evening. However, the notes I got from several of Lord Stratford's old friends next day thanking me, and Cumberbatch's assurance that I had not overstepped the amenities whilst I lashed out, comforted me. Still I hold Sir Henry had cause from this incident to look on me as a doubtful character and to post me in his mind as 'dangerous.'

All the same I think when he got his 'fits on,' *i.e.* of temper and obstinacy, it was felt that I was the only one who could manage him. On one occasion, I recollect, I was summoned to the Embassy to make Sir Henry get out of his hot bath in which he had lain for nearly an hour. Well, I will not describe how he got out, but he did get out, or rather he was got out. Another time he would not go to bed, but insisted on sleeping on two chairs. On my remonstrating with him he said—'Why, don't you know that men die in their beds?' 'And a very good place, too,' I replied. He had to go to bed all the same, and not in a very dignified manner. Again, he was always trying to undermine the fidelity of my staff, and that without the slightest chance of success. On one occasion, just as I was going south on circuit, I had to give Wroth instructions to go up in the 'Stationaire' gun-boat to the Danube, there having

been a row between the Helots and the Ionians following the annual Baptism of the Cross in the river. The Turkish Governor had refused to interfere, shutting himself and his troops up in the fort, so that for three days the town was in an uproar and several persons were killed. Of course I notified to the Ambassador what I had done, but no sooner was my back turned than Bulwer sent for Wroth and insisted on his following his instructions and ignoring mine. Wroth offered to be guided by them when they were not contrary to those given him by me. On which Bulwer abused him like a pickpocket before the whole Embassy, and told him that he was only an underling and that he could dismiss him at his pleasure. Wroth declined to discuss the question of the Ambassador's authority over him, leaving that for me to do, adding that he would beg to remind H. E. that he was a gentleman and would insist on being treated as such, and left the room. The first Secretary of Embassy and the Oriental Secretary, who had been at Cambridge with Wroth, remonstrated with Bulwer, but without effect, and on the servant saying that Mr. Wroth desired to return, Bulwer triumphantly turned round to them saying, 'I knew better than you how to treat those Court fellows, he has come to apologise,' and when Wroth re-entered the room, began to say 'If you have come to apologise I shall—' but here Wroth cut him short by saying that he had only come back for his umbrella which he had forgotten, and stalked out. This was too much for the Secretaries and Attachés, who burst out laughing, in which after a minute or two even Bulwer joined. I did not hear of this incident until long after my return, when the Oriental Secretary told me of it. After it the little man treated Wroth with marked respect and attended his funeral when he died, as he did, poor fellow, about a year after.

To Logie he offered a small salary privately if he would also act as his legal adviser, *sub rosa* as it were. This Logie, without reference to me, of course declined, and indeed I did not hear of the offer until it was accidentally told me by one of the Embassy.

Such constantly recurring petty annoyances began to worry me, and I at one time thought of asking to be relieved, especially as I was only sent out to organize and not to stay; but the Foreign Office had determined to extend the system and to send legal Vice-Consuls to Smyrna and Egypt, so I buckled to and with increased work forgot my grievances. At this time also I was knighted,¹ and this was some assurance that the Ambassador had not undermined me at headquarters; but really I felt that so long as Hammond ruled the roost at home I need have no fear, for he was good enough to believe in me.

I was instructed to find two good men and true to fill the new posts, so I sent Logie to Smyrna and got out in his place another old chum, Philip (afterwards Sir Philip) Francis, a sound lawyer and a descendant of the celebrated author of *Junius*.

Now I plead guilty to nepotism. I always appointed my friends first, and if I had none I thought fit, then I sought out the friends of my friends, and I did so advisedly—because I either knew them or had a good opportunity of knowing of them; and out of some twenty, I am glad to say, not one of them turned out unfit or unworthy. Indeed, they were all men who left their mark—some six of them succeeded to the posts I held—two in Turkey and four in China. I even promoted my servants to subordinate posts. My clerk in chambers I sent to Egypt as a law clerk; he now occupies a responsible post in the English Bankruptcy Court. Butlers and valets became ushers and gaolers, and every one of them turned out admirably. One was the hero of a somewhat ludicrous incident. He was an Italian—had been a soldier and served with credit. He entered my service as *maitre d'hotel*, and was with me for many years. He was passionately fond of music and married our nurse, a strapping Irish girl, because she had a good voice. I sent him down to Logie at Smyrna as gaoler to our prison there. He did excellently well—most of the prisoners being either Ionians or Maltese it was necessary the gaoler should speak

Italian. An opera troupe visited Smyrna and took the small theatre there—or at least it was called a theatre. Logie, who was also a musician, hired one of the stage boxes—the opposite box was carefully closed with ‘jalousies,’ so that he naturally concluded that it had been taken by some enlightened Pasha for his harem. It was regularly occupied. A night or two before the troupe left, Logie’s curiosity was aroused and he asked the manager who it was who had taken the opposite box to the one he had occupied. The manager informed him that he was not at liberty to mention the name; but that if he, Logie, outstayed the last performance of the troupe and stationed himself near the stage entrance, he would probably discover for himself. This he did, and to his astonishment found the gaoler marching out his prisoners handcuffed two and two. Next morning he sent for him. The man, I assume, expected to be then and there dismissed, so he only pleaded his love of music, the dullness of a prison life, the orderly conduct of the prisoners, and the fact that they had all behaved themselves. The matter was, of course, referred to me, and I concluded that a ‘wiggling’ was all that was necessary; but there was something so delicious in the idea of a musical gaoler marching his prisoners to a private box at the opera to and fro, not daring to leave them in prison alone during his own absence—which he might easily have done had his ideas of ‘duty and responsibility’ been less—that I could not find it in my heart to do more than expostulate. I am sure neither gaoler nor prisoners were the worse for their ‘outing’ and very probably were all the better for it. Fortunately the story did not get wind, or His Excellency might have made a lot of mischief out of it.

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CHAPTER X

ABOUT this time (1864) the Ionian Islands were handed over by the British Government to Greece, and I was sent for to England temporarily to arrange the terms of the transfer of the Levant Ionians to the protection of the Greek Government. It was curious then to find that not half of the Ionians registered as such were Ionians. They one and all vowed that they were protected subjects and had not even the remotest connection with the islands, so vehemently did they protest against being transferred to the Greek Consulates. However, there was no getting over their registration, a great number became subjects of the Porte, some took Russian and Austrian passports, and some contrived to remain or become British subjects.

The cession was a foolish, sentimental piece of business; there was absolutely no necessity for it, and if Mr. Gladstone was responsible for it, it only adds another thorn to his crown. It ruined the islands, and I doubt if they will ever recover from the effects of it, and the cession did no good to Greece. I went to Corfu on my return, and was besieged with petitions and deputations imploring Her Majesty to resume the government. Not that our government of them had been exceptionally beneficent or wise; but we had at least spent money, constructed good roads, carried out many public works, and established an excellent police. Our folly consisted in giving the islanders a constitution and a mockery of representative government at the instance of a lot of agitators and enthusiasts, and then, when they talked nonsense and high treason, dissolving their assemblies and sending them to stump the country as patriots and martyrs. Having given them liberty of speech we ought to have left

them alone to spout and howl themselves hoarse, and continued to govern them for their own good.

I had, of course—for what official has not—a great deal of trouble with our Protestant missionaries. Exeter Hall alternately damned and praised me, but I am bound to say very seldom did the latter, my normal condition being that of a man living under anathema. Now I do not mean to intimate that many missionaries are not good and earnest men, and their womenkind, although generally painfully plain, most excellent; but one and all are utterly lacking in judgment or in ordinary sympathy for other people's religious views. In my time I must have had to do with thousands of missionaries, male and female, and with the exception of some half-dozen, well, say a dozen, who were principally occupied in translating the Scriptures and writing dictionaries, they are, next to habitual criminals, the most troublesome people to deal with in the world. I have no doubt that their misconduct, for I can call it by no other name, is mainly due to their intense desire to save men's souls. Whether they have succeeded in saving mine cannot yet be ascertained, but they tried hard; the process, however, was by the allopathic use of irritants. I am not given to backing. If I have any taste in the betting line, although I never made a bet in my life, it is rather in the taking of odds against an animal, be it a horse or an ass; but I will back a Protestant missionary to do more harm in a limited space of time than any other human being. They have absolutely neither tact nor judgment. The 'end' in view sanctions every 'means,' good, bad, or indifferent. I look on them as irresponsible beings. To justify these statements I know I ought to write a book devoted to my experiences of 'Missionary Mischief'; but I cannot really afford the time, and besides, I wish to leave this world in peace, and on good terms with my fellow creatures, and the irritation caused by the bare recollection of the worry with missionaries would infallibly bring to a crisis the disease of the heart which I am told, but do not believe, I am suffering from, and cause me to leave it in a state of Satanic bad temper, which would not certainly

be a favourable introduction to St. Peter, and might justify him in locking the gates of heaven in my face instead of mildly closing them behind me. I will therefore only give one instance.

One day the Turkish Minister of Police sent me up a gigantic poster, which some agent had torn down off the walls of St. Sophia, informing the Mussulman community that on a certain day two English missionaries would from the steps of the mosque denounce Mahomet as an impostor. His Excellency begged me to take steps to prevent this startling mode of conversion, saying that he would not be responsible for the lives of the two missionaries, or, indeed, for the lives of any Protestants in the neighbourhood. I sent for the two gentlemen. One was a personal friend of my own and blessed with a wife and two daughters; the other a converted Jew, who afterwards was the main cause of the Abyssinian War. On my remonstrating with them, they told me that they had a 'call' to denounce the Prophet, that Mahomet *was* an impostor, that truth, preaching and argument in foreign chapels was of no avail, and that their 'Master' would protect them. My eloquence was wasted, and finally I pleaded not a 'call' but a 'positive order' to prevent the offering of any insult to the religion of the country, and that, although I had no serious objection to their getting *their* heads broken (which indeed I had not), I had a particular objection to getting mine broken, or to risking the breaking of the heads of other persons who, whatever their opinions concerning 'Mahomet,' had the good sense to keep them to themselves. All my eloquence was useless. My orders, they said, could not, ought not, and should not, prevail against the orders of their Master, etc., and they rose to leave me. I told them that I would not allow them to leave in their then exalted frame of mind, but should hold them to bail in the sum of £500 each and two sureties in the sum of £250 each, the alternative being confinement in Her Majesty's gaol until they climbed down. And to gaol they went; but soon on two good and influential sureties presenting themselves and on their entering into the required personal recognisances, they were released. All this

was 'nuts' for Exeter Hall, which went frantic for at least a month. If this had been an isolated instance of missionary folly I should not have noticed it here, but it was only one out of a hundred, and I think while I am about it I may as well mention one or two more, although they properly belong to my China experiences.

A missionary body (I think it was some miles outside Canton) bought a piece of ground, alleging to the native authorities that they intended to build a hospital and doctor's home on it for the gratuitous treatment of the sick without distinction of nationality or religion—a purely lay institution. They were allowed to purchase the ground on this understanding, when instead of a hospital arose a chapel surrounded by missionary dwellings, and then commenced an active propaganda. In a few months rows began, and one night the whole place was burnt down and the missionaries escaped by the skin of their teeth—some unfortunate perverts being caught, tortured, and killed. On this the Minister and myself were beset; claims of no small amount came pouring in, and a fierce battle raged, fanned vigorously by Exeter Hall and the Press. On inquiry the facts were found to be as I have stated them, and I am sorry to say some compensation was obtained and paid.

As to the use of gun-boats, if during the eleven years I was in China there was one row—a genuine missionary-caused row—there were twenty, in each of which H.M.'s gun-boats reluctantly played a part, or at least humorously indulged in a little artillery practice. Not that I am at all averse to giving a lesson, and one that will be remembered for at least a generation, *when the necessity* arises, and the necessity is unfortunately constantly arising, owing in some measure to the constant wretched little disturbances in a tea-pot about nothing. In nine cases out of ten we are not sure we are right and therefore go to work in a half-hearted sort of way, and this leads people like the Chinese to try it on. Now in the case of the 'Tientsin Massacres' we had good cause to take the law into our own hands. It was an organized attack on foreigners in the persons of the Sisters of

Mercy, who were the least likely or able to defend themselves. The authorities had for a long time before it took place full cognizance of it, the respectable citizens were well aware that it was in contemplation, some of them had given to the European residents and Consular authorities mysterious hints which had been disregarded. It was carried out by the scum of the town. There were soldiers enough to have crushed the attack on the convents in an hour, yet nothing was done; and after scores of good women had been violated, tortured, and murdered, and buildings sacked and burnt, we were satisfied a year or two afterwards with the execution of some dozen poor wretches who had taken no part in it, who were simply selected from the town prison where they had been incarcerated for years, and where they had also been during the whole time of the massacre. It is now known that not one of the leaders was even arrested, not one of the authorities made an example of, and not one of the citizens who connived at it punished either in person or purse. On the part of every foreign Power it was from the beginning to the end a wretched piece of pusillanimity, the offspring of jealousy. We ought to have decimated the scum of the town, who were the actual perpetrators of the outrage—to have insisted upon every official of the town from the highest to the lowest being degraded and declared ineligible for any public office, to have imposed a fine on the town to the tune of £100,000, and to have forced the authorities at Peking to have published the penalties in the *Official Gazette* and placarded it in every town in the Empire; and in default of compliance within a month, have razed the town to the ground, never to rise again. It is all nonsense to talk of 'war' as being the probable consequence of such a display of just indignation. It is a display of miserable weakness in such crises that causes wars. Promptness to avenge and sternness in carrying out vengeance—on such an occasion as the 'Tientsin Massacres'—prevent wars. The Foreign Ministers should at once have hauled down their flags and left Peking in a body, the fleets have been ordered up by telegraph, the Taku Forts

invested without any declaration of war—for the massacre was equivalent to a declaration—the Peiho crowded with gun-boats, and the town, authorities, and people imprisoned within it.

On one occasion I did fight a missionary battle. Fuad Pasha, when Grand Vizier, had good reason to believe that he was looked on with grave suspicion by the old Turkish party, who were intriguing to disgrace and displace him. He was, I believe, genuinely anxious to reform some patent abuses and introduce something like order and decent honesty into the Government. Unfortunately he took the wrong way to rehabilitate himself in the eyes of what we should call the High Church party. He wanted to convince them that he was as genuine a Mahomedan as they were, so he began a crusade on a small scale against the missionaries, selecting an old disciple of Mahomet who had turned Christian and who occupied his time in translating the Bible into Turkish. This old man was perfectly inoffensive. He neither preached nor proselytized. He had, moreover, with the sanction of the Porte, been granted for many years British protection, so that he might pursue his studies in peace and quietness.

Without any warning Fuad caused him to be arrested and thrown into prison and confiscated his books and MSS. I heard of it and immediately went to the Minister of Police—a Turk of the old school and an old friend of mine—and asked him the cause of the proceeding; he referred me to the Grand Vizier, saying it was none of his doing, as he had received a special order on which he had simply acted. Accordingly I sought an interview with Fuad—with whom I was also on friendly terms—and he explained very frankly his reasons, adding that he had communicated with Sir Henry Bulwer. I explained to him—what, by the by, he knew very well—that I could not allow a British subject to remain in prison without cause, and that I must trouble him either to formulate a complaint—in which case I was the proper person to investigate it—or to let the man out and restore him his books, and then he and the Ambassador might discuss the question of compensation.

In vain he begged me to go and talk the matter over with Sir Henry, saying that His Excellency would explain to me the reasons of State that induced him to act as he had acted. I said that I had nothing to do with State reasons or State policy. If anything could be proved or even alleged against the man I would be answerable for his appearance and trial, but out of prison he must come. Fuad was equally determined, when I happened to remember that a negotiation for a small loan of something like a million was going on in England, so I suggested the consequences of my writing an indignant despatch—a *résumé* of which might possibly find its way into the papers—and then I left him. Next day he sent for me, asked if the despatch was written. ‘It is written,’ said I, ‘and I have brought the draft to read to you, as I hate doing anything underhand.’ Now this draft—which I am bound to say was written not exactly in Foreign Office style, and which was not therefore likely to find its way to that department in that form—was a most eloquent *exposé* of Turkish methods of arriving at ends—just, in fact, such a document as would have delighted a daily paper in want of interesting and sensational matter. Of course I had not the slightest intention of sending it anywhere or to anybody, but it was conceived in my best ‘leading article’ style, and I had written it *con amore* under the influence of old memories. Logie and myself had also spent several hours the previous evening—consuming a large amount of tobacco—in translating it into high-falutin’ French. It was amusing to watch Fuad’s face while he read it, especially when he arrived at the peroration mildly suggestive of the impolicy of finding money for men who dared tamper with the lives and liberties, etc., of Her Majesty’s subjects, and laugh to scorn the just remonstrances of Her Majesty’s Chief Judge. But the end was, he wrote me out an order of release, begging me, however, to keep it quiet. This, seeing the man had only been in confinement for twenty-four hours, I agreed to do, so that possibly Fuad gained all he wanted; but as I was leaving he said: ‘You would have had to show that despatch to your Amba-

sador, and he would not have allowed you to send it.' 'Oh, no,' I said, 'I correspond direct with the Foreign Office, and the Ambassador no more sees my despatches than I see his.' 'But,' said he, 'is that the style in which you generally write?' 'Well,' I replied, 'it depends on the occasion and the impression I desire to produce. You see it was a draft only. But how about the order—it is in Turkish, and as I don't read Turkish it may be instead of a release an order to incarcerate *me*?' 'I wish to heaven I could write such an order,' he laughingly replied, and so the matter ended. I went direct to the prison and got the man out, telling him to hold his tongue, which he readily agreed to do. As to the old Minister of Police, he enjoyed the joke immensely, for although he was a devout Mahomedan, he had a high opinion of Fuad, to whom he was much attached.

This old gentleman detested Sir Henry Bulwer—without, however, any very good cause, that I could find out. He had a son—a bad lot—who did something which brought him within the reach of the criminal law. Bulwer, thinking to conciliate the Minister, wrote to him offering his mediation with the Sultan to prevent his son being tried and punished. I really think the Ambassador meant to do a kindness, but the old Minister resented it, writing back that he would not permit a foreigner to interfere between his master and himself, and if his son deserved it, he ought to be punished, and punished he should be; and he was in the end degraded and exiled to Mosul.

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CHAPTER XI

BESIDES going a regular circuit to overlook the proceedings of the outlying Consulates, the Foreign Office frequently sent me down—without much regard, be it said, to distance—to inquire into complaints against Consuls, either on the part of individuals or on the part of the Turkish Government.

I went thus twice to Jerusalem, and on one occasion I was instructed to proceed to Khartoum.

We had a very worthy and very well-educated but rather weak Consul at Jerusalem of the name of 'Finn,' who was blessed (or the other thing) with a wife, a lady of very considerable energy and ability and of a very masterful temper, in the exercise of which she managed to involve her husband in serious pecuniary difficulties. This lady had a 'mission,' *i.e.* to raise the moral tone of Judaism as a preparatory step to the conversion of the 'chosen people' to Christianity. At the same time she had strong financial instincts, and was not over-scrupulous in developing them. Money was of course a desideratum, and she hit upon an ingenious plan to obtain it. Knowing the weakness of evangelical enthusiasts, she bought 'Solomon's Gardens of Urtas,' about two or three acres of land enclosed by a wall, and subdivided them into a number of small lots of a few square yards each. These she sold at very high prices to all sorts and conditions of men and women in England who pined after a bit of ground in the Holy Land, and who were willing to pay a very considerable price for it, no matter how small it was, and many of the lots were not above a few feet either way. The names of the purchasers were duly inscribed in a book against certain cabalistic figures

indicating the locality of the 'lots.' In this way a very considerable sum was obtained. The gardens were well cultivated, the superintendence being left to an old Jew and his wife, both of whom had been converted. The old fellow's name was something extremely like 'Methuselah,' and I am not at all certain he was not the original. This man had a son who, thanks to Mrs. Finn, had risen to the position of His Majesty's Vice-Consul. As he was the cause of my second special visit to the Holy City, I shall have to mention him later on.

Finn had been relieved from his Consular functions and a very promising young officer of the name of Moore had replaced him, but he was ordered to remain in Jerusalem until my arrival. This did not at all suit Mrs. Finn's book, and she hurried him and herself down to Jaffa, hoping to leave before I got there. Unfortunately I arrived by the same steamer they were to leave by, and I had to order them back. Poor old Finn, he behaved as well as he could, although pretty nearly worried to death; but Mrs. Finn showed a command of language and contempt for the representative of law and justice in my person that was positively refreshing to a person who had been residing in the East for some time. Well, back they went. I feel almost inclined to describe my journey, now one I believe performed in a railway carriage in a few hours, but it took me eighteen hours on a most detestable road, first through orange gardens, then over a desolate plain, and finally up a mountain torrent to the top of the Mount of Olives, where I arrived a little before sunrise. Here I halted, pretty well dead with sleep, for I had been in the saddle all night; but the view was beautiful: there in front of me, on a piece of tableland, was 'The City,' enclosed in a high wall surrounded on all sides visible by deep ravines. The Golden Gate, the Tower of Antonia, the Temple, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, all tinted by the rays of the rising sun, seemed buried in eternal rest. Christian, Mahomedan, Buddhist, Avouist, Agnostic, Atheist, Sceptic, and Unbeliever, as I have been alternately

called by friends and foes, the panorama before me was full of the intensest interest. Here on one spot seemed collected all that could make of the life of the world a veritable romance—the beginning if not the end of history. Round me lay the land which Abraham traversed carrying in his bosom the germs of a new and wondrous faith. Here prophets foretold the fate of nations. Here Solomon created an empire. Here David sang as man never sang. Here armies from the older lands of Egypt—of Assyria and Chaldea—and of Persia swept like scourges, each in turn carrying the brave God-fearing natives by thousands into captivity. Here Hittite and Phœnician revelled in the most sensuous form of worship known to man. From here whole tribes disappeared as if by magic, carrying with them into unknown lands a belief in one Deity, and who knows with what success. Here Grecian philosophy deeply tinged a ceremonial faith. Here Rome pursued her marvellous system of dual government through the medium of institutions foreign to her own. Here Jesus, the son of Joseph and Mary, from a simple reformer of a ceremonial religion became the founder of a purely spiritual faith which man has ever since done his best to degrade.

Then the panorama seemed to fade into a dissolving view through which the Crescent appeared shadowing the Cross. The temple had become a mosque, over the Tower of Antonia floated the blood-red standard of Mahomet, and through the Golden Gates trooped the chivalry, learning, and graceful culture of Arabia. In the distance appeared the steel-clad warriors of the West burning to merit heaven by capturing the city their jealousy of each other prevented them from ever holding long, and by destroying a religion and a civilization they were mentally unable to understand or appreciate. Again the mist fell and rose. The Minaret and the Crescent still shadowed the silent city. The Arab, from some mysterious cause, had returned to his desert and almost to his original obscurity, but not before he had preserved the literature of Greece from the brutal sensualism of a bastard Christianity, and in his place

appeared the Turk from the plains of Scythia, Tartary, and the shores of the Caspian, a Mahomedan, indeed, in religion, but a Cossack savage at heart : and there in the Jerusalem before my eyes he ruled and still rules, improved indeed in manners and with a thin veneer of civilization covering his Tartar nature, yet stalling his horses over the roof of the sepulchre of Christ.

As I rode through the streets of Jerusalem to my lodgings this train of thought came to an abrupt end. There was no inducement to continue it. Here and there was a building or a house which had a look of antiquity about it. Big stones let into badly built walls, fluted where they joined each other, suggested the idea that they might have once been portions of some stately mansion ; but the general appearance of the town where such business as exists is carried on was that of a dilapidated third-rate city which might belong to any country and any time within the last two hundred years. As to the people, they seemed a conglomeration of all races, the dirtiest among them being Jews clothed in greasy gaberdines with long love-locks hanging about their ears.

It was no very easy task to get poor Finn's—or rather Mrs. Finn's—affairs into order. She had borrowed money from every Jew in the town and entered into engagements to pay impossible of performance. I forget the rate of interest, but it was something like 2 per cent. a month, and the fellows who lent it certainly did not look as if they had a copper cent to their names. Most of them were pensioners of old Sir Moses Montefiore, and lived in the alms-houses he had built for his distressed countrymen ; and yet it was clear to me that these fellows had not only advanced hard cash to the Consul's wife to the tune of several thousand pounds, but were creditors of every tradesman in the town and of the country people all round it. However, I managed by dint of reducing the interest and getting rid of compound interest from month to month, to reduce the claims by considerably more than half, bringing them within the security offered. As to settling the thousand and one claims on the ' Urtas Gardens,' that was beyond the power

and wit of man, and I am afraid several religious enthusiasts had to give up the luxury of being landowners in Palestine. One clergyman stood to lose his £500. The only way of getting old Finn out of the scrape his wife's anxiety to raise the standard of Jewish morality had caused, was to write a somewhat humorous report, which a hundred ludicrous incidents cropping up during the inquiry enabled me to do with some effect, and the Consul was simply removed to another post, at Trebizond, I think, where there were no Jews to convert; but Mrs. Finn never forgave me, and for years after stumped England lecturing and abusing me as if I had robbed and ruined her.

On off days during the inquiry I made several excursions, accompanied by either Consul Moore, Bishop Gobat, or the Rev. Mr. Bartley, the incumbent of the English Church. It is difficult to believe that the neighbourhood of Jerusalem was ever a land flowing with 'milk and honey.' It is now, or at least was when I saw it, a land covered with stones about the size of one's head, with here and there a cleared patch in which a few struggling corn-stalks were laboriously trying to grow and a few vegetables. Some half-starved sheep grazed amongst the stones; a more arid, desolate country could hardly be imagined. Towards the Jordan and the Lake of Tiberias the country improved, but on the shores of the Dead Sea it was if anything worse. The Penitentiary Monastery of Mar-Saba overhung the rock-bound ravines, in which, if tradition is to be relied on, the 'Essenes,' a race of philosophic hermits, dwelt in the hundred caves which pierce the cliff sides. According to the belief of the abbot of the monastery it was amongst these men that Christ passed his life between the ages of fifteen and thirty, and he seemed certainly to have good ground for that belief. At present the caves are haunted by jackdaws and owls, of whom the monks make great pets. No communication is held by the inmates, who are for the most part ecclesiastical offenders, with the outer world. Thanks to my official position I was admitted and spent a night there. The discipline

is severe, scourging is permitted, and the spirits of the recalcitrant effectually subdued by ceaseless vigils, so that two hours of continuous sleep is a rare luxury to those who give their black-robed gaolers any trouble. A basket is let down from a gibbet-looking contrivance near an upper window in a square tower, in which letters and food are placed, and the only drink obtainable is from the convent well. Judging from the food given me by the abbot, and the furniture of my apartment or cell, I should say the ascetic life of the 'hermit philosophers' had survived and was being rigorously enforced.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, within which are crowded, without the slightest reference to probability or even possibility, the sites of the principal events in Scripture history, is an irregular building covering a considerable space of ground. In the centre, covered by a dome roof, are some few steps cut into the rock floor and leading to a small chamber excavated in the rocky foundation of the building. This is stated to be the Lord's sepulchre. It is clearly not; but it matters little, since the Christian world had unanimously decided that it is, and to it flock pilgrims of all denominations from all parts. The walls round this centre dome-covered building are carefully marked—so many feet of ground belonging to each of the national churches of several Christian countries, England, I think, being the only exception.

Jews still 'wail' at and kiss the wall of David at Jerusalem, and I was told, although I should not like to vouch the fact, that all the chief Jewish families in Europe have their own particular representative 'wailers.' Some twenty or thirty men and women seemed constantly occupied with howling and beating their breasts each time that I passed along, only suspending their labours by supplications for coppers to keep them from starving, and they certainly looked as if they needed some support. How the poor creatures get food I know not, for Jerusalem is the worst supplied town I know of. On each occasion that I have visited it I had the greatest difficulty in getting anything to eat, and on one occasion for five weeks I

never tasted anything in the way of flesh except that of skinny pigeons. Everything is saved up against Easter, when thousands of pilgrims have to be provided for and when the natives make their 'pile,' such as it is.

It has always been a matter of wonder to me that the Christian Powers, or indeed any one of them, have never tried to *buy* Jerusalem and the country round it, including Jaffa. Two or three millions sterling would, I fancy, induce the Turks in their chronic state of insolvency to part with it, and although it might not turn out a very lucrative investment like Suez Canal shares, it would not be a bad mode of getting rid of spare cash which burns alike in the pockets of High and Low Churchmen, and in all probability subscriptions for such a purpose would flow in readily enough. At any rate it would be an interesting task to restore the old city to its pristine splendour, and everyone who aided it would at least *feel* pretty sure of a safe berth somewhere hereafter. Perhaps it would be difficult to arrange for its government and administration, as the *odium theologicum* is seldom productive of either peace or order and is more or less inflammable and explosive; but as the United States bought Alaska from Russia on the quiet, under the very noses of our diplomatists, England might very well buy a slip of Palestine, if only as a starting-point for further exploitation. Beyond the Dead Sea lies the country of Moab with its almost undiscovered treasures—its ruined cities (to say nothing of the original ark, a certainly more interesting relic than the 'Viking' ship and considerably older).

CHAPTER XII

AT Jaffa I had another inquiry. Our Consul or Vice-Consul was a convert and Exeter Hall pet—this gentleman shammed illness when I went and excused himself from seeing me, but I was unamiable enough to insist, and very soon came to the conclusion that he was a fraud. He was great on girls' schools and religious education, and appeared to make the former a recruiting ground for matrimony, for if the reports which reached me were true he must have had any number of young wives. He had also a fancy for assuming a number of characters. He condemned vessels, acted as auctioneer and then as purchaser, and possessed a warehouse worthy of a marine store-dealer. Captains and merchants alike condemned him, and I had to report him.

Our Vice-Consul at Cyprus I tried for scuttling a ship, said to be laden with silk, to defraud the insurance company, and gave him two years' imprisonment. Another—a Consul—and otherwise a valuable public servant, an Englishman, insured a ship he called the *Poseidon* that never existed. I forget what sentence he got, and I rather think he committed suicide.

The fact was that the whole Levant service had got out of hand. The difficulties of languages had induced the Foreign Office to appoint natives or Levantines. There was absolutely no surveillance, and this had been going on for upwards of a hundred and fifty years. I am glad to say that from what I have heard all this is now changed. Englishmen from home are appointed and some inquiry is made as to their fitness, but nevertheless Consuls-General, who it may be said are generally first class men, should not stay at their posts reading or writing

despatches, but periodically visit *all* the outlying Consulates, or if this should be inconvenient, then a special Foreign Office clerk of experience should be more or less constantly on the move and act as an inspector. There is something in Eastern life and surroundings that has a demoralising effect. It may arise from climate or example, but, whatever the cause, there is not the least doubt that a prolonged residence in such countries as Turkey, Persia, Egypt, and Morocco tends to blunt the moral perceptions of men. Salaries also require revision, and promotion should be based on some system. Whilst I am on the subject of reforms in our Consular service in the East, and my remarks equally apply to China, etc., let me observe that there is a little too much favour shown to men of 'linguistical' attainments. It is by no means clear that a knowledge of Eastern languages fits a man for a Consular post. Every encouragement should of course be given to young men to study and obtain a knowledge of the language of the country in which they are serving, that is, a 'sufficiency' of knowledge to enable them to converse with some approach to ease with the officials and natives; but men who are sinologues generally, as far as my experience goes, are fit for very little else than to compile dictionaries. The study of languages, especially such languages as Turkish, Persian, Arabic, or Chinese becomes an all-absorbing pursuit—nay, the latter language really seems to affect the brain—this shows itself first in eccentricity of thought and manner, and finally in an utter incapacity for any other kind of work.

I am not an admirer of the competitive system of examination, at any rate as applied to the public service. I have had upwards of twenty years' experience of the system and have conducted several examinations, and I pronounce it a failure in so far as it does not open the service to the fittest men. Easterns will not respect men for their learning merely. Ridiculous as it may sound, a man who is cleanly in his habits and person, who dresses well, is courteous and polite, will command twice the influence that a careless-looking fellow, with twice the brains,

will command. I have had men under me for whose abilities I entertained great admiration, but whom I never dared employ in any delicate affair, simply because I felt that their manner and appearance would at the outset provoke an antagonism that all their brain power would never extinguish. A young Englishman, especially if he comes from a public school, gets into harness quickest; if he comes from Oxford or Cambridge, it generally takes a year of snubbing to purge his priggishness out of him. An Irishman, when once you have disciplined him—and that takes generally two or three years—makes the best man in an outlying place where he has to depend on himself and not on instructions, and on emergencies he is usually full of resources and pluck. A Scotchman, from the day he begins work, buckles to, and is a good office man to the end and earns his pension, which he is always thinking about; but unless you can be at his elbow with instructions down to the minutest particular he is very likely to let things slide, and instead of seizing an opportunity contents himself with writing you a despatch prognosticating what may or is likely to happen and asking you to tell him what in such and such eventualities he is to do, when it generally happens, before you can answer him, the thing has happened, and he has scratched all the hair off his head, bitten his nails to the quick, and done nothing.

A great mistake is also made, and particularly in China, in pitch-forking youngsters into remote places simply because the salary attached to the post is small and the work light. They are probably fresh from school or college, and have been a year or two at Peking, learning Chinese, have no special resources within themselves, and finding themselves exiled from all society in a hot, thirsty or malarious climate, they take to 'nipping' to pass away the time. No Consular officer should be sent to take charge of any post, however insignificant, until he has been five years in the service.

At all the chief ports there ought to be a full Consul, a Vice-Consul of not less than three years' standing, and a student Consul. Indeed, if the Consul is a first class man and fit to

bring men on, he should be allowed two students. The Consul-General should have two Vice-Consuls and not less than three student Consuls.

At each Consulate there should be a small library of books relating to the country, a Stephen's *Blackstone*, a Wheaton or Maine's *International Law*, a work on Mercantile Law and Shipping Law, and a Magistrates' Manual—and every officer before he is sent to fill a post single-handed should be examined as to his knowledge of these books, the questions being carefully framed and printed at home and sent out. These being supplemented by *viva voce* questions referring to the actual everyday working or routine of a Consul's office.

I do not conceive that I am competent to speak with authority on the subject of the diplomatic service, but I would humbly suggest that a little more knowledge of the principles of international law would be highly desirable, and a study of the despatches of such diplomatists as Canning and Wellington might conduce to clearness of thought and expression.

As regards the fusion of the two services, I am against it. I have known some few Consuls who might have made good diplomatists, but I never knew a diplomatist who would have made a good Consul. I do not desire to draw a hard-and-fast line which would render it impossible for a Consul to be promoted to a Legation, or for a Secretary of Legation to take the post of Consul-General. I would leave it a matter of discretion for the Secretary of State to exercise as he thought fit; but if once Consuls feel they may aspire to be Ministers and Ambassadors, they will be apt to get into all sorts of little rows for the purpose of showing how cleverly they can get out of them, to the neglect of the comparatively unexciting but really far more important duties of their Consular office.

I know I shall be held guilty of high treason by the Foreign Office, and any number of Secretaries of State, and especially permanent under-secretaries and assistant dittoes, will denounce me as an impertinent meddler, if I say that a legal education would enable them to perform their duties far more efficiently

than they are performed. It would make them feel and understand the importance of exactness and accuracy, enable them to keep their own noses and the noses of their antagonists to the grindstone, disincline them to be led off or to lead off from the issue before them into a variety of side issues which generally land them into difficulties, and teach them besides that 'fine' writing is seldom of value except the object is to involve the matter in hand in a hopeless muddle. Moreover, 'instructions' to their subordinates abroad, by reason of their clearness and simplicity, would then have, at least, the chance of being understood.

Now I will venture to cite a very recent instance of what I call 'muddle,' and muddle occasioned by want of knowledge—the dispute about the seal fishery in the Behring Sea. It is now about five years since it began, and is at this moment the subject of arbitration by an international tribunal at Paris, costing heaven only knows what *per diem*.

Now in the first place, the English Government has not had up to the very date of the arbitration any official answer to the simple question 'Why did you seize our sealing vessels?' It is clear we ought never to have been led into any discussion until this question was answered. If answered, we should then have had a ground to go on. If obstinately unanswered, we ought to have sent out cruisers to protect our vessels from seizure on the high seas.

Instead of our doing this we were induced to enter upon a discussion about regulations, which assumed we had done something wrong; about Russia's title to the Behring Sea, and its devolution to the United States; about whether it were good manners in us to take seals in the open sea, when the United States wanted a monopoly. Then was started the suggestion of a 'close-time,' and we were on the very verge of agreeing to one suggested by the United States which would have annihilated the Canadian trade in sealskins altogether, had it not been that the Canadians, being a little more acute than ourselves, discovered the trap. We had then either to withdraw our consent

or abandon the trade. As we pursued the former course we got into an angry discussion about the relations of our colonies with ourselves, which seriously prejudiced our position, and during all this time the United States were seizing our vessels and harassing the Colonial trade.

Having thus for four years been led a wild-goose chase for the express purpose of diverting our attention from the main and indeed only point, *i.e.* the undisclosed reasons justifying the seizures, we were induced to extend the area of discussion from the 'Behring Sea,' to which it had hitherto been confined, to the whole of the Pacific Ocean, our right therein never having been questioned.

Finally, arbitration and a *modus vivendi* pending the same was agreed on. But even here we consented to submit certain questions of law for discussion—questions of academic interest and arising out of side issues.

And what after all is the muddle about? About a matter that two decently honest men, with their wits about them, could have settled in an hour's confab over a glass of sound port wine after a good dinner. Indeed, the only wonder is by what infernal ingenuity so simple a matter could have been brought into so inextricable a tangle.

CHAPTER XIII

ON the whole I think, but then I am hardly an unprejudiced critic, that the re-organization of our Judicial Consular service in the Levant was a success. It relieved the Ambassador of his functions as an appellate Judge; it enabled the Consul-General and Consuls to devote themselves to their commercial duties; it assisted the Porte in putting its tribunals on something like a decent footing, although much remains to be done in this direction; it set a good example to all the Foreign Consulates—most of whom did their best to rival the English Court; it diminished litigation, for merchants, and especially the Levantine merchants, with bad cases were unable, or at least became disinclined to discount the charges of a judgment in their favour, and it brought our own outlying Consuls to their bearings and convinced them that they could not with impunity make ducks and drakes of the liberties or properties of British subjects and compelled them to mind their p's and q's with the local authorities. When the Ionians ceased to be under the protection of England the actual work diminished, but, all the same, it was a great mistake to merge the functions of Judge and Consul-General in one person. We had been preaching for a number of years to the Porte the importance of keeping separate judicial from administrative and executive functions, and then, to save a few hundreds a year, we went and combined them.

The same absence of continuity in our policy was visible when Lord Stratford retired. Sir Henry Bulwer replaced firmness by what he called 'persuasion,' but which was really 'intrigue.' We lost influence with the Turks, for an Eastern people cannot understand what is called 'a conciliatory policy.'

To them it means want of confidence in ourselves and weakness. The Eastern notion of government, and it is after all the correct one, is the rule of strength and intellect by a few chosen or accepted individuals over the scattered and therefore disunited masses, who have their private interests to look after and have neither the time nor the capacity to rule each other fairly or well. Foreign nations hailed the change with delight. They knew what 'duffers' we are at 'intrigue,' and what past masters they themselves are at the game. Not one of them cared about the Sultan, the Porte, the country, or its people. Reforms they merely supported on paper, because in practice they knew they could easily use them to create confusion worse confounded. What they wanted to effect was national bankruptcy—the rivalry of religious sects—isolated and continual revolutions or disturbances in different parts of the empire, so that none of them might ever want an excuse for pursuing any course they considered likely to further their peculiar interests. And they succeeded. Since the Crimean War English influence in Turkey had been gradually sinking until at the present moment (1894) it is about as low and insignificant as it can well be. Not a single reform has been effected. The Porte is more imbecile than ever it was before, the Sultan is a meddling ignoramus, the provinces are, if anything, worse off in the sense of being badly governed than they were. Bribery and corruption are rife throughout the land, and the national debt has been increased at least twenty-fold.

It is nonsense to talk about justice, non-interference, etc. The Turk must leave Europe; if he will not do it of his own accord he must be compelled. His rule in Europe is an anomaly and is the source of positive mischief. So long as he remains an enduring peace amongst European nations is impossible. I have nothing to say against Mahomedanism. It is not incompatible with good government, but it is incompatible with European notions of government. As a mere matter of sentiment I prefer it to modern Christianity and should be sorry to see it superseded by either Protestantism, Roman or Greek

Catholicism. It is more or less suited to the mental growth of Orientals; it is the best stimulant to Oriental notions of morality; it accords with Oriental habits of thought, and above all, it indicates and sanctions a simple form of autocratic government for which alone Orientals are suited. At Damascus or Bagdad it would be fittingly in place. In Constantinople it is as out of place as it would be in London or Paris or any other European capital.

As to the constitutional representative form of government which we endeavoured to induce the Sultan to inaugurate, it was a ludicrous travesty, a howling farce, and could not be anything else. Missionaries of religion are bad enough, but missionaries of governmental fads are ten times worse. We covered ourselves with ridicule and made the poor Turks *look* as ridiculous as we *were*. It will take us a quarter of a century to recover our influence, and as long for the Turks to recover their self-esteem.

My own opinion is that the future of Turkey—by that I mean European Turkey—depends very much on the position, in the event of the Turks being sent over the Bosphorus, the Armenians will be allowed to take. Semi-Oriental as they are in their habits and customs, they are a shrewd, long-headed race, possessing quite as much intelligence and infinitely more stability of character than the Greeks. As a governing body they would do excellently well, being mild, firm, and, when necessary, can show unflinching courage. I have seen a body of hamals (porters) with merely their sticks show a determined front to a regiment of Turkish soldiers, when the latter interfered to force an entrance into one of their burial grounds. Although the soldiers were ordered to charge with fixed bayonets, the hamals waited patiently until the front rank reached them, then coolly seized the bayonets and jerked them upwards, using their long sticks like quarter-staffs. These hamals have immense strength and great powers of endurance; they are very difficult to rouse to anger, but if roused would be very hard to beat. I have seen one of them creep under a grand piano, raise it on his shoulders,

balance it on his back, and walk half a mile up a steep hill without showing any sign of having over-exerted himself. Old Murad, the cavass of the Consulate, who, although a Mahomedan was of Armenian extraction, and had served in the army against his countrymen, told me that even indifferently armed as the Armenians were, the Turks were man to man no match for them ; fortunately for the latter they are slow to move and patiently endure suffering, but if ever a leader of men arose amongst them, good-bye to Turkish rule.

What, however, is to be feared, should Constantinople ever become—as it unquestionably ought to become—a free and neutral city, is that the intrigue of foreign Powers will bring about a government of Levantine Greeks, Fanariots as they are called, with an admixture of Levant half-caste foreigners, in which case the last condition of things will be worse than the first. The Armenians, properly supported for a few years, would soon put things straight and effectually curb both Russian and Greek ambition. Their countrymen in Asia would flock over to replace the Turks, and thus numerically they would at least be equal to the population which remained, and in every other way be vastly their superiors.

The wealth of European Turkey is as inexhaustible as it is undeveloped. That of Asiatic Turkey is also great. Both possess enormous natural riches and a hardy and industrious population. The wealth necessary to gratify Eastern ideas of luxury would be forthcoming in the latter division of the country and the necessary taxation would be hardly felt by the people, who would themselves be pleased rather than otherwise that their natural rulers should set an example of ostentatious magnificence to the world.

From the highest to the lowest the Turk is not by any means an extravagant person. His personal expenditure is small. It is true that the Pasha and the Bey and even the Effendi like large houses. Their harems and troops of servants necessitate very considerable accommodation. Few of them in my time were of stone or brick, most of them of wood or lath and plaster ;

little if anything is spent on architectural details either outside or inside, yet the effect is good. In the interior the furniture is simplicity itself, and has not cost the price of a single drawing-room in either London or Paris. Matting kept scrupulously clean, walls covered with painted canvas, divans, a few Persian or Smyrna rugs, occasionally a gilded pier-glass or a mirror, complete the internal adornments. Luxurious bedrooms with brass bedsteads and silk hangings, gorgeous dressing-tables and wardrobes, boudoirs, pictures, statuary, and the hundred expensive knick-knacks and articles of vertu considered necessary in houses of no great pretensions in Europe, are all absent in a Turkish konak.

Harems are no doubt expensive luxuries, and are consequently more or less confined to the rich, but I doubt whether the maintenance of half-a-dozen wives and concubines costs more, if so much, as the maintenance of an opera singer, an actress, or the 'Pet of the Ballet.'

A great deal of nonsense is talked about 'Life in the Harem.' My wife visited several, and was on intimate terms with many of the ladies. She had naturally all the prejudices which English women have to the system. People forget that what men and women are born to, are educated for and accustomed to, is seldom onerous. A Mussulman woman, to use an Irishism, looks forward to a harem life, and for her it presents no terrors. According to her condition she is indifferent whether she enters on it in the position of a wife or a concubine. There is little or no jealousy amongst them, perhaps because there is little or no affection. There is no lack of occupation or amusement. Dress is as much an object of desire in Constantinople as in Paris, and since the establishment of Parisian modistes flirtations are not impossible. There may be a lack of education, since it is limited to exciting and satisfying the passions of men. To make herself agreeable to her husband or master is the one object of a woman's life, and to my masculine mind not an unworthy object. They make good mothers according to their lights, and as indulgent fathers the Turk has no superior. The

eunuch is an institution—an insignia of position and wealth. A harem without two or three eunuchs is regarded in much the same light by Turkish ladies as an Englishwoman regards an establishment which can only afford a one-horse chaise or a household with a parlour-maid instead of a butler. A little cajoling, bribery, and threatening keeps the black guardian much more in order than the fear of the ‘kurbash’ keeps the objects of his vigilance. Besides which there are means of getting rid of an objectionable guardian which, though seldom practised, are not unknown: and eunuchs are notorious cowards, insolent when armed against an unarmed man and in the impunity pertaining to their office, but very careful of their skins at the least show of opposition.

Of immorality, in the sense of illicit sensual connection, there is in comparison with other European nations extremely little in Turkey so far as the Mahomedan portion of the population is concerned, either in the country or in the towns. There are no such places as houses of ill-fame or any professional class of women. As regards men, this arises no doubt from their having the run of the harem at an immature age, so that they are pretty well played out before they reach the age of eighteen or twenty. Then, as a rule, they marry early, and as, if fairly well off, they may take unto themselves more than one wife, and, if poor or disinclined to support the expense of an establishment which each wife considers herself entitled to, they may take a concubine, who is more or less in the position of a privileged domestic, the inducements to illicit intercourse are neither great nor overpowering. When it does occur it is generally with Greeks or Armenians or foreign women and is carefully concealed. Among the peasantry polygamy is rare, and seduction or rape extremely so, since to uncover the nakedness of a Mahomedan woman is a social crime justifying the death by assassination or any other means of the perpetrator. Mahomedan officials, however, are very apt to consider the women of their Christian fellow-countrymen fair game, and in many cases their father, brothers, or friends dare not interfere, but as

the latter are not wanting either in physical strength, courage or cunning, the abductor knows and fears that at some time or other when the opportunity offers he is very likely to pay the penalty of his life for the indulgence of his amorous propensities. With Turkish women 'opportunity' is the main cause of immorality; if neglected or unable to obtain their fair share of their proprietor's favours they are apt to seize it on the occasion occurring, and the ladies of the higher classes are very apt to indulge their passions *faute de mieux* even with such lovers as the Croats who guard their vineyards or even with their boatmen. These men are, as a rule, of fine physique and in the full vigour of manhood. Hence it occasionally happens that the son of a poor worn-out old Pasha or Bey presents an appearance very little resembling that of his legal father. Eunuchs, no doubt, keep a sharp lookout, but they are open to bribery and are very careful of their skins, besides entertaining a very wholesome dread of the long knives which the Croats carry and which they use very readily. One of my boatmen, a Greek of the name of 'Georgy,' was the hero of an intrigue with the sister-in-law of one of my neighbours and was caught *in flagrante delicto* in the garden of the harem, and had it not been for his fellow boatmen—one of whom was a Turk, by the by—would have been then and there killed. Fortunately they rescued and brought him straight to me, and I at once put him in durance vile and then sought an interview with my neighbour, who naturally enough demanded that the man should be given up to him. This I demurred to unless the man was to be regularly tried, which would have entailed a certain publicity. At last I persuaded the Bey to consult his wife. The lady fortunately possessed some common sense, besides which she had a grievance against her husband, as he had a year or two before the occurrence refused his consent to a marriage the lady had arranged for her sister, and it was also clear that the sister was the seducer. So the matter was hushed up on my undertaking to punish the man, which I did by imprisoning him on short commons for six months, and then sent him away from Constantinople under

guarantees against his return. The fair seducer was sent to one of the Bey's estates in the interior, and soon afterwards became the third wife of a neighbouring landowner who was childless and very anxious to have children, which I have no doubt the lady was herself well content to beget. Thus the affair ended. The advent of French modistes and foreign shopkeepers in Pera will, however, very probably open up means for clandestine interviews, as under the excuse of shopping the ladies will be easily enabled to escape the vigilance of their black guardians. As to the tales told about foreigners obtaining access to harems and enjoying the privileges of favoured lovers therein, they are simple inventions of prurient imaginations. Few foreigners speak or even understand Turkish, the only language known, in my time at least, by Turkish women. Entrance to a harem to a Turk, not a near relative of the possessor, is almost impossible, and to a foreigner and a Giaour utterly and hopelessly so. All the bribery in the world would not compass it. There is absolutely neither secrecy nor privacy in the apartments of the women, and there are troops of servants and slaves, to say nothing of eunuchs, who certainly for no amount of love or cash down would incur the risks attendant on their connivance.

That Englishmen and other foreigners have been induced to believe they have been the heroes of intrigues with Turkish ladies is not unlikely. A good story which I know to be true illustrates this. When we first occupied Cyprus a gallant adventure with Pashalie houris was the object of many an ambition on the part of our officers. One in particular was determined to run all risks, and having discovered a barber who in his professional capacity had access to a harem, the latter undertook for a very handsome consideration to gratify the gallant Major's ambition. Arrangements were made, and in a kiosk in a vineyard away from prying eyes the lover sought his mistress. He found her attended by a faithful slave whom he liberally fee'd. A slight veil partially concealed the features of the fair one, a pair of lustrous humid eyes beamed on him,

dark tresses escaped the gay handkerchief which was coquettishly interwoven with the hair, an open *ferigee* disclosed beauties usually concealed, slippers adorned the feet. The lamp over the silk couch or divan revealed a recumbent figure, arms decked with bracelets which embraced him, and the hours passed all too soon. Thrice in successive weeks was the meeting renewed, when, hearing that suspicions had been roused, he reluctantly abstained.

All might have gone well and the gallant Major have rested on his laurels, triumphant at having out-manceuvred the jealous Turk, if success had not induced a little natural boasting. The Turks in the quarter took the alarm, and a little quiet investigation disclosed the fact that the wily barber had dressed up his own maid of all work, a buxom, mature, and Christian wench of not immaculate virtue, to represent a 'light of the harem,' he and she sharing the profits in the proportion of one-fourth to her and three-fourths to himself—the Major being some £60 out of pocket.

Turks spend little on their food, which is of the simplest kind. Wine and spirits are partaken of on the sly, and then but sparingly. A Turk neither gambles nor speculates. He is fond of horses, but neither hunts, bets, nor races. Two or three acres of prettily laid-out and cultivated garden land round his kiosk or country house serves all the purposes of a park. A caique or two, with well-dressed caique-jees pulling one, or two, or three pairs of sculls, is the only species of yacht he cares for. Dinner parties, entertainments, balls, receptions, garden parties, and indeed all money-costing fêtes are very uncommon, and may be said to be only indulged in to please the foreigners. Thus an income which would provide but a second-class establishment in England or France suffices for the most self-indulgent of Pashas.

Perhaps I am one of the comparatively few Europeans who have enjoyed the hospitality and almost intimacy of many of the higher classes of Turkish society. My position of 'Supreme Judge,' my freedom from diplomatic intrigue, my

sympathy with the religion of the country, and my hearty appreciation of Oriental manners and customs and of the difficulties surrounding the Porte and the Ministers, was the reason perhaps why I was always welcome and well received. I lived in a Turkish house and was pleased and satisfied with it without desiring to turn it into a European establishment. My women-kind and children lived in the harem part of it, and myself and secretaries in the *salemlik*. I did nothing to outrage the feelings or prejudices of the natives, was always glad to see my Mahomedan friends, and provided them with rose-water cleaned pipes and the best Salonica tobacco. Hence I was a *persona grata*.

Prince Murad, Abdul Mejid's son, the heir-apparent—and now in confinement as an alleged lunatic—used to come and see me on the sly. He was fond of horses, and as the foreign community had established race-meetings on the Sweet Waters of Europe, which were patronized by his uncle, the Sultan Abdul Aziz, was anxious to be initiated into the mysteries of the turf and to possess an English racer. Through his tailor, an Englishman and a very decent, honest fellow, I assisted him in the purchase of a plate runner which Tattersall sent out, a good sound horse with a sufficient turn of speed, at any rate, to beat the Sultan's Arabs, and two thoroughbreds that Sir Henry Bulwer sent for. On one occasion he beat the favourite horse of the Sultan, and the Prince was ordered into arrest. On another occasion when I was acting as judge—that official having been taken ill—and declared a horse a winner by half a length, the Sultan's horse got second place. This so disgusted His Imperial Majesty that he declared his own horse had won and insisted on the horse being declared the winner. Of course I flatly refused, upon which His Majesty insisted that the race should be run over again, and on my leaving the box placed his aide-de-camp as judge, but this time the royal beast came in a bad third. His Majesty, however, had the grace to apologise.

CHAPTER XIV

SOME confusion used to arise in the popular mind, especially amongst the country people, as to my position. The title of 'Supreme Judge' which the Turks had given me, instead of my real title of 'Judge of the Supreme Consular Court,' created an impression in some of the provinces that I was a high judicial functionary of the Sultan, and when I went circuit into the interior I was frequently petitioned and entreated to decide all sorts of cases. Of course I declined whenever I could do so, although Fuad Pasha always begged me to use my own discretion on the subject. On one occasion in Asia Minor a deputation from two villages (between which a feud of long standing existed and which had been the cause of much blood-shedding) would take no refusal, and squatted down in front of the inn, insisting on my then and there listening to their grievances. I sent for the Cadi and begged him to explain to the villagers that I was an English Judge and not a Turkish Judge. He very courteously replied that so far from that having the desired effect it would only make them the more determined, since each of the two villages knew that the previous conflicting decisions that had been given to them had been the result of bribery, they having given the bribes. Well, out he went and harangued them, to no effect; back he came and urged me to listen to them, saying that I need not even pretend to act officially and he himself was willing to join in the request. So next morning I held a durbar; the case was fairly enough stated by two spokesmen, elders, and after a few questions I gave judgment. The question had reference to a large tract of indivisible pasture land, portions of which were occasionally put under tillage, when of course the wandering cattle devoured the chief part of

the crops. I decreed 'that once in every five years two of the elders of each village should mark out the part destined for tillage, that under tillage it should remain for three years, and then another part be marked out, each village jointly cultivating and dividing the crops, that a rough fence should be put up at the joint cost of the two villages, and that the village who disregarded the decree or violated its provisions should forfeit its share of produce for one year.' This the Cadi reduced to writing, and put his seal to it, and the people after consulting as to what present I was to receive and expressing surprise when told by the Cadi that I should feel fearfully insulted, went on their way rejoicing and sent me a lamb cooked in rice and pistachio nuts for my supper. I had to shake hands with the whole mob, who declared that 'English wisdom was direct from Allah.'

Just before I left Turkey some years after, I out of curiosity made my Turkish scribe write to the Cadi and ask him if the decree had been observed. He wrote back saying, 'that if the Prophet himself had issued it, it would not have been more faithfully obeyed.' As may be imagined I did not inquire into titles or bother myself with Koranic law, but simply sought to devise a common-sense arrangement. Of course on my return I told Fuad Pasha the incident. 'Ah!' he said, 'if we could only find a man the people would trust, and who himself and his people could not be bribed, we should get on.'

Again, on the borders of Kurdistan, on arriving at a village where I determined to rest for a day or two after a two days' ride on a beast of a horse over execrable roads, my host informed me that some elders of the vilayet, hearing of the coming of the 'Supreme Judge,' were anxious to see me. Experience had taught me that it is of no use making excuses and that the best way is at once to acquiesce, so in about a dozen sheep-skinned men walked. They seemed to me to belong to a race of giants—not one was under six feet high and several over, as to their width across the chest it must have been nearer fifty than forty inches, possibly their clothing added something to their size ;

they were all armed, but were otherwise peaceable looking. They came to beg my help with the Grand Vizier, to whom for the last three or four years they had addressed petitions about some grievance and had received no answer. That was all they wanted. Of course I told them I would mention the fact to him, and further said I was sure he was not the man to ignore a just complaint on the part of any one.

Having given this promise I went on my return to see Fuad and simply told him what had been told me, but added I knew nothing of the grievance complained of. He forthwith summoned the head of the Kurdish department, who came and stated that no petitions had been received. He was detained in the room and the second clerk was sent for. Then a third and a fourth. None of them knew anything. A fifth was sent for. By his manner it was clear that something was to be got out of him. He pretended to have a faint recollection about some memorial on some trifling matter which Fuad proceeded in rather a lively manner to refresh. He was told to go and bring it, and did produce a paper with a date about a year back. The others looked very pale and trembled. Whilst this document was being read he was sent back to bring three previous petitions. Then Fuad with dangerous softness inquired why these petitions had not been laid before him. Mumbling answers were given—evidently the blame was being laid on some absent person's shoulders. Then ensued a little scene which edified me immensely, and I recommend the adoption of Fuad's discipline to the heads of European State Departments. The chief, second, third, fourth, and fifth clerks were then and there sent down to the lowest rank in the department, which caused the sixth clerk to come to the top—all under him being promoted. Fuad with his own hand wrote an order, telling me he had directed an immediate inquiry which would be sent off by a special messenger. I presume it resulted in some benefit to the petitioners. 'This,' said he, 'gives you an idea of how the State is served. How can I redress wrongs if I never hear of them? And yet all the blame falls on me.'

About three or four months after this I was sitting at my window which overlooked the Bosphorus—indeed was only about twenty-five feet from it—when I saw a Black Sea wood boat lower her high lateen sail, glide alongside the quay and make fast. Out jumped a man with a paper in his hand and walked into the courtyard, meeting Halil the cavass, who went and looked into the boat and then came up to me and handed me a remarkably dirty piece of coarse paper. Inside this was a long silken bag and inside the bag was a long document. Then Halil growled out something about a dog. I sent for my dragoman, who on reading it said that the people of a certain place ‘called down the blessings of heaven on the head of the “Supreme Judge,” who, faithful to his promise, had interceded for them with the Grand Vizier, who had promptly redressed their wrongs, that they were shepherds and woodmen and had nothing to give, but hearing that I had inquired about and admired the dogs who guarded their flocks, sent me one of the best they had, as a token of their gratitude,’ etc. Down I went and in the waist of the caique was a large cage, inside of which was a huge tawny coloured animal with a head and mane like a lion. The cage was got out and transported into the courtyard, the boatmen duly tipped, and off went the boat.

Then came a council of war—how was the animal to be got out and where was he to be put? Old Luker, my Bulgarian groom, solved the difficulty. Close by was an open stone shed about the size of a large kennel with a strong staple in the side of it. In this he put a truss of barley straw and some water; fortunately the animal had a stout leather collar on. Three chains from the staple were linked together and snapped into the ring of the collar; the other end being fastened to the staple: the cage, which was in the nature of a crate, was speedily got to pieces by drawing out the wooden bars, and there was the dog free except as regards the chain. Some meat was sent for from the kitchen, and the huge beast, evidently half-starved, enjoyed a good dinner. He was the largest dog I had ever seen, of a rich tawny colour, longish in the hair, which hung like a mane

over the neck to the forehead, in the face he looked like a St. Bernard. I will not trust myself to give his dimensions, but if any one has the curiosity to learn, he may find 'Arslan's' portrait and dimensions in, I think, *The Lady*—at any rate a sister paper to the *Field*. If my memory serves me aright he stood from the ground to the shoulder about two feet four inches, and from his nose to his tail, which was a most superb appendage, about six feet six inches. At any rate he took the prize for the largest dog exhibited at, I think, the Birmingham Show. I kept him for a couple of years, and then sent him to my old friend, Herbert Siborne. He did not live long in England, dying of some disease of the liver. How my friends the Kurds heard of his death I know not, but they did, and sent me another, a fine pup of the same breed, which I confided to the care of my chum, Frank Buckland, the naturalist, with whom he lived for many years. Both these dogs were pictures, both good tempered and not the least quarrelsome. If attacked by any of the street dogs on the quay they would seize them by the small of the back and either bang them up against the first wall they came to, or jump with them into the Bosphorus and swim about with them until they were drowned. Upon one occasion one of them seized a pilfering Croat who came after some linen drying in the yard and pretty nearly demolished him. Fortunately Luker heard the groans and growling and rescued the man, ironed him, and next morning I sent him to the Croat head-man of the district with my compliments, saying that I thought he had been sufficiently punished—a proceeding which made my premises inviolable.

CHAPTER XV

I took no regular holidays, but on my circuits visited all the places of interest *en route* and in the neighbourhood. In this way I called in at all the principal islands of the Archipelago, in most of which we had Consuls, Vice-Consuls, or Consular Agents. Under a decent government every one of these islands would become flourishing places and a large revenue might undoubtedly be collected without in any way oppressing the people. As health and pleasure resorts they would soon rival the Riviera, Madeira, and the Azores. Scio, Rhodes, and Candia are beautiful in regard to scenery and coast lines, besides being full of interesting associations. The climate is perfect. In imagination I could see picturesque villas surrounded by vineyards and orange and lemon groves rising one above the other on the terraces which overlook the blue waters of the Archipelago, in which yachts of all sizes could safely sail. The islanders, if properly governed, would make excellent sailors—as it is, very little is wanting to turn them into pirates and marauders. All they want is a just and stiffish hand over them. Now they have no respect for the law and do not therefore obey it. Mongrels in race and religion, they have the stuff in them, the making of good agriculturists and sailors. Taken in hand by England, with English wealth pouring into them from the pockets of travellers, tourists, and residents, the islands of the Archipelago would become heavenly retreats. I used to think that on my retirement from the service I would buy land in Cyprus, build myself an Italian villa, keep a felucca yacht, and enjoy the remainder of my life under the blue sky and on the blue waters surrounding that delicious island, striving

to merit heaven by combining the characters of a patriarch and of a feudal chief, and I wish now I had done so—but *l'homme propose et Dieu dispose!*'

I have always possessed or fancied I possessed a faculty of imagining what a country or place is like before I have seen it, and it has been a wonderful source of pleasure to me. So lively and accurate has been this power of fore-picturing that I have been almost tempted to believe it is to be traced to survival of memory—that in some stage of a previous existence I have actually seen the places, and at one time or another have lived in them and borne a part in their life.

If I had been as a lad a great reader of travels, etc., I should say that it was merely a recollection of what I had read revived by the sight of the actual places themselves; but I did not read anything but *Robinson Crusoe*, Pope's *Homer*, Miss Edgeworth's tales, and Scott's novels until I was twelve or fourteen years old, the last I knew by heart. Indeed in those days the romance of travel was in its infancy. Such accounts of foreign lands as were written were not sufficiently attractive to take a boy's fancy or to linger long in his recollection. Moreover, it was and is a matter of intense regret to me that I never read up anything about the many countries and out-of-the-way places I have been in until I had left them, or I should have profited more by those I did visit and should have known what to seek and inquire for.

For the Islands of Scio, Rhodes, Cyprus, and Candia I have positively a romantic attachment.

No countries in the world have been more the sport of fortune, none perhaps have reached such a pitch of ideal perfection, and none, with the exception of Peru and Mexico, have fallen so low. Scio, at one time the garden of the world, embracing an area of about thirty miles by ten, boasted a population of 120,000. Chios, its chief city, must have been a sight to see—its houses, palaces, and churches, ruins of which still remain, being in the best style of Italian architecture. It contained a college and was defended by a Genoese castle of great

strength. For its size it was the wealthiest island in Europe, or indeed anywhere else. It carried on a large trade with Italy, Greece, and the adjacent mainland of Asia Minor, and at its own expense fitted out a fleet of one hundred vessels of war to resist the Persians. Its silks, embroideries, wines and gums were celebrated, and its women were amongst the most beautiful and graceful of their sex. Even now some of them, especially of the lower class, are eminently attractive; but the island is a ruin, with a population not exceeding, I should think, some 12,000 souls.

Rhodes reached perhaps its zenith of commercial prosperity during the Phœnician period. Its numerous tumuli are full of the most graceful products of Etruscan, Greek, and Egyptian art, some few specimens of which, thanks to our Vice-Consul Billiotti, I was able to secure. This gentleman, in partnership with M. Salzmann, the French Consul, made a glorious collection, the greater part of which is now to be seen in the British and Paris Museums. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe had procured for Billiotti an Imperial firman, enabling him to open up graves, etc., and generally collect antiquities. The means to do so were grudgingly supplied by the authorities of the British Museum, but on such conditions as would have effectually damped the industry and enthusiasm of any one but the two friends. Disagreements occurred and the work of exploration came almost to an end. The British Museum not only acted like Shylocks but like dogs in the manger, until Lord Stratford and myself agreed to find the necessary cash to carry on the work of exploration; when the authorities of the British Museum took fright, came to their senses, and submitted to reasonable terms.

The cliffs of the islands are of a peculiar white earthy formation, so soft, that when not exposed to the air and sun, it can be easily moulded by the fingers into any shape, and in twenty-four hours after exposure to the sun and air it becomes as hard as stone. This accounts for the relics of pottery of all kinds that are found there. Billiotti and myself traversed more than

once the length and breadth of the island, which is about forty miles by twenty. The interior is well wooded, the soil remarkably fertile, producing corn, grapes, figs, pomegranates, honey, and roses, wild and cultivated, in abundance; the coast is full of bays and inlets in which shipping of all kinds can safely anchor, in the neighbouring sea are valuable sponge fisheries. Visiting these one day a diver brought up the neck and handle of an oil jar on which a sponge was growing, and which I secured. On washing the handle I found a name and date in Greek characters. The name was that of a village Tetrarch or Prytanis, the date, the 2nd Olympiad—about, I conjecture, 770 B.C. Some kind friend stole it from my cottage at Weybridge whilst I was in China.

The town of Rhodes is situated on the sides of a gentle amphitheatric hollow from the sea. There are two ports, an outer and inner one, and a sort of boat port or dock, the entrance to which is only a few feet across—perhaps ten or twelve feet—and if the lower masonry of the two sides of this is examined it will be found to be of wholly unnecessary solidity. It is this opening which the famous Colossus probably bestrode. It is, moreover, visible from every part of the town and can also be seen from some parts of the sea. At the end of the outer port is a Genoese castle. The town is now insignificant. It must have once covered a considerable area of ground on which many ruins or rather foundations of many large buildings are still visible. Fortifications of great size and strength surround it. There is a long broad street called the Street of Knights, on each side of which are the dwellings of the Knights of St. John. They are uniform one-storied buildings constructed of stone, the insides are pretty well gutted, and most of the windows and doors are gone, but some few of the latter remain. Over where the entrances are there are still the arms of the inmates deeply cut in the stone-work. At the back of one of these houses was a large heap of rubbish, from which I dug out a piece of rusty chain armour. The street is entirely deserted; it must be quite a quarter of a mile in length. No one lives there: the inhabitants

insist that it is haunted by the knights, who on certain feast-days hold nightly revels, consequently no one but strangers ever visit it, even in the day. A few cats were prowling about, evidently in search of the small owls or other birds who build their nests in the walls. Seen by moonlight it has a ghastly look. The suburbs are well filled by orange gardens and by the houses of a few of the more wealthy traders and some Turkish officials. The English Consul, Lieutenant Campbell, a regular old sea-dog but a genial good soul, lived in one facing the sea, and at his house I generally put up, he lending me his donkey, a fine animal standing thirteen and a quarter hands, who could amble a good six miles an hour over any country and all day long.

There are the remains of two or three large towns in different parts of the islands and of some isolated buildings which might have been potteries, since Rhodes, previous to its capture in the sixteenth century (1522) by the Turks, supplied the islands and the mainland with crockery for ordinary use. I found some of the old plates and flagons hanging up in some cottages and bought them for a few shillings; two of the latter I priced at the Kensington Museum some years ago and found them worth from sixteen to twenty-two guineas. I also secured three brass trenchers which the Knights of St. John used, which appear to be Nuremburg work, bordered by old German characters, with coats of arms in the centre.

Crete (known in mediaeval times as Candia), by far the largest of the islands, lies at the broad mouth of the Archipelago. Strategically it might easily be made to command its entrance and in the same way the water-way to Egypt, since it possesses many bays in which fleets could lie in perfect safety; as a naval station for England in the Mediterranean it would be unrivalled. The island is about 165 miles long by forty or fifty broad. A long mountainous region rises like a backbone or hog's back throughout its length, with occasional transverse ridges to the sea. Mount Ida is said to be nearly 8000 feet in altitude. The cliffs at places are very high and seem to rise abruptly from the sea. Extensive plains of rich land are common, the valleys be-

tween the mountain spurs are full of olive, orange, and lemon plantations. The inhabitants, of Greek and Italian origins, are in a chronic state of revolution, those in the hilly parts acknowledging no government. Many of them are nominal but very lax Mussulmans, and their women do not hide their faces like Turkish women. Polygamy is rare even amongst the higher classes.

Although everyone told me it was dangerous to wander far from Canea I took several long rides into the interior, climbed many hills, visited Suda Bay, and met with nothing but civility and even courteous hospitality. I was most anxious to ascend Mount Ida, and although I reached the foot of it, the promised guide did not put in an appearance and I was reluctantly obliged to return. It was on this trip I learned to like olives—those such as we get in England I detest. Our commissariat had started overnight, but somehow or other my friends and myself missed the appointed meeting-place. I had been riding since daylight and on an empty stomach, and was overcome with heat, fatigue, and thirst. Nothing was to be seen of the breakfast, and nothing ever was seen of it until our return, and then somebody got it pretty hot. Almost half-a-mile from where we had dismounted one of our party discovered a house surrounded by a vast olive plantation. It had the appearance of a small monastery, all the windows were inside overlooking a spacious court, the outer walls were loop-holed; indeed, all the lower part of the larger houses in the interior seemed built for defence. The entrance was through an immense gate of solid wood about six inches thick, and in this gate there was a small wicket. The sole inhabitant was a peasant, evidently the guardian of the olive woods, who had nothing to offer us but a jar of little black olives floating in their own oil, and some ‘damper bread,’ soft puffy stuff about an inch thick and about the size of a dinner plate, which had evidently been toasted over a charcoal fire. Hungry and faint as I was, I could not for some minutes make up my mind even to taste this uninviting fare. At last I ventured, and to my delight found it excellent. The olives

were delicious, and the oil into which I was persuaded to soak the bread, fresh, cool, and aromatic in flavour. I do not think I ever enjoyed a meal more, and partook thereof voraciously. Not only was my hunger and thirst satisfied, but I felt strangely invigorated. Fatigue vanished, and after a few cigarettes and a short rest I was equal to anything. We had the same fare for dinner under the shade of some olive trees, and from that time I felt that I could for the future live independent of butcher's meat, French rolls, beer or champagne. It was at once an experience and an education. I am persuaded that there is no more wholesome diet or one which will better enable a man to do hard work or support him on a long and fatiguing journey.

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CHAPTER XVI

OF all the islands the most attractive and beautiful to my mind is Cyprus. It is not quite so large as Candia, being about 100 miles long by thirty to sixty miles broad, and lies within sixty miles of the Syrian coast. Nothing can exceed its beauty, climate, or vegetation. The coast line all round it is full of the most delicious nooks and corners. How it got a bad name, when we first took possession of it, I know not, except indeed it was that our soldiers' camps were placed on the marsh lands, and they were allowed to eat as much fruit, ripe and unripe, and drink as much Comandaria wine as they could get.

In my time it was looked on as a health resort. I know a fortnight's stay rambling about it set me up for a twelvemonth.

It had originally more than twenty-five towns of considerable size, all of which were flourishing ports and strongly fortified. It has now at most four or five. Its surface is diversified with mountains—one of which is 7000 feet above the sea-level, and many more are between 4000 and 5000 feet—and plains, the largest, that of Messaria in the south-east, could, if attention were paid to irrigation, produce any amount of corn. The hills are covered with trees, which are being ignorantly and foolishly cut down, and the valleys, most of which are open to the sea, contain soil that will grow anything. The rainfall is sufficient for all purposes of agriculture, horticulture, and vineyards, but the storage of water has been, since the Turks possessed it, neglected, and the irrigation works are in ruin. Remains of temples and sacred groves are to be met with everywhere.

Locusts, it is true, are a terrible scourge; but if vast plains are allowed at one season to become lakes of stagnant water, then

mud swamps, and finally burnt-up deserts, no wonder they breed locusts, and every other description of noxious insects.

Nikosia is the capital, Limasol and Larnica the only commercial centres. Famagusta, with its quaint Venetian palaces surrounded by fortifications, is almost in ruins.

The sight now of all this decay and ruin is enough to make the gods weep. Poor Venus ! She still visits the land, but has become a dirty trull, mad from genuine grief.

All the islands I have mentioned seem to have been first colonized by the Phoenicians, they then passed into the possession of the Egyptians, and for a short time were held by Persia. From Persia they fell to Greece, from Greece to Rome, from Rome to the Byzantines, from the Byzantines to the Saracens, from them to Venice and Genoa, and since 1580 they have formed part of the Ottoman Empire.

I have never been able to understand—and do not at the present moment understand—how or why the nations of Western Europe, particularly England, have allowed these islands to be ruined by the Turks. We must within the last hundred years have had many opportunities of saving them from such a cruel fate and of appropriating them, to our own advantage and that of the world, to say nothing of the welfare, prosperity, and happiness of the inhabitants. They lie on the high road to Constantinople and the Black Sea, and their possessor could with a few ships command the whole Archipelago as well as the water-way to Egypt and Syria. If, indeed, Turkey had been only a weak Power, while possessing the art of merely governing fairly well, something might be said for the present arrangement, but for the last 300 years she has done nothing but ruin and destroy, with the result that these lovely islands have been more than decimated of a hard-working and intelligent population—hardly now produce sufficient to maintain in a semi-state of starvation those who are left, whilst year after year the land is thrown out of cultivation, forests necessary to the seasonal equalization of the temperature are cut down ; as to trade, there is little or nothing of it that is worth encouraging,

if even there was anyone with energy to encourage it. Taxation is out of all proportion to the producing power of the inhabitants, and is expended in maintaining a Government which neglects every duty of a Government.

A crowning act of folly, however, would be to hand over the islands to Greece. The Greeks have absolutely no genius for government. Witness the mess they have made of the Ionian Islands, which were handed over to them in an almost perfect state. Every public work is now in a state of ruin, every trader and merchant is a bankrupt, public order is not maintained. The police, which were excellent, are now lazy loafers. Massacres of the Jews have become almost an annual fête. Trade and cultivation of the land is dying out; throughout every department there is disorder, where only a few years ago there was order.

A Greek, in short, has but one object in life, and that is to become a salaried servant of the Government, and, when he succeeds in becoming one it is then his ambition to do as little for his salary as possible, and to make his place pay by abusing his authority.

In Greece proper the Government is a farce. Its object is not to govern, but to secure possession of the loaves and fishes which fall to the lot of those who are successful in the struggle for place and power. It is all nonsense to talk, for instance, as they do talk in Athens, of the difficulty of putting down brigandage. It could be done in a month if any one was sincere about it; but no one is. The fact is all Greeks are brigands—brigands in politics, in trade, in finance as well as socially. They would plunder heaven and rob their God if they could only get at either. The only check on his national weakness is the fear of not getting money by way of a foreign loan, that keeps them decently moral. If ever Greece gets possession of the islands of the Archipelago, it will only be to extend the sphere of brigandage—social, political, and financial.

As usual we made a mistake when we took over Cyprus. Instead of establishing a quasi-representative Government, we

ought to have sent over a first class administrator with a free hand, leaving him to nominate and dismiss at his pleasure a council of elders selected by himself without regard to nationality and religion from amongst those of the natives whom a very little experience would have taught him he could trust. A few Englishmen selected from the army and navy to act as Magistrates and Collectors of Revenue, and a Constabulary force modelled on that of Ireland, with a rough and ready Court of Appeal in which the legal element should alone be visible by its absence or in the person of its presiding officer, and in a couple of years the inhabitants would have blessed our rule.

CHAPTER XVII

WHILST on circuit at Smyrna I one day received a communication from the Minister of Justice informing me that there was a row between the Ionian priests and the Russian priests in the convents on Mount Athos, suggesting that I should pay them a visit and inquire about it, as the Turkish Government did not desire to interfere. Accordingly I chartered a large felucca and set sail for the Holy Mountain, landing at a village near to the Canal of Xerxes. This necessitated my riding nearly the whole length of the Isthmus, which projects from Chalcidice into the Archipelago. On each side fronting the two bays or gulfs of Monte Santo and Contessa, I forget the number of convents, monasteries, chapels, and hermitages I passed, but the whole peninsula swarmed with them. To each of the monasteries a considerable amount of ground is attached which is cultivated to some profit by the monks, lay brethren, and labourers. The gardens also are extensive and well laid out. The monks are supposed to be under very strict discipline, and women, it is said, are forbidden to approach within a certain distance of the buildings. All the same I saw a considerable number of them, some working in the fields and some carrying loads down the winding roads. Indeed, it is difficult to find any level land of any extent, and everything of any weight is conveyed on mule or donkey back. Within the monasteries there is certainly no evidence of either comfort or wealth, although it is said that some of them are fabulously rich, which I very much doubt. Beyond the little trade in what may almost be called 'garden produce,' the monasteries derive their principal source of income from the pilgrims who, after all, are not very

numerous, and as the resident population numbers about 12,000 souls—8000 of which are monks—to feed and clothe this number of individuals must necessitate a considerable annual expenditure. Possibly the Greek Churches in Russia, Greece, and Turkey, including Servia, Bulgaria, and the Principalities, may contribute something, but not one of these churches is rich in the sense of possessing surplus revenue.

It is said that some of the monasteries possess many rare and valuable MSS. It is, however, clear that there are not in the whole Peninsula a dozen men of any culture who could distinguish between what is valuable and what is not. Some worthless copies were shown to me as originals, and some of the monks were copying others which were becoming obliterated by damp ; but these were themselves but mere copies. It is possible that in their cellars some treasures might be found ; but since a visitor who got permission to copy some MSS. was accused of stealing them, they are kept locked up and no one is allowed access to them. As, however, the oldest of the monasteries was built and endowed by Constantine, and the monks have never been distinguished for their learning—and indeed, for the last 200 years have been remarkable for their ignorance—it is not very likely that the stores collected have any value. The Ionian monastery certainly possesses none, except a few badly illuminated missals of no great age.

The dispute between the Russians and the Ionians was, like most disputes between ecclesiastics, a very stupid one. It related to a right-of-way across some land belonging to one of the parties to one of the pilgrimage sites, and to what infinitesimal proportion of the offerings the convent owning the land was entitled to. There was absolutely no evidence on which to come to a decision. As usual there had been one or two free fights, etc., but I thought the Ionians were in the wrong, arriving at that conclusion mainly because the Ionian Abbot, or whatever name he called himself, was what in the language of thieves would be called a 'leary cove,' and the Russian a stupid blockhead. So I frightened them both by suggesting

that the Turkish Government should send a high official to settle it, which they both knew meant very disagreeable interference and a considerable outlay of hard cash, so they agreed that it should not go any further. Whether it did or not I know not, but I never heard any more of it.

A more utterly useless community I never beheld. It does not seem even to have the capacity of animal enjoyment. However, I suppose the withdrawal of 8000 useless human beings is some benefit to humanity, and it would be difficult to find a slip of country more suited to their interment than the Isthmus of Mount Athos.

CHAPTER XVIII

I MUST not close my career in Turkey without recounting an adventure which might have placed me in a disagreeable position. I was riding home to Therapia about five o'clock in the afternoon when just outside Pera I saw a lady on horseback in front of me. This was a somewhat out-of-the-way sight. As I cantered up I noticed her horse, one of the most beautiful animals of the Arab race I had ever seen, even surpassing my own, which had originally been a present made to Lady Stratford by the Sultan. I could not see the rider's face as it was covered with a dark veil, that she had a good figure was made clear by the ease with which she sat on her horse; nor did I care much to look, my attention being riveted on her mount. After passing and re-passing her several times, I took courage and addressed her, praising her Arab, and so got into conversation; she raised her veil and disclosed a beautiful face, which for the moment distracted my attention from her horse. On nearing the village of Mashlak I told her I expected to see my little girl, who regularly came to meet me for a canter home, and she in reply said she had often seen me, as on more than one occasion she had ridden this distance behind me. After the ice was thus broken I met her frequently, always, however, on horseback and in her habit, although she told me she had seen me at Embassy balls and garden parties. How it was I had never noticed her I know not, perhaps it was just as well. I then missed seeing her for nearly a year, if not longer, when one day in mid-winter, going to a luncheon party in the Grande Rue de Pera, where I expected to find my wife and some friends, I saw approaching me a figure, clad in sables, and wearing a fur Andalusian sort of hat, the mouth

and nose being covered by a Shetland wrap. Behind her was a picturesque figure enveloped in a cloak holding something in her arms. Somehow the eyes and carriage of the first figure seemed familiar to me, and I am afraid I stared. To my delight the Shetland wrap was untwisted and a voice I recognized immediately greeted me. I told her of course of my delight in again meeting her and how her long absence had grieved me—a little exaggeration, I admit—when, beaming with smiles and laughter, she turned suddenly round, whipped the something out of the attendant's arms, deposited it in mine, saying—'Voilà, monsieur, votre enfant!' I admit being taken a little aback; but what man would not be, by having a baby given him to hold in a public street and being told that it was his—more especially when almost under a window where his wife and a lot of curious friends were watching the comedy below. However, I recovered myself, kissed the baby, which really was a lovely little pink and white thing, and carefully folding over the cape, returned it to the nurse, saying, 'Madame, it is a baby that any father would be proud of.' This, I think, committed me to nothing, and really I did feel disappointed when I looked on the mother—so fresh, so gay, so pretty, and so full of wicked fun—that I had had no chance of being the father of such a little warm soft bit of humanity. After a few complimentary words we parted, and I never saw her or my baby again, nor did I know, or ever have known, either her name or where she lived. I could not, however, have sworn that I had never held her in my arms, because once, her horse having got a stone firmly fixed in his shoe, I had to lift her out of her saddle (which I did *con amore*) to hammer it out. Of course I got 'roasted' at lunch, as I faithfully related the story.

Well, some six or seven months after, the Minister of Police sent me a warrant to back, to enable his agents to enter, as he said, a British house. I saw that the house was one which the English banker Hanson had some three years before lived in and subsequently sold under somewhat peculiar circumstances, as he had been offered a very large price for it as it stood fur-

nished, by an Armenian banker of note, who had refused to say for whom he was acting. So I declined. Again the Minister sent and begged me to comply, as, whether sold or not, the house still stood on his register as British property. On this I sent one of the dragomen with the Police Agent, instructing him only to act if the occupant claimed British protection and to report to me. This he did. The house was bare and empty except one room, where the caretaker, an old woman, lived, who was quite willing for it to be searched, and searched it was, nothing being found, except in an attic, an immense chest bound with iron. With difficulty, and the aid of a blacksmith, it was opened and found to contain false Kaimès (paper money) to the amount of some millions of piastres, the notes varying in value from ten piastres to 1000 piastres. They were all exact facsimiles of the notes from the Treasury, only superior in the quality of the paper, which was slightly tougher and more durable, and in the workmanship. Subsequent inquiries, at which I assisted, disclosed that an immense amount of similar notes had been put in circulation, that many of them had actually passed through the Treasury, and that none had ever been repudiated as false. It was to my mind clear that the issue had been made with the connivance of officials; but the fact that interested me most was the accurate description given of my lady the possessor of the Arab horse, of the fact that the house and its contents had been taken for her and paid for in hard cash, and that she, in conjunction with others, were the confidential agents of a gang of counterfeit coiners in Russia. A pretty mess I should have been in if I had fallen a victim to her charms; but I must say that nothing could have been more ladylike than her whole bearing. If she was a criminal she was a very sweet and interesting one. My belief is that the Government recouped their losses by quietly permitting the circulation of the notes thus discovered.

I succeeded also in an experiment I tried of bringing together the Ministers of the different religious bodies at certain fortnightly Thursday dinners I gave. The head of the Jesuits or

Lazarists, the Abbé Borè, Father Molloy a Benedictine, an American Protestant missionary, an Italian bishop, a Greek archimandrite, an Armenian priest, a rabbi, a Turkish mollah, and the Embassy chaplain—all sat round my table, and I hope and think thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The conversation flowed easily, no subject, not even religion, was prohibited, and never once was there the slightest hitch. The problem that opposing religionists could meet in good-fellowship was solved. These dinners remain to me amongst the pleasant recollections of my residence in Turkey.

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CHAPTER XIX

DURING my stay in Turkey I had to go several times to Egypt. We had an excellent Consul there, Mr. Smith, who hailed the new order of things with delight. He had a considerable amount of judicial and magisterial work to do, and an extremely unruly lot of subjects to deal with, the riff-raff of Malta and of the Ionian Islands; and the appointment of a legal Vice-Consul promised him relief from the most onerous portion of his duties. It would, besides, give him leisure to pursue his studies in entomology and time to devote to his collection of coins, of which he was supposed to have one of the most complete in the world, that is, of private collections. This pursuit, however, involved him in serious trouble when a year after he was appointed Consul-General in the Ionian Islands, from which I was fortunate enough to extricate him.

If the Turkish authorities and foreign Consulates were difficult to deal with in Constantinople they were ten times more obstructive in Egypt, the French Consulate especially. M. de Lesseps had begun his canal, and the place swarmed with loafers who pretended they wanted work; gambling houses and houses of ill-fame, euphoniously called *cafés*, sprang up like magic. Murders and stabbing affrays, especially at Port Said, were of nightly occurrence. The French protected their ruffians, and we were obliged in self-defence to protect ours, so that the relations between the two Consulates were anything but amicable. Once only, and that for a few months, a Frenchman was sent out as a *locum tenens*. This gentleman, I forget his name, imagined it was a part of his duty to keep order, and that without reference to nationality or national jealousy, and

to work he went with a will in concert, instead of opposition to, the British Consulate; but the papers and the canal authorities made the place too hot, and to my regret he was recalled. It was then that the idea of a mixed Court composed of the different Consuls or their delegates suggested itself to me.

Said and Abbas Pashas, sons of old Mehemet Ali and Viceroy, I knew. I cannot say they were in any sense 'nice' fellows; but they were not wanting in intelligence and would have governed fairly well if they had been allowed or even let alone; but they were not strong men, and easily frightened and influenced, and our French friends bullied them disgracefully. Of the two last Khedives I knew nothing, but there was a younger son or grandson of old Mehemet Ali, himself called Mehemet Ali, who was superior to the whole lot. On one occasion I accompanied him to France, that is, I travelled with him, having made his intimate acquaintance in Egypt. He was a great big fat fellow, fairly free from vice, and not a bad companion, with a great deal more character and knowledge than any of his relations, and thoroughly well disposed to the British; I do not think he ever came to the viceregal throne. The great secret of dealing with Oriental rulers, or individuals who may become rulers, lies in winning their confidence. They are in some respects like children. It does not do to be always 'keeping school' or preaching to them. One must join them in their games, as it were, take an interest in their pursuits, be to their faults and weaknesses a 'little,' or perhaps I should say 'not a little,' blind. Their morality is of a different shade to ours, and after all it is only a shade different. While we are quietly and secretly immoral, they are openly so. Neither Frenchmen, Russians, nor Germans are really liked by them in the same way as they like us. I grant it, it is not everyone who is as gifted as, for instance, Drummond Hay was, but who ever, of late years, had such influence over the Moors as he had? I shall be told that my particular object of admiration, Lord Stratford, did not condescend to any such intimacy or *bon-homie*. That is true; but then the great Elchee was not only

an old man and a man of peculiarly venerable appearance, but he was also a giant, a Nestor, prophet, and protector, rolled into one. The Turks could no more have presumed to be intimate with him socially than they could have presumed to be intimate with Mahomet himself.

I often discussed matters with Mehemet Ali Pasha and found him not only willing to learn but anxious to put the judicial system on a better footing and to extend the protection of the law to the poorest fellah. On his own estates he appeared to be a good master; they were certainly well cultivated and his people seemed to be comfortably off. He was, however, a thorough Mahomedan, and could not understand why we made such a fuss about domestic slavery, declaring, I believe rightly, that the slaves were much better off than the paid free servants.

I have mentioned, I think, already, that I was instructed to proceed on one occasion to Khartoum to inquire into the slave trade there, and if necessary to bring offenders before the Court, especial reference being made to a Maltese of the name of Michele Borg.

This was undoubtedly a large order, seeing that at least half the population were more or less engaged either directly or indirectly in the traffic. Fortunately I had not proceeded far on the journey, not more indeed than to the second Cataract, when my cavass reported that there was a large party with camels, tents, horses, etc., coming towards us. I sent him on to inquire who it was, and on his return found that it was M. Michele Borg himself, travelling apparently *en Prince*. He pitched his camp not very far off, and came to pay me a visit, informing me that he had heard that I was coming, and thought it only becoming he should save me so long and fatiguing a journey. He was a fine old fellow to look at, and as it did not appear there were any proceedings of any kind commenced against him, I let him tell me on our way back to Cairo his version of how the suspicions against him originated.

He began by saying that he had resided in Egypt for the last half century, and that during the greater part of the time he

had been an ivory merchant, as indeed were most of the traders in Khartoum—even our own Consular officers were more or less engaged or interested either as principals or sleeping partners—but that he had been the most successful, hence the jealousy with which he was regarded. He did not attempt to deny that he had at one time sold slaves and had sent them up to Egypt for sale, although he had not done so for some years; not, however, from any moral objection to the trade, but because in his case it was no longer necessary, and exposed him as a British subject to some risk which, at his time of life and being a rich man, he did not care to run. He then proceeded to explain his mode of dealing, apart from the simple process of buying ivory from the Arabs or Soudanese. Most of the tribes in the interior, he said, were tusk-hunters. Tribal wars were common, not from feuds, or desire of land or power, but simply as a means by which unsuccessful hunters could obtain by the chances of warfare that which successful hunters had become possessed of. If, for instance, a tribe or village was known to have accumulated a lot of ivory, a pretext was got up as an excuse for a raid. If the raid was successful the ivory was got at the cost of a few men killed or wounded; if repulsed, well, better luck next time. Of course in such raids a few Maltese with fire-arms ensured success, so my friend was in the habit of supplying such assistance from amongst his scoundrelly countrymen at Alexandria, taking his remuneration out in ivory: naïvely adding, that in times of yore he had frequently supplied both sides with a contingent, it not in the least mattering whether any of them got killed or not, as the supply was inexhaustible and the majority were far better out of the world than in it. I do not mean to say he put it exactly in these words, but that was the purport of his explanation.

He thus frequently got a monopoly of the ivory market, which he rigged to suit his purse. Therefore he was a marked object of dislike and jealousy to the other ivory traders, especially as he knew how to arrange affairs with the native authorities. As regards his dealing in slaves, he had often to take them in

payment when no ivory was forthcoming. Prisoners taken in these wars having a certain value were not killed, as they most assuredly would be if there was no market for them. Hence he argued that if the English succeeded in putting down slavery in Egypt and Turkey and the surrounding countries, the only result would be that prisoners would not be taken but killed, for they would be of no use to the conquerors, and would only help to consume the little food there was to eat. Moreover, it was the cruisers in the Red Sea that occasioned the mortality, since the risks the dhow-owners ran were so great that they packed the slaves as close under hatches as they could in the hope of making a successful run. Being unaccustomed to confinement the poor things died by dozens at a time, or, if chased, were thrown overboard; but if one full cargo in three arrived safely, the traffic paid for those that were, as he termed it, lost, since the fewer slaves in the market the higher the prices obtained.

As to the probability of putting a stop to these tribal wars or raids, he did not believe there was the slightest, unless, indeed, the interior of Africa was colonized by Europeans. Neither he nor I thought at that time—indeed it never entered my head that such a course was possible—yet hardly thirty years have elapsed since this conversation was held and the whole region of Central Africa has passed under what is called ‘the sphere of influence’ of half-a-dozen civilized nations. It is to be hoped that what was then deemed improbable will now come to pass; but there is one caution I would venture on, if the colonization or even trade of the country is left in the hands of Chartered Companies, without some Imperial officers strictly responsible to the Crown and entrusted with the *government*, disaster will surely result. My quondam friend gave me a great deal of information about the interior of Africa in the region of the two Niles, the White and the Blue Nile. He had accompanied one of the earlier explorers, and described the country as beautiful and the climate good for a temperate people, but deadly to those who gave way to drink. As was but natural

in a rival trader, he described the Arab traders in anything but complimentary language, the fact being that he was more than half an Arab himself—if not by birth, by nature. On arrival at Cairo he was quite ready to give any amount of guarantees that he would be forthcoming when required, and I believe that half the population would have readily gone bail for him. I certainly had no reason to doubt his good faith, for he came constantly to see me, neither had I any reason to doubt that he had at some time or other been guilty of slave-trading; but the difficulty, I felt, arose from the fact that there was no one to prove it, and no one certainly at Khartoum who was at all inclined to prosecute, for on inquiry it was found they were all tarred by the same brush, private traders as well as officials, foreigners as well as natives. What they wanted to do was simply to destroy a rival, a competitor, and a successful one. So far as I could learn, M. Michele Borg bore an exceptionally good character, he owned a considerable amount of property, and was altogether, in Egyptian eyes, a highly respectable and respected individual. There was clearly no good to be gained by putting the man on his trial, even if there had been the remotest probability of getting him convicted, which there was not; and as I hold that in the East justice should never be allowed to be made the cat's-paw of private malice, M. Michele Borg was not prosecuted.

As to holding an inquiry at Khartoum, or indeed anywhere else; no practical good could by any possibility have resulted from doing so. Evidence one way or the other would not be forthcoming, and the Egyptian authorities would naturally resent it as an impertinence, so the matter was very properly allowed to drop. Personally I have no sympathy with slavery and would gladly see it entirely abolished; but I cannot see the humanity of measures of prevention which sacrifice or at least jeopardize the lives of thousands of human beings and fails to secure any marked diminution of the offence. If success attends the efforts of those who are now seeking to extend the blessings of civilization to the negro races of Central Africa, slavery will

extinguish itself. A settled life, the cultivation of the land, increased means of transport and communication, the stimulus which trade gives to labour, the admixture of the white race with the black race—provided the whites are kept firmly in hand by some strong governing power—will do more to extinguish a trade in human flesh than all the treaties or cruisers in the world. I absolutely refuse to discuss the question of the inferiority or superiority of races. Nothing can or will alter the fact that the white man will and must *use* the black man for perhaps centuries to come, not as an equal but as an inferior, just as the rich and cultured man uses and regards the poor and ignorant man. It is for the ‘Law’ and its officers to prevent this *use* being *abused*. I do not care one straw whether the black labourer is called a slave or a hired help, provided his rights as a human being which are miscalled ‘natural rights,’ but which are in fact simply the gift of a sense of justice, which none but captured races recognize, are respected and enforced. It is, therefore, simply necessary that the law should recognize his equality and protect him. As to his admission to citizenship, in the sense of having an equal voice in the election of those who are to govern him and make laws for his government, that must be deferred until he has fitted himself to exercise the duties of citizenship. No impediment, however, ought or must be put in his way so to fit himself. No Government can exist for any useful purpose or for long which is not superior in culture—stronger in will and capacity—to the masses of the governed. The pride of a nation ought to consist in its insistence and contentment in being governed by the best and strongest amongst them. No more absurd or degraded notion exists than the idea that it is the voice of a mere majority, no matter how constituted or of what composed, which is to rule the Government. The only Government that is worthy of respect or obedience is that of the cultured and the strong. A Minister who governs to ‘please’ a people is to my mind a traitor to his country. Good heavens! what would the world think of a judge who administered the law to ‘please’ either those who obeyed or violated it?

CHAPTER XX

DURING the twelve years I was in Turkey I took no regular holiday home as I was entitled to, but I was on several occasions sent for, and thus spent many weeks at different times in England, practically on service. I was thus naturally brought more or less into direct communication with the different Foreign Secretaries of State who during that period held office. Of Lord Clarendon I cannot speak in too high terms. I do not say that he was a genius or even a brilliant man, but he was a thoroughly competent man. His experience of men was great, his manners cordial and hearty. He was always ready to listen, and no man ever grasped two sides of a question more readily or sympathetically than he did. One could with confidence unburden one's mind to him. If he did not agree with either your facts, inferences, or opinions, he told you so frankly, and gave his reasons, and they were always worth consideration. A Russian diplomatist of high rank once said to me, 'Lord Clarendon is the only Foreign Minister I never took pleasure in deceiving—of course I have had to attempt it. I do not think, however, that I ever succeeded in the long run, and I always felt ashamed of myself, he was so incapable of deception himself,' and I believe this was the feeling generally entertained. A foreign lady, eminent for her skill in diplomacy and of very attractive appearance, made to me a highly suggestive remark about Lord Clarendon. 'I begin by feeling great confidence that I shall succeed in influencing him to adopt the view I am anxious he should adopt; but after an hour's talk I feel that I am only a woman after all and that he could twist me round his fingers if he chose. It is simply impossible to

resist his affectionate manner, all my cunning oozes out of my brain and all I seem to care for is that he should love me.'

Lord Palmerston was also a splendid chief. He had a direct manner of getting at the bottom of a thing, and his language was, to say the least, emphatic. He never seemed in a hurry and would listen with exemplary patience, but woe betide the unlucky whelp that tried 'cant' or 'humbug' on him. In one of many rows I got into with Exeter Hall, I was sent for, and went in obedience to a summons to the Foreign Office, and being shown into Lord Palmerston's room found him occupied with two gentlemen. On seeing me he turned to them and said, 'Ah, that's lucky, now here's "Hornby" himself,' introducing me to a Peer and an M.P., both well-known evangelicals. As I did not know what the subject of discussion was, Lord Palmerston said, 'Hornby, these two gentlemen have a terribly long complaint against you. Now they will tell you what it is about better than I can, although I have read through a dozen letters on the subject, and you'll have to clear yourself. Now, gentlemen, don't mind me and give it him.' I really forget which of us looked most astonished. However, they began, but I must say with a little show of apology, and a formidable catalogue of high crimes and misdemeanours they produced, which however were half ridiculous and all gross exaggerations and misstatements, literal perversion of facts. Moreover, they had mixed up matters of different dates and occurring in different places, with many of which I had absolutely nothing to do. Those I had to do with were simple enough and capable of easy explanation. Moreover, all the most important ones I had reported on at the time of their occurrence, and these Mr. Hammond, on being called up by Lord Palmerston, said he had at the time sent on to the Secretary of the Society for any observations he might please to make on them, but none had been made. This settled the matter, and Lord Palmerston gave my friends a bit of his mind, who thereupon retired—not, however, before they shook hands with me. Then Lord Palmerston turned to me and said, 'You do not mind my not warning you; but I

thought it best that these fellows should have the explanation from your own lips, as I felt certain that these charges were a pack of lies.' On another occasion I had differed from the Foreign Office on some question and had written pretty strong despatches on the subject, whatever it was, and at Hammond's suggestion I was sent for to explain matters. This I did and satisfied Lord Palmerston that my view was the correct one. Upon which he good-naturedly turned to me and said 'Damn it, Hornby, you ought to have been a diplomatist and not a lawyer, with your infernal Sledgehammer Despatches. No, the Department, with the exception of Hammond, don't love you. Men do not like their noses "being kept to the grindstone."' I looked on this as high praise, but for all that, with one or two exceptions, I believe, the department did not by any means dislike me, and I am sure I never wrote what was styled a 'Sledgehammer' despatch unless I was driven to it in self-defence.

One thing Lord Palmerston always got angry at, and that was at the introduction of an adopted French phrase in a despatch. I once saw a pencil note in his hand-writing on the back of a despatch from some one, to this effect—'D—the fellow, tell him to write English or not at all.'

Lord Granville was always courteous and polite, but I never left him with any certain feeling that he was *completely* satisfied with any explanation I had had to make to him.

Lord Malmesbury left on me the impression of a man who had been posted up on a subject but had absolutely no opinion of his own.

Lord John Russell always irritated me; he had a knack of standing up with his back to the fire-place and not asking me to sit down, which, however, after allowing him a few minutes for reflection, I invariably assumed he had simply forgotten to do. He generally began with a phrase implying that something had been done wrong. 'Well, I understand you have done so-and-so,' or 'said so-and-so,' and then get huffy at the only answer that could be given, viz., 'I was

not aware of it,' because apparently it forced him into an explanation. Once he turned on me and said 'Have you?' and on my saying as curtly 'No,' did not speak for two or three minutes, looking as black as thunder. As I had been sent for a distance of over a thousand miles without being told what for, I was determined to wait, until Doomsday if necessary, before speaking. At last he gave tongue about some outrageous story he had been told, and I replied that if he had for a moment believed me capable of such conduct he ought at once to have dismissed me and not simply have sent for me. It was with reference to some judgment I had given, from which anyone aggrieved thereby could have appealed to the Privy Council and no one had done so; and on his asking for particulars so that he might form an opinion, I refused to give any, on the ground that a Minister of the Crown had no right to catechise a 'Judge' on a decision given in his Court from which an appeal lay to a Superior Court. Upon this he told me I took high ground and that I forgot I only held office 'during pleasure.' I replied I was quite aware of it, and if he thought my conduct justified him he had better then and there dismiss me. All this struck me as slightly autocratic in so eminent a Liberal and a Reformer. However, he climbed down a little and stopped paring his nails: saying something about the 'Law Officers,' on which I expressed my surprise that any Law Officer could have suggested the mode he had adopted for calling me to account, and to get rid of me, I suppose, he suggested I should see Hammond, which of course I was willing to do, and down I went to find the Under Secretary in what schoolboys call a 'wax.' I told him of my interview, and off he went upstairs, and on his return said that Lord John desired him to excuse his seeing me again at that moment as he was going to Windsor, but to consider our interview as 'non-avenue.' So far this was satisfactory, and of course I then voluntarily explained the matter to Hammond. The fact was that Lord John listened a great deal too easily to what people told him, and not having, I suppose, a very high opinion of the service in the East, jumped to the conclusion that

Judges, Ministers, Consuls, Vice-Consuls, etc., were all tarred with the same brush. At least this is the only cause I can suggest for the incident.

I forget whether it was before or after this little affair that a scoundrel against whom I had decided a case informed Lord John that to his knowledge his successful antagonist had 'bribed' me. Lord John Russell officially wrote to me requesting an explanation, which I refused to give, stating that if the Foreign Office had so little confidence in me as to require one, I would at once resign. A telegraph and private note from Hammond settled the matter at once. With these exceptions my relations with my chiefs and with the Foreign Office were exceptionally cordial and satisfactory.

BOOK III

CHINA

1865-1876

CHAPTER I

EARLY in 1865 Mr. Hammond wrote me a private note asking if I should like to go to China to organise the English judicial service in that country and in Japan, as I had done in the Ottoman Empire, adding that as there were no capitulations my position as Chief Judge would be more independent, and my jurisdiction more extended. I felt that my acceptance of this offer would necessarily separate me from my family, as my children were too young to reside in what I heard was an unhealthy, or at any rate, a trying climate. Still, for many reasons I was not unwilling to leave Turkey. I felt that under Sir Henry Bulwer's *régime* all effort to induce the Porte to reform its judicial system would be useless. Our own was working smoothly enough, and now that the Ionians were no longer under our jurisdiction the work was considerably lighter. So I wrote back saying that I would go. Accordingly I sent for Logie who was at Smyrna to come up to Constantinople to replace me, and sent Philip Francis to Egypt.

My wife selected Naples and Sorrento as places of temporary residence, and I returned to England, not without some heart-burning and some fears for the future.

I selected the route home *viâ* Greece, the Ionian Islands, and the eastern shores of the Adriatic to Trieste, and thence across to Venice.

My good fortune did not fail me. At Syra we took in some passengers, amongst them a young English lady who had been a few years in the East, and who was travelling homeward with the especial object of visiting all the places of interest on the eastern shore of the Adriatic, and who had read up, I really believe, everything that had ever been written about it. Her note-book was a thick volume of reference thoroughly indexed, with marginal notes of what and how to see. My fate had always been hitherto to see things first and read about them afterwards. Here for the first time was an intelligent, and what was equally delightful, an active, good-looking guide, with all the knowledge in which I was deficient, not a spinster of a certain age with a straw hat and veil, short petticoats, and thick clump boots half unlaced and covering bovine ankles, but a well-dressed, attractive figure, small gloved hands, and ravishing 'bottines.'

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We stopped at all the Ionian Islands, to find them in a wretched state. We called in at the Bocche di Cattaro, but had not time to ascend the Black Mountain and enter the fastnesses of the Montenegrins.

At Constantinople I had made the acquaintance of the son of a Chief of the Montenegrins, some hundreds of whom were scattered round the environs as watchmen of vineyards, brick-makers, etc., a sturdy lot of vagabonds, faithful servants to those they liked, but men whom it was dangerous to offend. I had won their hearts in a heavy bankruptcy case by awarding them their arrears of wages, and assisting them in a row they had got into with the Croats when the Turks took the side of the latter.

Their chief, a connection of the Prince, was a fine, intelligent young fellow and used, in all the bravery of his picturesque

costume, often to come to Bebek for a chat over a cigar. Hearing I was at the Bocca, he came down to see me and invited me up to the mountain, I greatly regretted I was unable to spare the time, as I should have to wait for the next intermediate steamer which would not call in again for another three weeks. We stopped at most of the more important towns of Western Greece, of Albania and Dalmatia, but instead of a day we ought to have stayed a week in each. I promised myself when I retired from the service to hire a yacht and devote months to this coast. Alas! I have never been able to give myself that pleasure, and I doubt much now whether my enjoyment would not have been wholly marred by the absence of my companion. At Trieste we took a passage in a country boat, half full of fruits, to Venice, where I inspected the palaces of my ancestors, gazed on their portraits in the Palace of the Doges, roamed the lagoons and canals in a gondola all day and half the night, supped on polenta and ravioli, and generally enjoyed myself. Thence to Paris and London. If ever I felt inclined to become a polygamist I did then. Virtue is certainly its own reward, but somehow I did not feel that it had adequately rewarded me.

However, with a clear conscience, if with nothing else, I presented myself at the Foreign Office and set to work in conjunction with my old friend F. S. Reilly (afterwards Sir Francis Savage Reilly, K.C.B.) to draw an Order in Council defining the jurisdiction of the new Court to be established in China, and in hard work found occupation. As usual I was given a free hand. I appointed Charles Wycliffe Goodwin my Puisne Judge, and John Fraser, whom I had met in Asia Minor buried in a Vice-Consulate that I verily believe no one but myself ever heard of, as my Secretary. In three months I was *en route* for China, having first kissed hands, dined with the Lord Mayor, and shown myself at an official soirée in Downing Street. I was invited also the day before I left England to meet Lord Shaftesbury at the house of a China magnate, to discuss no less a subject than the means to put a stop to the practice of English clerks in the mercantile houses in China keeping

Chinese mistresses. At least no other subject was discussed, and as I did not see how I could in my judicial capacity prevent the habit, I simply promised to set a good example in not keeping one myself, which I am afraid was looked on as a sign of levity.

I also met 'Chinese Gordon' in London, who wrote me out a biographical sketch of all the leading spirits in China, foreigners and natives, for my information. I found it extremely useful. He hit off the characters of each one of them with marvellous precision. It formed a tidy volume of about eight quires of notepaper. I regret greatly to have lost it. He also made me a present of a house-boat, told me to fix my own price on a bungalow he had built up country, and offered to lend me a perfect copy of the *Chinese Repository* to read on the voyage. The house-boat I found he had already given away thrice before I claimed it. The bungalow had been sold and the purchase money remitted to him. The books never reached me. He, imagining some weeks afterwards I had bagged them, wrote me several angry letters. At last I asked a friend to search his rooms, the result being that they were found in an old tea-chest under his bed, addressed to me at Marseilles. This brought me a long letter of apologies. I had known a little of him when he was a cadet at Woolwich, even then he was a peculiar wayward youngster. All the same he was a good guerilla chief, except that he had a conscience and a very prickly one. He was also a strict disciplinarian, although I imagine not in any way amenable to discipline himself.

I do not wish in any way to belittle Gordon's fame, but he was an obstinate man, having a very mean opinion of other people's advice or experience, and the last man I should have chosen to employ in an independent position where I could not get at him. All the same he was sacrificed, although he largely contributed to his own sacrifice. Throughout the Soudan affair we went the wrong way to work. In the first place, we undervalued, as we always do, our opponents. Secondly, we increased our strength by driblets and were ridiculously slow.

We wanted 'dash.' Infantry are useless in a desert campaign, except to throw up rough stockades round wells and hold them. With three or four thousand light cavalry, supported by light guns and officered by dare-devils, we could have settled the Dervishes in a few weeks. Our game was to harass the enemy, never giving them a moment's rest, to be always at their heels, pushing on recklessly, if you like, to Khartoum, so as to get two bases of operation, one on the north and the other on the south. With judicious bribery we could easily have won over the Sheiks and tribes—no Arab is proof against this species of persuasion. All this might not have been 'scientific' fighting, but it would have been 'successful' fighting—and, mixed up with *our men*, the Egyptian cavalry, commanded by a lot of daring young English officers, would have been of use. An army of tortoises, however invulnerable, is absolutely thrown away on a lot of stoats.

Of course I had on my voyage out some adventures, but there were no heroines in them, and I was not the hero.

Accompanied by Fraser I arrived at Malta, in the latter end of the month of June. Talk of heat, it was a fitting preparation for the Red Sea in the month of July, and for another place as well. Goodwin had preceded me, as he longed to take a last fond look at some Papaqui and hieroglyphic slabs.

Fortunately I found in the harbour an old friend in command of a fine corvette who invited me, while the P. and O. ship coaled, to spend the time with him on board. One evening, while my host and his officers had gone to a ball at the Admiral's, I was lounging in an easy chair on the quarter-deck smoking, when I observed a petty officer gazing at me very intently—thinking that it might be that he was horrified at my smoking in that august locality I anticipated his remonstrance by telling him I had the Captain's permission generally to enjoy myself. 'Oh, it is not that, sir,' he replied, 'but I was wondering if you could recollect me.' At this I looked at the man. He was a tall, stalwart specimen of an Englishman, dressed in a blue uniform coat with a gold lace cap on. My memory was

a blank and I told him so. 'Yet you tried me for murder once.' 'What!' I exclaimed, 'the devil I did, then pray how is it that you were not hanged?' Then, on his telling me his name, I recollected that I had in fact tried him for murder and sentenced him to seven or ten years' penal servitude! the facts being that having been tormented by a fellow sailor on board a Newcastle collier he had struck the man with a knife he had in his hand, of which wound the man died: the evidence of the Captain and the whole crew was to the effect that the provocation had been great, and that he was a first-rate seaman and his conduct uniformly excellent. Curiously enough there was at the same time a Mulatto sailor in prison whom I had also condemned for a similar term for a similar offence. Both were young men of splendid physique, and both were gradually eating their hearts out in prison. The Mulatto I thought would go mad. He constantly refused food and became very morose. The Chaplain and the Doctor were very anxious about them both. I used to go and talk to them; but it was of no use, and it was clear to all of us that neither would ever leave the prison alive, yet we could not do anything. When they had been about a year in confinement an order or notice came from the Admiralty to the effect that A.B. seamen confined for short terms in prisons abroad for slight offences might, by enlisting in His Majesty's service, obtain their freedom, the gaol authorities exercising their discretion and the Chief Naval Officer of the station being satisfied of the men's fitness. I think it was in anticipation of some war that men were urgently required as sailors. I consulted the Commander of the Stationaire, who was willing enough to take the men if I chose to send them on board but declined any responsibility. The men were willing and grateful enough for the chance and I felt might be trusted, knowing that I was exceeding my powers for their sakes. The Doctor and Chaplain both urged me to run the risk, and accordingly I sent them on board the guard-ship—it being agreed between the officer and myself that the crew should not know whence they came.

They were put through their drill, or whatever it was, and accepted, and in a week or so were sent off to join the fleet in the Mediterranean and then drafted into different ships. Fortunately for me no questions were asked. No papers or forms were sent me to fill up, or they miscarried. At any rate I never saw any and certainly did not look for them.

The man before me was the Englishman, he had risen rapidly in the service, had distinguished himself in some war, and was now a petty officer. Of course I kept the matter close, and only asked my friend the skipper what sort of character he bore on board. The answer was a 'splendid fellow, born to command men and can do anything with them.'

Curiously enough—and here I anticipate by a few weeks the order of things—on arriving at Singapore I met another old friend commanding a frigate, who hearing of my arrival in the P. and O. sent in the very early morning a boat for me. Off I went and breakfasted with him. There was considerable bustle on board and several boats were lying ready to take a number of men off somewhere: some hundred men were in their best clothes, and several officers ready dressed were waiting evidently to go on shore.

Naturally I asked what was going on. 'Oh! said the Captain, 'our boatswain is going to be married; as he is to remain on the station, and as he is a great favourite and a first rate officer we are all going to the wedding, you had better come with us.' On deck we accordingly went, when the bridegroom, spying me out rushed up and began to shake me most warmly by the hand, quite overcome with delight. My interview at Malta explained the matter. Here was my other condemned friend. Everyone was astonished, but as I returned the man's grip very heartily and was not a naval officer, the breach of discipline was overlooked, and all I suppose concluded that we were old friends, and so in fact we were. I went to the wedding, and was presented to the bride, a pretty young Mulatto. One of the officers afterwards told me that at a jollification or breakfast the bridegroom made a speech, in which he related

how I had let him out of prison to enable him to join the navy, although I did not imagine he told them he was in for murder. At any rate the 'Judge's' health was drunk with three times three.

At Cairo Goodwin was to join me at the station for Suez, and to the station I and Fraser made our way. On our arrival I was surprised to find a guard of honour—several Pashas and Beys and the Corps Consulaire in full rig, cocked hats, etc. A saloon carriage was attached to the train, at the door of which stood an English guard. I asked him what swell was going by the train, to which he replied 'The English Judge.' Feeling certain that I was not that distinguished individual, I patiently waited until the guard saluted. All the cocked hats were raised and an immense hand-shaking took place—the object being my little fat friend Goodwin in a pith helmet and green veil, his newly-married wife hanging on his arm. Of course I stood by whilst he was escorted to the carriage, and when good-byes were said I humbly asked if I might get in also.

This showed at any rate how Goodwin was appreciated in Egypt, although, poor fellow, he was dreadfully annoyed on my account, and all the chaff and fun I made of it hardly sufficed to cheer him up before we got to Suez.

The voyage itself was without incident. Flirtations were numerous. The heat in the Red Sea intense. I had provided myself with a small sack of fresh limes and drank nothing else but the juice of two or three of them in a tumbler of water, and ate sparingly, principally of rice pudding, thus escaping prickly heat and avoiding the numerous illnesses my fellow-passengers suffered from. Poor Goodwin was very ill, and at one time I was very anxious about him; the doctor's medicines did him no good, so I took him in hand, and with aconite and belladonna soon got the fever under, and in a short time he picked up his strength again.

I amused myself with studying navigation, pricked off our course on the chart each day, took observations and made calculations under the tuition of the second officer. In the many

voyages I subsequently had to take I invariably followed the same practice, and found the value of even the little knowledge I thus acquired when called on to decide Admiralty cases.

One night my eyes were opened to what I believe is one of the most frequent causes of collisions at sea. I was on the bridge. It was clear but pitch-dark, right ahead a green and red light and mast-head light opened out showing a steamer coming down on us. I glanced round at our own lights to see if they were burning and found they were. I expected to hear the order given to port the helm a little, not a word, but the Captain continued his walk, simply turning now and then to me saying—‘I wonder which way that fellow is coming.’ I replied ‘Why, right on, I should say.’ ‘Some lubberly foreigner I suppose, probably a Frenchman—he can see our lights, why don’t he steer off a bit? Just like them,’ observed the skipper. At last the lights shone out rather suddenly and brightly, and a black object loomed right ahead, on which the skipper shouted ‘Hard a port,’ and I am certain that I heard a similar order given on board the other vessel. However, the effect on the course of the two ships was instantaneous, and they passed, each slanting off to the right of the other. Then to my intense amusement came a volley of abuse from the bridge of the supposed foreign ship delivered in genuine maritime English, ‘Why the Hell could you not port in better time, you blasted lubber, what are you? a d——d Frenchman?’ and a great deal more, equally strong and energetic. My skipper was dumbfounded, and a great deal too gentlemanly to swear back; but here were two English ships steering straight on end towards each other, neither giving way until the last moment, each expecting the other to do something which would save him from doing anything, and each believing the other to be a ‘lubberly foreigner.’ One would really imagine the ocean we were navigating was a canal only a quarter of a mile broad, and a slight shifting of the helm to port in good time would have the probable effect of sending both vessels ashore, whereas each vessel had probably a thousand miles of sea on either side of it.

So it is in fogs. Nothing captains and even pilots hate so much as 'stopping' or merely keeping steering way on. To save a tide—to arrive at the minute they think they ought to arrive—they will, most of them, run any risk. A captain once explained to me when I expostulated with him for running full speed in a dense fog. 'Why you see, sir, ours is a big heavy ship with lots of steam power. If another ship, and the chances are she would be smaller and lighter, ran into me I should smash her and go right over her and probably receive but little injury myself; but if I was going dead slow she would have the advantage, and would most likely stove me in or start one of my plates.' There ought to be but one rule as to fogs, at least as to steamers, 'Stop' or go 'Dead Slow.' Horns are useful but very deceptive. It is often impossible to tell on which side of you they are blown, and then, according to the density of the fog, they either sound a long way off or close by. I have tried scores of collision cases. The collisions have always been caused by gross carelessness, by neglect of ordinary precautions and—if the evidence is to be believed—have not happened and could not have happened, except indeed for the fact that one of the ships was at the bottom of the sea or a wreck barely afloat.

Notwithstanding the heat I thoroughly enjoyed the voyage. It is, however, a risk, and a needless one, to go out from England in the middle of summer. The proper time to start is the first or second week in October, and then, especially in the splendid steamers of the three principal companies, it is a yacht voyage under circumstances of peculiar comfort, and, for those who have not seen the far East, full of interest. Nothing can be more beautiful than Ceylon with its cocoa-nut trees growing to the water's edge, and its spice and cinnamon gardens.

Singapore is equally lovely. The approach to it through the Straits of Malacca, with Java on one side and the Malay States on the other, is what lady poets would call a 'dream of beauty and a scene of joy.' Lazily reclining on a long cane chair, a series of dissolving views unfolds itself, and as Singapore, on the extreme end of the peninsula, is opened out, the steamer passes

rock after rock—all steep, and island after island clothed with every variety of Eastern foliage, between which one gets peeps of broad verandahed bungalows overhung by palms and surrounded by flowering aloes, parroquets and white cockatoos fly from tree to tree, while if you look hard and long at the mouths of the muddy creeks you may perchance espy an alligator sunning himself.

This is also the land of storms—the thunder rolls and the rain comes down in torrents, generally during the night, with a noise and force that to a European is deafening as well as appalling. The town is fairly well laid out with parks and good roads shaded by lofty trees. The Botanical Gardens are splendid and well kept, but the sight which attracted me most were the little palm-covered huts of the Malays, the brown graceful women with their gay-coloured cotton head-dresses and skirts, each one overlooking any number of naked copper-coloured children making mud pies in the pools of black water in front of the dwellings.

In Singapore there is a large Chinese population, principally from Canton, attracted there by the Straits trade in sandal and hard wood and in rice. They are a turbulent lot, with many a shady character amongst them difficult to govern, owing chiefly to their secret societies, about which, by the bye, a lot of nonsense is talked, and the way they hang together. The only effectual mode of dealing with the Chinese under our jurisdiction is to force them to elect Headmen of means, and then to make these Elders responsible for the conduct of their constituents. No doubt this is a rough style of government, and occasionally it may result in fining or even imprisoning the Elders who have been powerless to prevent disorder; but then, it must be remembered, these Elders possess the means and have quite sufficient influence to prevent, in the vast majority of cases, the commission of crime, and can always, if they choose, exercise their paternal power, find the guilty parties and hand them over to the authorities, and if they are not held responsible the chances are they encourage disorderly conduct and even

crime for their own private ends. Moreover, the system facilitates the governmental action of the superintending authority by dividing the forces of the governed and establishing a species of quasi antagonism between the rank and file and their leaders, whose interest it then becomes to assist the government in maintaining order and discipline.

From Singapore to Hong Kong there is little of interest, no land being visible; but as the mouth or estuary of the Canton river is passed, the Island of Hong Kong is to be seen lying like a huge whale on the surface of the water. One third of its entire size is covered with houses, those close to the water's edge being inhabited by the Chinese, those above by the European residents, and at the further end or East Point are the handsome houses, park-like grounds and godowns¹ of Jardine, Matheson & Co. The island possesses a very active trade, and as it is the headquarters of the fleet the harbour is generally full of vessels.

From this island to Shanghai there is little to see unless the route lies along the coast of China and its three open Ports of Swatow, Foochow, and Ningpo. Arrived at the mouth of the Yangtze and branching off up the Whangpoo, the rest of the journey is in smooth river water with flat mud banks on each side. Shanghai itself—that is, the European settlement—presents an imposing appearance with its broad bund or embankment ornamented by trees behind which, for about a mile and a quarter long, are the really magnificent hong²s of the merchants—the banks and public edifices. I am describing it rather as I saw it in 1889³ than when I first visited it in 1865. Yet it was then worth admiring, although its public gardens were not laid out. The bund was less than half its present width. No bridge spanned the Soochow Creek which divided the English and American Settlements, and there were no hotels or docks.

As I knew no one and had not written or wired the date of my arrival and the Consul, Dr. Winchester, was away on leave,

¹ Warehouses.

² Offices.

³ When I took a trip east with my wife and children.

I had no place to go to, so, finding that the man-of-war stationed in the river was commanded by Captain Waddilove, whom I had known as a smart lieutenant in the old Crimean days, I went and took up my quarters with him. Goodwin and his wife went to the Chaplain's, and Fraser to Vice-Consul Markham's. In a few days came an invitation from Mr. Stuart of the O.B.C.¹ Bank, and with him I lived until I found a local habitation to suit me.

Nothing could be kinder or more hospitable than our reception from every one. The Consular body heartily welcomed the new order of things, and after the usual visits of ceremony I took over the judicial department and began my work. It was far easier than I anticipated—thanks to the hearty co-operation of everyone concerned.

¹ Oriental Banking Corporation.

CHAPTER II

ON landing I was agreeably disappointed to find, instead of a second Wapping, as it had been described to me in London, a handsome quay or bund, along the length of which were visible a line of very handsome buildings—indeed it would require but little stretch of imagination, and hardly then be an exaggeration, to call some of them palaces. Fine roomy houses they undoubtedly are, and as convenient and comfortable inside as they are architecturally tasteful and fair to look upon outside. At intervals fairly wide and well-paved streets diverge at right angles, and in them may again be seen large roomy hong, as the foreign merchants' houses are called. From these narrower streets branch off, either side of which is lined with houses built by Europeans as habitations for the Chinese. Those which are not shops present nothing but a blank wall with one door, indicative of the love of retirement and secrecy so characteristic of the middle and lower classes of Eastern people. About six side-streets or Maloos (‘horse-ways’)—in reality carriage roads—lead straight from the water's edge through the settlement into the country, and after a walk of a mile—the breadth of the settlement—you find yourself skirting a race course, some bungalows built by foreigners in the open country in the midst of paddy grounds and cotton fields. The native town lies to the south-west of the settlement. Between the two is the French Concession, which also boasts a handsome quay and some good houses, but the back parts are full of low Chinese houses and are not to be compared with what is now generally known as the Anglo-American Settlements. When I landed in July 1865 a municipal system of government already pre-

vailed. Several of the streets were paved, but they were indifferently lighted and but badly drained. The police, however, was excellent. In 1876 the streets were all in first-rate order, the drainage good. The whole settlement was lighted with gas and later on by electricity. Few towns in Europe could boast a more effective police force. As to safety, life and property was infinitely more secure at all times of the day or night than in any other town in which I have lived. Yet but a few years ago—at most thirty—the whole settlement was cultivated land, intersected by half-a-dozen creeks, with here and there a fishermans' cottage or hut. Now there are some hundreds of European houses and many thousands of Chinese houses. The settlement boasts a fixed population of nearly 3000 foreigners and ninety thousand Chinese, exclusive of Malays and Indians.

Perhaps no place in the world furnishes so good an example of what self-government—that is, when it is in the hands of the educated class—can effect, as the foreign settlement of Shanghai. The community consists of three classes—the land-renters, the rate or tax-payers, and the Chinese. Like all the other Treaty Ports, the foreign settlement of Shanghai is practically extra-territorialized, or to be more correct I should say that foreigners are placed under their own national authorities—the Consuls—and are subject to their national laws. Hitherto English law had been administered by English Consuls; but the work had in Shanghai outgrown the resources of non-professional men, and the government had determined to establish regular Courts for the due administration of justice with a jurisdiction over British subjects in China and Japan co-extensive with that exercised by the Supreme Courts at home. In the outlying ports Consuls were still to exercise the powers conferred upon them by Orders in Council, but an appeal lay to the Supreme Court at Shanghai.

I was much struck with the completeness of everything in Shanghai. There are no shams in it. There is a beautiful English Church, now converted into a Cathedral; a Roman Catholic Church, an American Episcopal Church, and two

Dissenting Chapels. There is an excellent hospital for foreigners under the care of an able physician and six Sisters of Charity, and a Chinese hospital supported by foreigners and natives; two charming theatres with two unrivalled amateur companies—one English and the other German. Better concerts than those given by the Philharmonic Society and by the Lieder-tafel and Gesang Verein, I have seldom attended. There is also a museum and a capital race course. The racing of its kind is good, if not better than can be seen anywhere out of England or Paris. There is a cricket ground second to none anywhere, a base-ball ground under the patronage of the Americans, a racket court, fives court, and bowling alleys, two clubs, an excellent public library, and one or two learned societies, all in working order and the source of immense enjoyment to the cosmopolitan community whose energy and earnestness created them.

The residences of the principal merchants and bankers are divided into senior and junior honges—the former being occupied by the principals and the latter by the clerks who mess together, each having a bed and bath room. At the time of my arrival these establishments were kept up upon a somewhat expensive scale, but the times have since changed and are no longer what they were, the era of huge profits has passed away, and business has generally for the last few years been in a very depressed and unsatisfactory state, and the result is very evident in much lower salaries and in far more economical household arrangements. Where men drank champagne and claret cup they now drink beer or tea.

With the Chinese language, however, it must be confessed the foreign community makes little progress, few of them having the faintest notion of it, all being more or less dependent on their 'Boys,' with whom they communicate in pigeon English, or on the hong compradore, who acts as their banker and interpreter. What with business and a keen love of sport of all descriptions and of athletic games, there is very little time wasted in China. There are, of course, drinking men and those whose chief plea-

sure consists in offering and taking the odds on every conceivable opportunity and event, and there are some of absurdly extravagant habits whose expenditure habitually exceeds their income, but taken as a whole and as a class the junior members of the different hongts will bear comparison with any class elsewhere. They are a well-educated, hard-working, intelligent, gentlemanly set of men, with whom it is a pleasure to associate, and from whom a great deal of information can be obtained. They are, as a rule, men who think for themselves and are not disposed to toadyism in any shape or form. If the whole Peerage came out to China, while enjoying to the full the generous hospitality which is the pride and glory of the European residents, they would have to rely entirely on their individual merits and aptitude for good fellowship and not on their rank for the friendship of their hosts. As that genial old sailor, Admiral Keppel, said of the youngsters, 'they are of the right stuff—nice lads—and fairly represent the pluck, good sense, and energy of Western lands.'

The native town of Shanghai is a fair specimen of a Chinese city. It is enclosed by walls on three sides, that would alone be formidable to a mob armed with bows and arrows, who in their youth never clambered up a pear tree or jumped a ditch. It has passed through most of the vicissitudes that Chinese towns pass through. It has been several times taken and re-taken. It has been bombarded once by foreigners and oftener by natives. It has been the scene of half-a-dozen civic disturbances. It has been pillaged by robbers and rebels and sacked by Imperial soldiers. It has been burnt down over and over again. It does not appear, however, to have lost or gained much by what it has suffered, since it looks as old and is as dirty as if it had never been interfered with since it was built. It was at all times a place of considerable consequence, being the natural outlet for all the varied production of the province of Kiang-su in which it is situated. In the same way it was and is the emporium for everything, native and foreign, that came or comes into the province. Soochow, however, is the capital of

the district, and while Shanghai monopolized business and trade, Soochow absorbed the wealth and gentility of the surrounding country. Since the rebellion¹ matters have changed a little—the capital city has sunk into comparative insignificance while the trading port has risen to importance. Nevertheless there is nothing worth seeing in the native town. The streets are narrow and dirty, the shops small and without ornament. There is not a building of any importance nor a temple that would repay a visit. The Taotai's dwelling is the most wretched hole a governor of a town could well dwell in. Its exterior was doubtless intended to be very grand, but it is a ridiculous failure. Of course it has its outer gate and its courtyard; inner gates with three entrances; a room or two; a little rock-work in a garden, which also boasts a dirty little pond; and then a few rooms beyond complete its magnificence. It is sadly out of repair, the wood-work appears to be rotten, the paint has long since disappeared, and, like most things in China, it is going fast to decay. This is the Taotai or District Governor's yamen or official residence. He has, I believe, a private establishment somewhere else, which I sincerely trust is cleaner and more habitable.

On my arrival I paid the Governor an official visit in return for one that he paid me, and was received by a discharge of three pop-guns or small mortars buried somewhere in the courtyard; they did not make much noise, but emitted a most offensive smell. The middle gate was thrown open and my chair was carried in. I found the Taotai waiting to help me out of it, and we went through the extremely pretty ceremony of chin-chining each other—the attendants standing by gazing with mingled awe and impertinence at the 'foreign devil.' The Taotai had on a black satin pelisse with a wonderful embroidered Mandarin's badge on his breast, the counterpart being on his back, so that one might imagine he had sealed himself fore and aft with his own official seal. He wore an official cap with a blue button in it and a long peacock's feather, not pointing upwards but sticking out backwards. I am not certain if he had

¹ The Taiping rebellion.

not a squirrel's tail somewhere about his head-gear, but if he had not, some of his many attendants undoubtedly had. Having satisfied him as to the state of my honourable health and my honourable age, which however he evidently did not believe, and having also favoured him with a concise biographical sketch of myself and my relations—which probably was about as accurate as the sketch with which he furnished me of his honourable self and distinguished ancestors, some tea was brought in and we began to smoke. In a little time dinner was announced. This was more than I expected and certainly more than I desired, for it was barely 2 o'clock p.m., but there was no help for it, and during four mortal hours did we sit discussing dish after dish, for eating any large proportion of them was out of the question, and drinking little cups of warm wine. The repast, I was informed, was peculiarly *recherché*, and there was certainly enough of it. Amongst the dishes, the excellence of which was repeatedly brought under my notice by the interpreter, was bird's nest soup, a gelatinous compound by no means bad; but the dish which interested me most was a plate of eggs which I was begged to believe were a hundred years old and had lain buried in the ground for that space of time. They certainly looked like it, at any rate they were long past being bad and had no smell. On opening one I found it to contain a solid lump of what had once been an egg, it was of a variegated mud colour, utterly tasteless and if anything rather nasty, but I am now convinced that at the time I was the victim of ridiculous prejudices which I have since, it is to be hoped, outgrown. The Chinese have one habit in common with the Turks, indeed they have several, but I shall only now refer to one, they are very apt to show their regard for you during dinner by confectioning with and in their own hands one or two dainty morsels into compact little balls or lumps which they seek an opportunity to introduce into your mouth. Having served a long apprenticeship to friendly dodges of this kind in Turkey, I was on my guard and took very good care not to give my host any opportunity of which he could avail himself to my prejudice. I do not mean

to justify the practice in Turkey—everywhere it is more hospitable than agreeable, and is very likely to make a guest not only feel but become very sick; but a Turk's hands are at least clean—he washes them between each course and scents them with rose-water. The hands of a Chinaman on the contrary are generally, if not always, extremely dirty, and besides this, at the end of each finger is a nail or talon one and a half inches long. These he cannot keep clean and does not try to, so that a *bonne bouche* delivered by him is anything but a dainty treat. We had some champagne, a present, His Excellency informed us, from the French Consul-General. I can understand why the latter parted with it gratuitously. After dinner we were favoured again with tea—that is, with a few leaves of tea served in an egg-cup with a little hot water poured over them. It was not an exhilarating beverage, but far better in its simple honesty than the champagne. This is the usual way tea is made in China, and a more wishy-washy mixture it is not easy to conceive. Indeed, it is a rather remarkable fact that it is very difficult to get a good cup of tea in China—whether it is the water, or the milk, or the sugar that renders it so palatable in England I know not, but somehow or other tea in China does not taste like the tea at home. Perhaps it requires mixing and flavouring; but whatever the cause, I infinitely prefer the tea that Messrs. Twining, for instance, sell. I mention their names in particular, because they are above advertising the fact.

After the Chinese meal was over I thought it high time to depart, and began making the needful preparations for leave-taking, but what was my chagrin when I found I was expected to partake of a Tartar edition of the same meal by way of forming an opinion of the different cuisines. There was nothing for it but to look pleased and complimented and to prepare my stomach by smoking a cheroot for the blessing to come. I found, however, that by taking a small head of garlic, which my host recommended, my digestive powers were marvellously stimulated, and in about an hour's time I was fairly fit. I cannot, however, say that I found the cookery of the conquering

dynasty one whit better than that of the conquered people. To my untutored taste there was a remarkable similarity between the two: both being equally tedious and nauseous, but for the hospitality and kindness with which it was offered, and the expense to which the Taotai had put himself to gratify me, I could not be less than grateful.

During the interval between the two meals I visited the examination hall where students were undergoing instruction for some district examination; the poor fellows were hard at work, and looked as if they would shortly drop from sheer exhaustion and want of food. The *locus in quo* was dirty and miserable, very hot and very odoriferous; instead, however, of being cooped up in cells as at Canton and Nankin, the students were here crowded into class rooms, each doing as he best could to collect his thoughts amidst the din and dust that prevailed around him. It was not an examination for high honours, but a mere provincial affair. There was also a noticeable feature in it, for which the Taotai deserves high praise. There was an examination in foreign history and in geography. Several coloured school maps, such as may be seen in national schools in England, were hung on the walls—the principal countries, towns, rivers, and mountains being marked in Chinese characters—and at one end was a scroll on which was inscribed the names of the reigning rulers of civilized countries. I hope the novelty may be productive of benefit, but although the Taotai was sanguine, he admitted that it was an innovation upon the curriculum which had not been received with favour either by the students or the higher provincial authorities.

Ting Taotai, for so my host was named, was an intelligent man, long intercourse with foreigners having rubbed off the edge of his conceit. He had been appointed to the post expressly because he had experience in the art of managing foreign devils, and was not a literatus of any renown. He had had ample opportunity of observing in the foreign settlement of Shanghai that, however good the Chinese system of government might be, there was something outside the city gates that would

favourably compare with it; and he appeared to me, from the little conversation I had with him at this time, and during our subsequent official intercourse, to have profited considerably from his intercourse with foreigners. We discussed railroads, telegraphs, and deplored the superstition and fanaticism of the people, although he candidly admitted that if it were not for the opposition at headquarters, namely at Peking, a few dollars judiciously distributed through the villages and the employment of native labour would soon reconcile the peasants to 'iron horses' and 'devil's wings.' For his own part he did not seem to care much for the bugbear of fêng shui,¹ while he feelingly complained of the immense expense which the absence of means of rapid communication entailed upon officials travelling between Peking and the provinces. He assured me that it took the whole of a year's salary to recoup the expense of a Taotai's journey from the capital to Szechuan, and when to this was added the high sums in the shape of fees and presents expected by the high officers at Peking from a provincial official on his appointment, it took two good years and many golden opportunities for a Taotai to get back what he had borrowed, or if wealthy himself, expended.

¹ Influence of spirits.

CHAPTER III

My first act on taking charge was to install Goodwin as Judge of Civil Cases, and Fraser my Law Secretary as Magistrate, reserving all heavy and appeal cases—civil and criminal—for my own hearing. As my instructions were to visit each of the open ports in China and Japan before I settled down to regular work, I postponed the work of organization and administration until my return. I was instructed to visit each port in China and Japan in turn, so as to form some idea of the mode in which judicial and magisterial work was done and how it might be improved.

The Admiralty had sent instructions to the Admiral on the station to give me all the assistance in his power, so he very good-naturedly sent up the 'Barossa', a corvette under the command of Captain Boys, in which to make my tour of inspection.

My trip north was very enjoyable. Naval men are always good hosts. We put in first to Chefoo, a health resort about 500 miles from Shanghai, beautifully situated on what might almost be called a salt water lake, as it was only separated from the ocean by a long group of islands and rocks. The town lay behind a headland on which the British Consulate was built, to the south of which was a sandy beach about two miles long. At the extreme end of it I subsequently built on some rising ground a bungalow in which, as I shall have to relate, I stood some years later on a three days' siege against some thousand ruffianly Chinese.

As elsewhere in China, I found the Consulate in good order, and the archives and accounts properly kept. This was the

result of our Consular service being manned by gentlemen fairly well paid and housed, and who had a career before them, not, as in Turkey, by half-bred Levantines and here and there a bankrupt merchant.

From Chefoo we steamed up to the Taku Forts which had been dismantled during the then recent war and ought to have remained so. Thence a gun-boat on the station took us up to the town of Tientsin, the scene some years later of the massacre of helpless Roman Catholic Sisters to which I have already alluded.

The river Peiho to Tientsin is very tortuous and at places very shallow, so that none but vessels drawing from six to eight feet can venture up. Hence, so far as the defence of the capital is concerned, the forts at Taku are not wanted, although no doubt the necessity for a foreign army to take them preparatory to a march on the capital would cause considerable delay; and as at low water there is at least a couple of miles of mud to wade through to get at them, it would cause an assaulting party a good many lives; but until China is more to be depended on and learns to keep the treaties when made, it is foolish to allow her to fortify such places as Taku.

Tientsin is a town of considerable size and importance. It is in fact the port of Pekin. The Peiho, on each side of which it is built, passes by the side of the capital, although it is only navigable for native crafts of any size as far as Tung-chow, a walled city twelve miles south of Pekin. Here resides the native Superintendent of the trade of the four northern ports. It has a large arsenal and extensive salt factories. Here the grain is stored that is imported and sent up by way of tribute from the southern ports for the supply of the capital. It is also the source whence the northern provinces are supplied with foreign manufactures.

There was nothing to detain us, so we determined to continue our route northwards. In an evil moment we made up our minds to go by land, travelling in the evening to avoid the intense heat of the mid-day sun. Unfortunately we listened to a

report that the water in the Peiho was very low and that a journey by that route would be a long one. How bitterly we regretted our determination to go by land none can conceive who have not travelled along a series of uninteresting plains with the thermometer standing obstinately at ninety-eight in the shade, and in the midst of dust and sand-storms. At a subsequent period my wife and I went up to Tung-chow by water and we both enjoyed it immensely. On the first occasion, however, we hired native carts, each of us engaging one for himself, in which after stripping it, and to the horror of its owner drenching it with water and drying it over lighted straw—a precautionary measure against fleas, bugs, and lice with which we found them infested, we placed our mattresses and pillows. The former being a great deal too big to lie flat at the bottom, padded the sides and prevented our bones being broken, but not our flesh from being bruised. The heat was awful—fancy lying in a partially rolled up mattress in the dog days, tormented by flies, choked by dust that got up the nostrils and down the throat, and in a conveyance that bumped one black and blue, and some idea of our misery may be formed.

We made up a formidable caravan. There were ten carts each with two mules, and we were besides convoying another ten carts full of wine and stores for the legation. Captain Boys, Major Crossman, Lieutenant Macdonald, and myself had bought ponies, as we foresaw that we could never tolerate being jolted in these springless vehicles over the ruts and tracks which we knew we should have to encounter.

We left the foreign settlement of Tientsin about 11 o'clock p.m. and proceeded to cross the Bridge of Boats which connects the outer and inner portion of the native city. Here occurred our first disaster, and one fatal to the happiness of our gallant caterer, the marine Macdonald, who, in addition to the temporary and honorary rank of private secretary to my judicial self, had undertaken the task of attending to our commissariat arrangements. Alas for his peace of mind, the only cart that came to grief on this crazy structure of boats was the one on

which he had carefully packed our pale ale, soda-water and ice. The latter dropped into the muddy stream, soda-water bottles exploded in every direction, and Bass's pale ale lay bursting around him. The cart had tilted up and finally rolled over on its side, effectually discharging one-third of its contents. The reports of the exploding soda-water bottles and ale frightened the mules and their drivers and all was fear and confusion. At last we picked up the pieces and with melancholy forebodings proceeded on our way. The town seemed of endless length, foul and dirty beyond all description, with open sewers along the sides of the unpaved road—often on both sides. Of all offensive smells the sleeping town of Tientsin emitted the worst. How people manage to live in such a stench is surprising.

Our night drive led us across a dead level country but slightly cultivated and without a distinguishing feature of any kind. At daybreak the air got chilly and I turned into my cart, yoking my pony behind, in the hope of getting a little sleep. Alas, the jolting I got banished all chance of rest, and in an hour I lay a bruised mass of flesh and bones—sometimes I was tossed on one side, then on the other—an occasional cross-rut or narrow water course sending my head up to the low roof of the vehicle causing frightful concussions. This surely was purgatory—if indeed it was not the other thing. In an hour or two I was glad to risk a sunstroke and being choked with dust, to undergoing any further torments in this most excruciating of carriages—a Tientsin cart. At last about ten we sighted a grove of trees where we determined to breakfast, and in spite of the groans and entreaties of our drivers, who gave us to understand that six miles further on we should find an inn and every comfort—according, I assume, to their notions—we forced a halt. Maimed and wounded as we were, we managed some cold ham, chicken, bread, and some ale and soda-water, with what relish no one who had not suffered as we had could even imagine, although the latter was very nearly hot and the former got speedily gritty with the all pervading dust. Our rate of speed was about two miles an hour. The men sat on

the shafts of the carts guiding their mules with long bamboos, and sleeping in the most unconcerned manner in spite of all the jolts. During the night I missed one of the drivers, and riding back on our track found him quietly asleep on the road where he had fallen, having been jolted off his cart without being awakened.

The first specimen we had of a Chinese hotel was not inviting, and glad enough we were that we had broken our fast *al fresco*. In we rolled under a wooden archway into a large courtyard, surrounded on all sides by a series of tumble-down dilapidated dirty one-storied shanties internally filthy beyond description. The yard was full of carts similar to our own, the mules of which were eating out of racks their morning meal of bran and millet. We were ushered with great ceremony into the cleanest compartment—I should more correctly express the truth by saying the least filthy—and were in a moment surrounded by all the inhabitants of the town. In vain we shut the doors. The windows had no curtains and no glass, and through them grinned a hundred dirty faces. At last we hit upon the device of sending forth our scarlet friend, who was upwards of six feet in his stockings and of enormous bulk—entreating him to flourish his sword. In an instant the crowd vanished—the old and the young coming to fearful grief in the indiscriminate haste with which the retreat was effected. Taking advantage of this temporary solitude we proceeded to tub and change our clothes which our boys were ordered to shake. I am not exaggerating when I declare that many mounds of dust several inches high and feet in circumference lay immediately at the feet of each servitor. As to the water we washed in it was certainly not clean to look at when it was brought in, but it was simply the consistence and colour of mud when taken out. Food was brought us in the usual Chinese style—such abomination in the way of half-cooked buffalo beef, putrid eggs, and soft soaked rice I never sat down to—fortunately we were well provided with our own food and drink and regaled our drivers with the produce of the inn, for which I

need not say we were charged an extortionate price, which we promptly and flatly refused to pay. Fortunately a well-dressed Chinaman arrived in his private cart and to him we referred the bill, and he with great politeness cut it down some 75 per cent. and slanged the inn-keeper in pure mandarin. We kept the account as taxed, and it served us throughout our journey. In this hostelry I first observed the 'Kang' or raised couch of brick-work which occupies one side of the room, on which mats are placed serving for seats by day and beds at night. They are warmed by small winding flues heated by grates in which, during the winter, cotton millet stalks and dry reeds are lighted and burnt, until the couch itself becomes inconveniently hot. This is the mode universally adopted in the north of China for heating apartments, and dispenses with the necessity for heavy bed wrappings—at least over the sleepers, for he must indeed have a lot of things under him if he would escape a roasting. I have heard old foreign residents speak approvingly of this heating apparatus, and declare that it is a sure preventive against, and even a cure for, rheumatism from which the poor would inevitably suffer during the long cold damp winters of the north if they were only dependent on ordinary grates and ordinary fuel.

Our road during the next night and day lay along fields of millet, Indian corn, and sweet potatoes. The villages through which we passed seldom exceeded a dozen cottages, and these were invariably protected by a willow fence or privet hedge seven feet high, and on one side, or in the rear of these hamlets, was the threshing ground on which both buffaloes and horses were threshing or treading out the corn in exactly the same manner as is done in Syria. The hedge, we learnt, was not so much intended as an outwork against intrusion as a precaution against the malarious fogs which are of nightly occurrence during six or eight months of the year and from which they shield the inhabitants. The people seemed sober, industrious, well-fed, healthy, and of fair stature, being taller and larger boned than the inhabitants of the south, but notwithstanding

their apparent greater physical strength, they are not to be compared with the people of the southern provinces in energy or courage, being timid, patient, and submissive. Although the women and children frequently ran away the moment they caught sight of us, the men remained at their work and were civil and respectful. This says a great deal for the discipline and order preserved amongst the troops of the allied armies, who only a few years previous to the journey we were taking had traversed the same tract of country, and of whom every one whom we questioned spoke in terms very different from what they used when speaking of the Imperial troops, who seem to be as much dreaded and hated as the rebels whom they are sent to and pretend to chastise. In every part of China that I have visited I have always heard the same outcry against the soldiers of the native army—indeed in a majority of instances the rebel forces were far more favourably spoken of—the former rob, pillage, and burn, maltreat the men and insult the women—the rebels not causing half the misery which the Imperialists everywhere occasion. Many of the small towns we passed through were defended by a wall, and when this defence was wanting there were always several gates and towers—but what use these could be against an invading force I could not discover.

At one place where we stopped during the heat of the day we had a curious instance of the official system of lying that is largely resorted to in the Government proclamations and gazettes, and which, it seems, it is beneath the wisdom or dignity of our diplomatists at Peking to put a stop to, although one might think—if it is lawful to venture on thought when such august beings are mentioned—that when the lies had direct reference to foreigners it might not improperly be considered to fall within the duties which they are paid to perform. By these lies the people in the interior are designedly and advisedly kept in complete ignorance of the true state of things.

We had cleaned and refreshed ourselves, and had adjourned from the stinking courtyard of our inn to the shadow of a large elm tree—the people in the neighbourhood had good-naturedly

brought us out a lot of wooden settles on which we sat. The women and the children were seated round us in circles full of wonder, and possibly, let us hope, of admiration, the men formed a dense and imposing back-ground. Now and then an old man or woman, on the strength of the privileges which are so generally granted to age in China, pressed forward to chin-chin us and examine the texture of our garments, and we had by judicious *cumshaws*¹ secured the goodwill of the younger portion of the crowd. On the wall of the gateway were the fragments of many proclamations, one in particular on yellow paper attracted my attention. It was not much worn or torn, the characters were still legible. I sent my interpreter to look at it, and he informed me that it was a proclamation referring to the so-called retreat of the allied barbarian army in 1860. As far as he could make out it alluded to a defeat we had sustained under the walls of Peking, and recited the magnanimity of the Emperor in allowing us to leave the Imperial city, instead of cutting us up in small pieces, which apparently, according to the official account of the matter, he could easily have done but for the largeness of his heart and his imperial and almost divine clemency. This led me to ask the people around us who they thought we were and what we were doing among them. One of them, a well-dressed and evidently literate man, immediately replied that they knew perfectly well, having been informed only a day or two before that we should shortly pass through the country. We were the emissaries of one of the foreign nations whose army—pointing to the proclamation—the Emperor had graciously permitted to leave Peking instead of slaughtering, we were bearing the annual presents or tribute—indicating with his finger Sir Rutherford Alcock's casks and cases of wine, beer, and stores—which had been agreed should be sent at the time the army was allowed to depart, and we were going to Peking to offer it at the foot of the Imperial throne. This was evidently all said in perfect good faith, and I have no doubt was thoroughly believed; thus eight years after our march

¹Presents of money.

on and capture of one of the gates of Peking, the people within fifty miles of the capital had been told and believed that we had been defeated, and we had allowed them to remain in ignorance of the real facts.

There is no doubt now but that we made a huge mistake when our army reached Peking, whatever diplomatists and Generals and Admirals may say to the contrary. War is not to be lightly entered on, but when once begun it ought to be thorough in its conclusions. We should have occupied the capital. Holding a gate was nothing but childish nonsense. As to any risk attending wintering in the city from short supplies of food or from fear of such an army as the Emperor could collect to bring against us, it was absolutely *nil*. What was an additional 20,000 mouths and stomachs in a town with a population of two-thirds of a million? As to quarters there was the Emperor's palace for our Ambassadors and Generals, and parks innumerable for camps and soldiers. From the native population or the native army there was nothing to fear. Two or three regiments had only a few weeks before scattered 12,000 of the best troops that the Government could bring into the field, and the rest were thoroughly panic-stricken and demoralized. A tenth of our army could have kept Peking in order. It was a timid, short-sighted policy which induced us to turn our backs on the capital so hurriedly—the effect of divided councils, fear of Exeter Hall, and the Manchester Party in the House of Commons; yet if these latter gentlemen knew their own interests or that of their constituents, they might have at least imagined that a prolonged occupation of Peking would, had the least *nous* existed in the heads of our diplomatists, have resulted in a treaty that would have opened up the whole of China to our manufacturers, instead of an abortion which restricted our trade and gave every opportunity to the Chinese Government to set at naught and evade every clause which promised some advantage.

Whatever Ministers may say to the contrary, the indecent haste we evinced to get away from Peking lost us much

of our *prestige* in China, and *prestige* is a power in itself which it is simple folly, at any rate where Eastern countries are concerned, to under-value. It gave ample occasion for lies and misrepresentations. The only intelligible explanation of our hasty retreat to the mind of a Chinaman being—as I am sadly afraid was the truth—‘that we feared to stay,’ and all the bad faith that characterized after negotiations on the part of the Imperial Government was the result of the gravest error that British diplomacy has been guilty of for many a long year. Let us deal justly with all nations, alike Eastern and Western; but with a people and government that have not the faintest notion of what fairness and good faith mean—which invariably mistakes leniency for a sign of weakness and fear—it is simple folly to be indulgent. The occupation of Pekin would have taught the governing classes of China a lesson that two such wars as we have waged within the last ten years has failed to teach them. It would not have weakened them by a single soldier, nor have shaken the faith of a people in a dynasty, for which the majority have neither reverence nor affection, and of which the minority have lost all hope.

As we approached Pekin we gradually discerned the outline of a noble background of blue hills. The country became more highly cultivated, and the roads, although in all conscience bad enough, were less intolerably rutty. The inns or halting places were larger and more commodious, but still abominably dirty. Memorial arches and tablets commemorative of virtuous widows, immaculate virgins, and eminent literati, were more common. These were generally built a little off the roadside covered over with Chinese characters, setting forth the virtues, the piety, the learning of the individuals to whose memory they were erected and who in many instances are found to have contributed to the building or repairing of the road, looking on it possibly as a highway to the memory of posterity. We frequently passed along avenues of trees regularly planted, and occasionally skirted plantations and parks in which were tombs and country residences. A branch of the Peiho which we crossed looked as

like the Thames near Henley as could well be imagined, and over it was one of the most beautiful marble bridges that could be seen in any country. It was of considerable breadth, and was the scene of one of the few hotly contested engagements between ourselves and the Chinese. Here also it is believed poor Boulby, the *Times* correspondent, then a prisoner in the hands of the Chinese, and a lot of our officers carrying a flag of truce, were beheaded. It still showed signs of bullet and cannon marks.

We often passed wheelbarrows laden with produce and sometimes with travellers, the onward movements of which were assisted by sails, and as we neared the capital the number of private carts drawn by really very handsome mules from fifteen to sixteen hands high, with handsome black leather harness neatly embossed or inlaid with bronze, steel, and even silver, increased. In Pekin and its neighbourhood etiquette and distinction of rank is very strictly observed and regulated by Imperial order. The sumptuary laws, which are numerous, are also enforced with greater rigour than elsewhere in China. None but Mandarins of very high rank can use the sedan chair or ride on horseback, so that carts may be considered the vehicle of the lower and middle ranks, in which latter term must be included the literati—the gentry—and a great proportion of the officials. Horse litters are not uncommon, but they are chiefly used for the purposes of long journeys.

Within twelve miles of Pekin we passed through the town of Hosiwu, the main street of which was paved with large slabs of stone worn quite smooth, on which our mules and horses kept their feet with great difficulty. Here, as in Shanghai, blank walls about fifteen feet in height with doors in them lined the streets, the windows of all the houses looking into the interior of the courtyards. The side-streets contained the shops and tea-houses. The town is surrounded by a formidable wall and huge towers over gateways, round each of which was a moat. It was here that Mr. Burlingame, the American Minister, who took on himself the office of Chinese Ambassador

to the European Courts, and his family and Chinese diplomatic staff experienced a terrible fright. They had hardly left Peking an hour when fearful rumours of the Nienfei rebels being on their track reached them. They hurried on to Hosiwu, and there stood an imaginary siege, not daring to proceed further, until it was raised by the appearance of an escort man belonging to the English Legation and one of the student interpreters. Whether the Nienfei were really in the neighbourhood and were scared by the stalwart forms of the escort man and student or whether it was only a little dodge of the drivers of Mr. Burlinghame's mules who wanted to amuse themselves in the town remains a mystery, but the Ambassadors and their bear-leader got a fright, and this within a couple of hours' journey of their Imperial master's residence.

CHAPTER IV

At last we reached Pekin, and although our passports stated we were foreigners of exalted rank, the officials at the different gates would have been quite justified in assuming from our appearance either that we had stolen our credentials, or that barbarian swells were most unmitigated ruffians to look at. My own opinion is, however, that not one of the dirty, ill-looking vagabonds who pretended to peruse our passes, had the faintest notion of what they contained; but the great red seal to each of them, on which a most burlesque Chinese imitation of the Royal Arms was engraved, served to impress them with a sort of insolent respect—at least they offered no opposition to our progress, and were, for Chinese subordinate officials, civil enough, infinitely more so than they were to some Canton merchants who had tacked themselves on to our caravan and to whom they behaved with great roughness and insolence, besides mulcting them of considerable strings of cash and insisting on their getting out of their carts and prostrating themselves on the stones in front of the guard-houses. It is the same, however, throughout all China, the natives of one province treating the natives of another worse than foreigners, and rather in the light of enemies than fellow-countrymen.

Round a portion of the outer wall of Pekin is a thin straggling suburb full of stalls rather than shops, and of inns. The population is exclusively Chinese. On passing through the first gate we entered what is designated as the Chinese city—itsself a straggling suburb at one end of the inner or Tartar city, in the centre of which is situated the palace of the Emperor and the parks of the chief nobility. Each of these cities is surrounded

by a wall, but the main fortifications in reality only protect and enclose the Tartar city. Probably in olden times the conquerors and the conquered each confined themselves to dwelling within the portion set apart for them, but such a separation now appears to be merely nominal, as the two races seem to have merged one into the other and to be on such good terms that they dwell indifferently in either locality. Indeed, I am inclined to think that there are a greater number of Chinese dwelling in the Tartar enclosure than Tartars—these latter, both male and female, being distinguished from the native Chinese by their dress and general appearance, and being apparently much fewer in number.

Between the inner wall of the city and the suburb there is a broad tract of sand, in the centre of which is a wretched thin half-dried-up stream, which in winter probably swells into a considerable body of water. At least it ought to do so to justify the length of the bridges, each consisting of a series of low arches, only one of which, at any season that I have seen them, spanned a narrow gutter of dirty water. To get from the outer gate to the inner entails a drive of nearly an hour under walls of very considerable height and apparent strength, but which I should say very moderate artillery would smash in a few minutes. This intervening space seems dedicated to the flying of kites, to the airing of larks and spectacle thrushes, and to the rolling of mules, all of which operations are superintended by elderly gentlemen of very reverend and respectable appearance—many of them greybeards and wearing gigantic spectacles. One of them is airing his pet bird in a cage which he supports in his uplifted hand, and in this attitude he will remain for hours. I have counted as many as thirty old men standing with their birds in cages apparently watching with the greatest interest their pets flapping their wings, canvassing their beauty and other qualifications with their neighbours. Long strings of camels passed us laden with coal and charcoal, preceded, as in Asia Minor, by the smallest of donkeys.

We entered at the Ha-ta-mên Gate and found ourselves in-

volved in a confusion of carts, camels, donkeys, horses, soldiers, and citizens, under a gigantic archway about forty yards deep, looking more like a small tunnel than a gateway. Here our passports were again demanded, but this time by a very civil official who chin-chinned us and motioned us with many bows to continue our route. The roads outside had been bad enough, but under and inside the gateway they were infinitely worse. They were paved with gigantic slabs of stones, some of which had sunk into the ground a foot or two, while others had got tilted up almost on end, and many had deep ruts worn in them into which our cart wheels sunk with fearful jolts. I was indeed thankful when I found myself, bruised and exhausted, safe inside the gates of the Legation. I there and then registered a vow, which I have solemnly kept, that no inducements and no advice should ever tempt me to travel to Peking by cart.

The day after our arrival we devoted to rest. Sir Rutherford Alcock and his family were gone to the hills about thirteen miles to the north of the city, where they had hired a temple or rather a series of temples as a residence, and we found that the Attachés, students, and interpreters had followed the example of their chief and had migrated also to regions removed from the heat and dust of Peking. Mr. Wade, the Secretary of Legation, was there, and from him we received most hospitable entertainment.

The Legation is really deserving of some attempts at description. Not but what it must be to those who live in it a species of prison. I would suggest that the appointment of Minister to China should be converted into a special punishment for diplomatic criminals—men who have systematically neglected to endorse or number their despatches, or who have insisted upon having an opinion of their own, or who have persisted in sending home true reports of what they have seen and heard with their own eyes and ears, and not reports written to please the Cabinet for the time being at home. Men, in short, whose whole official life has been a terror to their employers—for such men no one can entertain sympathy, and Peking would

be a fitting penal settlement where they might ponder over their mis-spent life, and if young and of herculean constitution might even live long enough to repent.

In a space of some eleven acres, dotted over with grotesque little dwellings, reside some fifty Europeans and about double the number of Chinese. The life of the former is a species of honourable imprisonment, except that instead of guards to keep watch over the conduct of the inmates, there is an escort of British policemen, converted into Lancers, to protect the inhabitants from the natives. This body of men demands notice. They seem selected for stature and they are a great deal too heavy for the horses they have to ride on. Most of them are married and their wives give themselves great airs and quarrel because they have little else to do. As an equal matter of course they drink pretty hard, by way of passing the time which seems to hang somewhat heavy on their hands, and altogether when I was there the Minister seemed to have a hard time of it keeping them in order. For my own part I should prefer a dozen or twenty troopers from some of the hill tribes of India under a couple of their native officers. Their black faces, gorgeous costumes, and little active bodies would impress the Chinese more than beef-fed Englishmen. They would be looked upon as a species of fiend, dangerous to meddle with and best left alone. They would cost about half and be far more tractable and useful to their employers, besides being imposing in their Oriental costumes in times of peace, and very devils in the event of a disturbance.

Although my bones ached most uncomfortably Captain Boys and myself set off early the second day on horseback to visit Sir R. Alcock at his abode on the Pa-ta-mên hills. We had to traverse pretty nearly one-half of Pekin, a distance of from two to three miles, before we reached the gate which led out in the direction we were going. The main road through the city was broad, but in fact consisted of three roads, inasmuch as between the houses situated on either side were two lines of shops or booths between which were roads. On grand occa-

sions, of a royal progress, or when any important State cavalcade is expected to pass, these booths are removed and the whole breadth of the street is left free, forming a roadway of at least thirty or forty yards—the lowness of the houses on either side giving it the appearance of even greater breadth. At one point we got a good view of an Imperial park studded with picturesque pleasure houses rich in colour and grotesque in form, interspersed amid noble trees, velvet slopes, lawns and lakes, the latter covered more or less with water lilies and the lotus. The people were civil and quiet in their demeanour, but seemed poor and far worse clad than the peasants of Shantung. There were innumerable crowds of filthy half-clad beggars looking like the wandering mad Dervishes so constantly met with in Turkish towns. One bridge literally swarmed with them. It was not far from the entrance to the palace, yet every description of loathsome objects was to be seen there. During our ride through the city we met several camels on which were mounted their Mongolian owners, rough-and-tumble looking sort of fellows, good-humoured enough, clothed in sheepskins, who shouted to us what we imagined to be friendly greetings. They were all bound to the Mongolian market-place, outside one of the Legation gates. In the spring of the year these tribes bring in frozen antelopes and other animals of the deer species, together with ox-tongues, hides, sheep and goats' wool, and ornamented work made of camel's hair. Some of them were armed with lances and long bows and arrows. They are a hardy race, living in tents made from the hair or wool of their camels woven into a species of coarse felt, eating the flesh of their flocks and drinking milk in great quantities—the dung of their camels furnish them with fuel. They are great horse or rather pony breeders and possess many of the peculiar characteristics of those who deal in these animals, not being very particular and quite equal in driving a hard bargain to any Yorkshireman. In religion they are Buddhists.

Our ride led us for some miles through a region of market gardens well supplied with vegetables of varied description—a

species of endive, the Shantung cabbage and turnips or radishes being in large quantities. Outside the Anting Gate we passed the Yamen where Lord Elgin took up his quarters and where the terms of the *capitulation* of Peking were *not* arranged—for in no sense did the city capitulate. It is true we talked very big about bringing up guns and shelling the place, but the Chinese knew as well as we did that we were a great deal too anxious to get away to do anything of the kind. If, instead of occupying this tumble-down country place, Lord Elgin had pushed into the city and occupied the Imperial Palace, which he might well have done, I should have had some respect for him, his co-adjutor and his staff—as it is, the Campaign of 1859-60 was little better than a farce for any good it effected.

About five miles from the city is a splendid specimen of bell-casting: it is only raised a few feet from the ground on a wood and stone framework. The metal is a bronze amalgam; it is covered over with letters and characters in Chinese, Sanscrit, and some other dialects. In height it is about eighteen feet, in diameter twelve feet, and it is said to be one of the largest bells, if not the largest bell ever cast. There is a hole in the top, and the only use that it is put to is that of a receptacle to pitch cash into, which the priest in attendance assures you is gratefully accepted by Buddha, but which he nevertheless picks up and puts into his own pocket. Further on still is a temple in marble well worth seeing. It is the only piece of architecture that I have seen in China that has nothing Chinese about it. It is Indian all over, but how it got there or why it is there, I could not find out.

Throughout the ride we had a fine range of hills in front of us, but as we approached nearer we found them almost stripped of timber and very barren. They were dotted about with temples and commanded a view of the plain we had crossed with Peking in the distance. In one of these temples, or rather congregation of temples, we found the Minister and his family. It was half-way up a hill and commanded a magnificent view. Winding up a steep path we came to the entrance and struck a

gong to announce our arrival. A priest decently dressed—communication with Europeans having I suppose taught him the superior comfort of cleanliness—opened the wicket gate and conducted us into a very pretty garden surrounded as usual by three distinct residences—one of which was dedicated to the god of thunder and had a gigantic image in painted plaster of his divinity. In front were some fine bronze tanks containing goldfish, and scattered about were some well-designed incense burners, more or less Indian in their character, showing that China stole a good deal of her ecclesiastical architecture from the native land of Buddha. We passed through several similar courts or gardens until we came to the one set apart for the family, where under some fine trees and matted over tent-fashion, surrounded by pretty parterres of flowers, we found a table spread with an excellent breakfast. We were most kindly and hospitably received. A charming little house containing one room was assigned to me as my residence, and after a bath I felt all the exhilarating effect of the soft fresh, and at the same time bracing, hill air. Of a surety, if it ever became my fate to be banished into the diplomatic service of my country at Peking, I should reside eight months of the year on these hills and thence fire away despatches into the town beneath me. On one of the other hills in the neighbourhood the Russian Legation had established itself. The Americans were a little further off, and the French had a hill to themselves also, so that there was society enough for those who liked it—barring always that of ladies, of whom there were only three. Life itself was, I have no doubt, pleasant enough for those who had any little hobbies of their own to indulge in, or any peculiar and favourite study to pursue; but diplomatic society *pur et simple*, without any leaven of more common clay in it, is apt to degenerate into interminable calls and formal dinner parties, full evening dress, extreme sensitiveness to imaginary slights, and some jealousies, national and personal. Diplomats are very feminine in some, if not indeed in most, of their attributes. They love dress and scandal, and are always on the look out for a slight on themselves or for

a preference shown to another. Thanks to Lady Alcock's and Miss Amy Lowder's never varying good humour and cheerfulness, the time did not pass heavy on my hands, and I accordingly enjoyed it immensely. That terrace with the full moon shining upon it, a glorious scene of hill and plain around it, and a very pretty and charming young lady to accompany one on a stroll up and down it, was all that could be desired, and I here record it as a fact, undisputed if not acknowledged, that on the hearts and memories of at least three of the party it made sad havoc. Age alone enabled me to escape the infatuation which induced my diplomatic, naval, and military friends to get up at four in the morning and climb high hills, to gaze upon the rising sun in the intoxicating society of a young lady whose great merit lay in the judicial calmness with which she meted out to each admirer a modicum of favour.

On my return to Peking some years later I accompanied Sir R. Alcock to the Tsung-li-yamen to discuss a project for a code regulating commercial differences between Chinese and foreigners with the Ministers. The Tsung-li-yamen is not a Foreign Office as we understand Departments of State so called in Europe. It is simply a Committee or Board of Ministers taken or selected from either of the State departments to discuss foreign affairs with foreign Ministers. Prince Kung is, or rather was, the Chairman or President of this Committee. I cannot say I was struck with the magnificence of the apartment set apart for the reception of Foreign Ministers and the discussion with them of foreign affairs. Indeed I have a shrewd suspicion that this building was designedly selected, first because it is at some considerable distance from all the departments of State, secondly because it is in an infamous state of repair, very small and inconvenient, and only approachable through streets which have very much the appearance of being the back slums of Peking, and thirdly because it shows the estimation in which Foreign Ministers are held and the utter unimportance of foreign affairs, when so poor accommodation is thought good enough to receive the one and discuss the other. Fancy a

dilapidated house in Seven Dials being specially set apart by the English Government for a Foreign Office—not, indeed, for the one in which my excellent and esteemed friends the clerks have to labour on behalf of their country, or in which the Chief Secretary of State or the Under-Secretaries habitually strive to maintain amicable relations with the rest of the world; but simply for the reception of Foreign Ministers. I am afraid the Corps Diplomatique would not feel complimented, and might even fancy that some slight was intended to be passed on them; but at Peking the Chinese Government is allowed to follow its own devices, to treat Foreign Ministers—as they treat all foreigners—viz., as inferiors whom it is very necessary and very meet should not be treated with any degree of respect, and whom the people should not by any accident be taught in any degree to look up to—therefore a kennel in a low part of the town is set aside wherein to hold communications with them, and to this kennel I accordingly went all meekness and humility. It is true that Sir R. Alcock lent as much pomp and circumstance to our progress as he was able, as at least four mounted British policemen, who looked very unlike the Lancers they were supposed to be, and who were a great deal too large and too heavy for the Arab horses they bestrode, accompanied us, and made at least a very considerable clatter besides covering us with dust; but this did not prevent my experiencing a choking sensation in my throat when I arrived at the yamen. Perhaps I am over-sensitive on the score of being insulted and am not quick at gulping down what I conceive to be an intentional rudeness; but if I had been Her Majesty’s Minister I should on my first introduction to the Tsung-li-yamen have declined altogether transacting anything like business therein, except that of kicking the Committee all round. I have very little doubt that my conduct would have caused great and sincere grief to my Secretary of Legation if he had happened to be at that time my esteemed friend Mr. Wade,¹ who thinks it, I verily believe, an honour to be recognized by a coolie if he be a Chinaman;

¹Afterwards Sir Thos. Wade.

but I think, all the same, I should have gained my point with the Ministers of the Emperor and shown them that, where they themselves carry on the business of their several departments, that was at least the place to receive the Envoy of the Queen of England. However, not being Her Majesty's Minister, I had to swallow my indignation, and with the aid of a policeman dismounted in the midst of some extremely dirty looking servants, not one of whom offered to hold my horse's head, and we were shown into a courtyard and finally into a dilapidated kiosk, circular in shape, surrounded by windows, through which a crowd of understrappers, grooms, and chair-bearers thrust their dirty faces, listening to all that was going on. The Ministers were all there, seated at a round table, but not at all looking as the knights thereof. Prince Kung came to the door to receive Sir R. Alcock and behaved civilly enough in the way of chin-chin-ing. He looked about five-and-thirty, was well made and about the middle height, his face sufficiently expressive and for a Chinaman, or rather, I should say, a Tartar, rather good-looking; but he had an obstinate, dictatorial manner, and might, I think, be excessively rude and impertinent when it suited him and he could be so with impunity. As to the other Ministers—there were seven of them, I quite forget their names—they were all old men and looked and behaved extremely like old women. They may have expressed themselves with ability; but as I only understood what they said through an interpreter, I am bound to say that they seemed to talk a great deal of nonsense and to take up a great deal of time about doing it. Of law of any kind, except that enforced by the bamboo, they seemed to know but little, but of commercial law, about which we came to talk, absolutely nothing. Prince Kung was like all Easterns very profuse in his promises, but as it was impossible to nail him to anything by way of a beginning they did not naturally amount to much. Several times in the midst of the discussion we branched off into such subjects as the expediency of taking snuff, and much more curiosity was intermittently shown about the different kinds of European snuff, and particularly about my

Irish 'blackguard' in a silver snuff box, into which they insisted upon inserting their dirty fingers and which set them all sneezing, than about the subject we had met to discuss. I was compelled to take snuff with them all round, each producing a little agate bottle about the size of a diminutive smelling bottle in which was a little spoon of bone to ladle out the snuff much in the same manner as we extract cayenne pepper from a cruet. It was scented, poor stuff, which got into the throat but failed to produce that titillation of the interior of the nostrils which good snuff occasions. With these and similar interruptions we discussed the necessity for an elementary international commercial code—that is to say, Sir R. Alcock and myself talked through the interpreters, and the Ministers jerked out a series of exclamations, occasionally looking at each other and talking; but evidently on matters wholly unconnected with the subject under discussion. Indeed I am positive that, while we were pointing out the inconvenience of attempting to decide commercial questions in controversy between foreigners in the absence of any rules of law common and known to all, His Imperial Majesty's Ministers were exchanging comments on my personal appearance and calculating from the number of white hairs in my beard my probable honourable age and official position. They did not even look wise, which was perhaps to their credit, since they certainly did not show any wisdom. In short, they acted very like children whom you are favouring with a little serious conversation to which they feel obliged to listen, but in which they take no interest, looking upon it as a very great bore and feeling much victimized.

It is, I believe, a very great mistake for Europeans to transact business with Asiatics by word of mouth, even where the former are masters of the language of the latter. A dragoman or interpreter is very useful as a messenger, but as he seldom conveys more than the bare meaning, if even he does that, of what you say when he is interpreting, all your skill in argument, all your energy and earnestness in enforcing your views, or shrewdness in combating those advanced by others, is love's labour thrown

away. I have had many interviews with Turks, Persians, and Chinese, and can most conscientiously declare that I never felt sure I had caused the impression I was perilling body and soul to create. I may have done so, but I doubt it. The only way to nail an Oriental diplomatist—and what Oriental is not born with a diplomatic spoon in his mouth, and they are all alike shifty and insincere—is to put your views shortly and strongly into writing and insist on getting an answer in writing. Send, by all means, your interpreter to give any verbal explanations that may possibly be required, but stick hard and fast to the written exposition of your views and arguments and insist upon a written answer. A little firmness in the beginning, and although you may not be as popular as those of your colleagues who talk more for the sake often of hearing their own eloquence than for any other purpose, you will effect more with less loss of time and temper. Some people are utterly unable to reason and the great majority of them won't. This is eminently the case with the Chinese—they are absolutely without the logical faculty, Confucius to the contrary notwithstanding, and they drive one crazy with their fallacies, their hyperboles, their circular arguments, and their utter inability to stick to the point. Off they go, wandering far away into realms unknown, until at last you are quite at a loss to make out what they are driving at, or whether they have the smallest remembrance of the original subject under discussion.

I was much amused with the way in which Prince Kung evaded making any promise which Sir R. Alcock, at the impotent conclusion of our visit, was anxious to extract from him—viz. to the effect that he would not only make an investigation into some riots that had taken place at Yangchow, in which some Protestant missionaries had been very seriously ill-used, but would punish those who had originated and taken part in them. Like a child Prince Kung kept assuring the Minister by nods that he would do what was requisite, but not a word could be got from him that could be construed into a promise that he would punish the guilty. Either he would not or could

not see that punishment was far more important than investigation, and that the English nation had a right to insist on both. He shuffled, grunted, and talked, in short did and said everything but what a straightforward honest man would have done or said. Sir R. Alcock showed far greater patience and temper than I should have shown or been capable of. I should have asked him plump if he meant to punish the guilty and kept his nose to the grindstone until he answered me. If he had said 'Yes,' well and good ; if he humbugged, as he did with Sir Rutherford, I should have assured him that I should take the necessary means myself to do it. Of course my employers would have grumbled and philo-Chinese would have accused me of bullying, but what other course is open when you have to deal with big, obstinate, insincere babies? I certainly derived no satisfaction from my visit, and although I made two subsequent attempts to induce the Ministers to agree to do something, I failed, and the commercial code remains *in nubibus* until the next war gives us an opportunity to force an absolutely essential measure down their throats. As to the Yangchow affair, it was only settled, and could only have been settled by an armed demonstration, which, be it said under the breath, is the only way to arrive at a satisfactory settlement of anything in China. However, the poor Consul who took it in hand and succeeded in doing what he was sent to do, and who literally interpreted his instructions that he was to do something efficient, got a wiggling for having menaced force and brought a very big gun-boat into play, and has ever since been considered by the Foreign Office and the Ministers at Peking as a very bad character, prone to bloodthirstiness.

CHAPTER V

THE only European who did not condescend to call on me when I visited Peking was Mr. Robert Hart (now Sir Robert Hart), the Chinese Inspector of Customs.

I suppose his instinct told him that I should not be disposed to let him have his own autocratic way in dealing with merchants, and that my construction of treaties would not always tally exactly with his. I have not the least doubt that this gentleman is a good and faithful servant of the Chinese Government. They certainly treated him when I was at Peking with scant respect—would not allow him to ride about in a Sedan chair, but obliged him to go about in a cart. A man may bring himself to swallow a good many things for a good many thousands a year, but I cannot understand an Englishman submitting at the hands of a foreign government, such a government as the Chinese Government, the continuous and undisguised contempt with which Mr. Hart was treated by his employers. And yet the English Government was guilty of the unexampled and utterly ridiculous folly of nominating this gentleman as English Minister and Plenipotentiary, and he actually held the post for several months, *i.e.* sufficiently long to master the confidential despatches and memoranda between former English Ministers and the English Foreign Office, and was then permitted to resume his former post of confidential adviser to the Chinese Government.

I do not care one straw for being told that I ought not to assume a man will do wrong, but I have not lived in the world all these years without knowing that if the man who occupies the position of Mr. Hart is the true and faithful servant

of the employer who pays him, he cannot be a loyal subject of the country of his birth when the interests of that country are opposed to those of the country of which he is the paid and very humble servant. In the same way it is a mistake to allow an Englishman to be the Chinese Secretary of Legation in England—a position Dr. Macartney—now Sir Halliday Macartney—holds. I don't object to Englishmen holding positions in foreign countries if they like to do so, but I do most seriously object to their becoming the 'Representatives' of the foreign governments they serve in England.

Of course it did not take me long to find out the reason of Mr. Hart's want of ordinary courtesy. His object was to ignore the fact that he himself and the other English officials—Commissioners, Clerks, Revenue Officers, Tidewaiters, etc., etc.,—in the employment of the Foreign Customs Department were under the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. I do not and never did dispute that officially they were under his orders—and that under some circumstances they might be relieved from responsibility in obeying them—but I had too much experience of Eastern authorities sheltering themselves under the pretence that their subordinates had exceeded their instructions and thus avoiding responsibility, to allow English subjects to be made tools of. Once take away the feeling of foreigners in the employment of such governments as Turkey, China, and Japan, that they are beyond the reach of their own authorities, they soon find that they may confidently expect immunity, provided, whatever excess of zeal they show redounds to the benefit or profit of their immediate or ultimate chiefs. For instance, Revenue officers and men have opportunities for doing things not only hurtful to their own countrymen but to natives, in respect of which it is impossible to obtain redress either from the native courts or native officials, no matter how the diplomatic effort is exerted. I have also known cases where the native authorities have, on being pressed, simply with a view to prevention rather than of punishment, passed a cruel sentence, chuckling that after all it was only a foreigner they were ill-

using and at the instance of his own countrymen. On one occasion in China at Chefoo I had the greatest difficulty in preventing the sacrifice of an English employee's life by the Chinese authorities, and if I had not insisted on trying him myself he would most unquestionably have been judicially murdered.

The circumstances were these and I mention them now, to bear out what I have said, although they occurred some years after I took over charge of the judicial work of the Consulates and Legation. Even my old friend Sir Thomas Wade, who was then Minister, did not support me, but on the contrary permitted me to be grossly insulted in the exercise of my duties without ever effectively remonstrating. I did not kick up a row about it, because I conceive that it is part of the duty of an official not to embroil his government unnecessarily and certainly not to place himself in antagonism to a brother-official; but it did anger me and is still an open wound. It might also have ended badly for me as well as have become an awkward precedent for my successors, but before it had so ended some score of Chinamen would have been sent to kingdom come—and if I could only have got at the Mandarin, he certainly would have lost his tail.

The Chinese authorities at Peking determined to build a lighthouse on the 'Shantung Promontory,' a dangerous headland against which many junks and foreign vessels had been lost—the whole country round it, like our Cornish fishers were in old times, were notorious wreckers and thoroughly understood the use of false beacons. They were therefore bitterly opposed to any such proceeding. The Chinese contractor and his men were beaten off the ground and a good deal of their work destroyed. I believe that the work was in charge of the Imperial Maritime Customs. Finding that northern men would not or could not show fight and protect themselves and the works, some Canton men were sent for and placed under the charge of an Englishman, a species of stockade was erected round the works, the labourers were armed and sentries patrolled

the place during the night. No one was allowed within a mile of the site, proclamations were issued, etc. Nevertheless free fights went on, but Canton men are not to be played the fool with, especially when they are in charge of a foreigner. The *modus operandi* of the peasants was to choose a dark night, and after twilight to lounge up in twos and threes, hide among the rocks, and then suddenly assault the works when the men were asleep, hurl down into the sea the prepared stones, injure the machinery, and running gear, etc. As a rule, if discovered, the peasants were beaten off with sticks. As may be imagined, the works did not progress very rapidly. The English over-looker generally went himself all round the place before turning in. On one evening, seeing some men approaching from several points within the limits, he went to meet them—the two nearest had the usual heavy four-pronged hoe used to break up the ground. He ordered them back, drawing his revolver; they refused, and one of them raised his hoe. On this the Englishman, seizing his revolver by the barrel, jumped on one side and struck the man over the arm and caused him to drop his hoe; but the blow caused the revolver to go off, the ball ripping up the Englishman's sleeve and passing into space, the men making off. Next day the Mandarin in charge of the district sent for him. He went. He was there charged with killing a man, not one of those whom he had challenged, but a man some distance off, who it was said was returning home from working in the fields, and who had been found dead, shot in the back by a bullet. He was detained. About a week after I heard of the affair and claimed him, undertaking to hold and try him. The Mandarin refused. I then applied to the Mandarin's superior, who also refused. Fearing that the Englishman would be ill-treated, I sent a couple of officers to fetch him, and the Mandarin not daring to resist surrendered him. I then consulted the convenience of the authorities as to the time of trial, and sent them also the Registrar of the Court, a lawyer and a good Chinese scholar, to assist them in marshalling their evidence, and to explain to them what testimony would be required, and

at considerable personal inconvenience I went down to Chefoo to hold a Court—summoning a jury. I had then a bungalow there, some two miles from the town on the beach.

At the trial the witnesses for the prosecution appeared in chains. A couple of Mandarins attended. I naturally asked why the witnesses were in chains and got for answer, that they did not like coming forward and had to be kept in confinement. Of course I had their chains taken off and warned them to speak the truth without fear. One of the Chinese authorities examined them; they all told the same story—although some of them had not been on the spot—and even these deposed to facts, and to having heard what passed, when it was quite clear that, even if they were in the neighbourhood, they could neither have seen or heard anything. The only two who identified the Englishman were the two men whom he had met. No one could doubt, but that with the exception of these two, all the evidence given by the rest had been taught them. Indeed one of them—a fine looking old fellow—on being threatened by the Mandarin for not recollecting what he had seen, turned angrily on him and said ‘How can you expect I can recollect all you have told me to say, you half starved me, and look here’ (showing his wrists) ‘see how I have been treated, locked up in a beastly hole, taken away from my family and work for the last moon. I have forgot all, I wasn’t there, and I know nothing about the affair, nor do any of the rest of them except the two’ pointing out the two men—‘Ask them.’ Knowing what would happen to the poor devil after this outburst, I wrote an order on a piece of paper, directing him to be taken up to the Consulate, so that he might not be tortured.

Then the Mandarin who had acted as Coroner and had examined the body, handed in his official report, which stated the fact that the man had been shot in the back, describing the appearance of the wound at the point of ingress and egress. It also stated at the time the inquest took place the body was lying where it fell and had not been touched, that it was distant about a hundred paces from where the pistol had been fired, and that

the two witnesses had stated at the inquest that the Englishman had turned round deliberately and aimed at the man in the field and killed him. An American doctor present volunteered evidence that the marks deposed to—which were all on a diagram of a human figure—were only consistent with the ball having entered the chest. This made me a little mistrustful about the inquest, so I asked the Mandarin who played the part of Coroner if he had himself seen the body, when to my astonishment he replied ‘No, I cannot bear seeing a dead body, so I had a mat put up between me and it before I went to the ground.’ I then asked him if he knew where it was buried. He did not. I then proposed to adjourn the case and sent off a doctor to examine the body, but this he absolutely refused to permit, neither would the other Mandarins, and the evidence closed. The Englishman simply said in his defence ‘that so far as the evidence of the two men whom he had accosted and warned off went, it was true; but that their denial of striking at him was false; that he hit the man with the butt end of his pistol, and that it went off ripping up a part of his sleeve; that no one was within a quarter of a mile of him when it did so, and that it was quite light enough for him to have seen two or three hundred yards off, and that he did not believe that any one was killed? It was a got-up case to prevent the further building of the light-house.’

I summed up to the jury, leaving them to determine three questions. (1) Were they satisfied that any one was killed? (2) Did they believe that the pistol was fired purposely and with aim, or was it used as described by the prisoner in self-defence? (3) Or was it used carelessly and with no sufficient justification? The jury instantly replied to all the questions in the negative, and the man was acquitted, not only to the intense indignation of the Chinese, but also to the indignation of Sir Thomas Wade, who coolly wrote to me that he did not agree with the verdict, and that I ought to have retained the accused in custody, for, I suppose, an investigation or trial by the Chinese or by some amateur tribunal. Now

throughout the case the man received no assistance from either his employers—the Chinese—or any one else. If he had been left in the custody of the Chinese, he would certainly never have left it alive, and it is equally certain he would have been tortured to make him confess.

The next evening my house was surrounded by a mob of the villagers from the neighbourhood of the lighthouse, headed by the supposed widow—yelling and screaming. They all had hoes; so far as I could make out they wanted me to deliver up the man, who had of course left Chefoo when he was discharged, and if I did not hand him over they threatened to kill me and burn my house down, and for three days and two nights did this continue. I sent down to the Mandarin or Taotai of Chefoo, who replied that I had better give the man up and not irritate the mob, that he could do nothing but would send down an officer—and an officer came, at whom the mob howled, and he left, telling my servants I had better offer them two or three dollars a head to go away and give the woman fifty dollars. Of course I refused to do anything of the kind. I closed all my windows, loaded a couple of double-barrelled guns and a couple of revolvers, and walked up and down the verandah; my servants, with the exception of my personal boy, were afraid to show their noses. Only one of my boatmen came up each night on the sly, and not being quite sure of him, I did not let him inside the house—I had my sister-in-law and an old Japanese amah in the house. This old woman, who had the courage of the devil, and my sister-in-law helped me during the two nights to keep watch. At last my boy said he had heard that there was a gun-boat down the coast somewhere between Chefoo and Shantung, and he and the boatman would go out at night and try and find it, and to my intense delight, for I was pretty well worn out, it steamed in next morning and anchored just in front of my bungalow. A party of Marines and Jacks landed and then commenced a regular stampede. We bagged the woman, who confessed that she was not any man's wife, but was a hired 'Wailer,' usually employed at funerals, and, by the

Lord ! she was a most accomplished howler. I made her sign a deposition to that effect, and then I went to interview the Mandarin who said that he was very sorry, but he really had no control over the villagers, that they were very bad men, and that he would send me a guard, to which I replied that I did not want one, preferring the Jacks. I kept a guard of six men in one of my cottages for three weeks and yet, in spite of my representations to the Legation and, in spite of those to the Chinese authorities which I was informed were made, I never even received the slightest expression of regret. Of course I never tried another British subject accused of killing a Chinaman at an outlying port, unless there was a gun-boat near at hand.

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CHAPTER VI

WE returned to Tientsin by water and, finding the 'Weasel' still in attendance, dropped down to Taku and soon found ourselves on board the 'Barosa' *en route* for Newchwang, and next evening we anchored off the Shara-muren¹ river; but as we had nearly twenty miles journey in a row-boat to make before we could reach the settlement, to say nothing of the town of Newchwang which is eighty miles still further up the river, we determined to delay any attempt at landing until the next day. Accordingly at sunrise we proceeded to fire away a few cannon shot in the hope of attracting the attention of the gun-boat, which we knew ought to be lying in front of the settlement; but either the wind did not carry the sound or the watch of the gun-boat was asleep, so we had to pull up. We tried sailing, but the wind dropped as soon as the sails were hoisted. Wherever the land was it was so low that it was not until we had been more than a couple of hours, under a broiling sun and in a nasty chopping sea, that we discovered lines upon lines of fishing stakes, and navigating through them with occasionally not more than two feet of water under the boat's keel we reached the mud-banked mouth of the river, and a dreary flat each bank presented, exposing at low water large squares formed by dykes and ditches devoted to the evaporation of salt water into salt. In about two hours we reached Ying-tsu. In the same way as the Treaty Port of Chefoo is not Chefoo but Yen-t'ai, so Newchwang is not Newchwang but Ying-tsu. I suppose there is some good reason for naming one place as a treaty port and then using another place; but it seems to me that it would have

¹Or Liau-ho.

facilitated matters if we had found out in the first instance which were really the desirable places at which to secure freedom of trade to our merchants and then stuck to them instead of being humbugged by the Chinese in the way we have been. The treaty town of Newchwang is some eighty miles up the river, but being inaccessible to shipping of any large size, we were foolishly induced to accept a miserable small fishing town as a substitute for it, and have thus practically barred ourselves from the interior. If we had stuck to Newchwang we should have had the enjoyment of the river as an anchorage, the site of Ying-tsu as a depot for merchandise, and the right of full freedom of trade and residence with and in the chief town of the province.

The river Shara-muren¹ is the chief outlet of Manchuria and Eastern Mongolia—the produce of which countries find their way down from the great emporium of Mukden to Tienchang-tai, and from thence by flat-bottomed boats to Newchwang and Ying-tsu. It is also principally by this route that the few objects obtainable from the Korea pass, and here may occasionally be seen the natives of the latter country distinguishable from the Chinese and even the Mongolians by their height, powerful muscular build, and by their garments of sheep-skin. The foreign settlement consists of not more than half-a-dozen foreign houses, and one foreign bean-crushing establishment, since removed, all the rest of the land set apart for the residence of the barbarian trader being indeed mapped out and divided by ditches, no proprietor having had apparently the courage to do more than inscribe his name on his boundary stone. Whether there will ever be an opening for the foreign merchant in this part of the country remains to be seen. Several causes contribute to throw the trade into native hands. In the first place the Chinaman has no need of a go-between between the producer or native and native merchant or broker. He is not the victim of the Compradore nuisance. If he is from another province he soon learns the dialect of the province in which he

¹Or Liau-ho.

is seeking to trade ; there he can live upon next to nothing, and as his expenses are small he can do business at a profit where, if the foreign merchant were to attempt to do it on the same terms, he would simply be saddled with a dead loss on every transaction. Then again the foreigner knows nothing of the currency of the country, he is ignorant of the different values or ' touches ' of silver, and has no experience, and seems incapable of obtaining any of the fluctuations of the copper cash market. The native banks he naturally mistrusts, and they return the compliment by treating even the credits of Rothschild or Baring with great contempt. So that while the native can obtain credit, the foreigner must pay cash, or what almost amounts to cash, for what he buys, and give credit, on little or no security, for what he sells. The people of this district, however, appear very well disposed towards foreigners. They are very civil and hospitable, and from what I heard from our late excellent Consul, Mr. Meadows, a foreigner might travel for weeks and months—especially if he knew a little of the language—in the interior among the hard-working peasantry and meet with nothing but kindness ; but then ! this statement must be taken *cum grano*. Mr. Meadows was a distinguished sinologue—item the first against any faith being placed in his practical knowledge—then he was an ardent admirer of the Chinese themselves, their manners, customs, laws, philosophy, and habits. Then he was a German student full of metaphysics and transcendental thingamys, I forget the right word.

Whilst here at Ying-tsu I disposed of several cases, notably one of homicide, in which an Englishman under the influence of fear, and from misunderstanding the language and habits of the people, had killed in the night time a Chinese carman. If this had occurred in the south we should have had the usual threats of an outbreak if we did not forthwith execute the accused, and hideous clamouring from the Viceroy to the lowest coolie for the heart of the culprit. Here there seemed to be the most perfect reliance that justice would be done, but no bloodthirsty crowd yelling like savages for the life of a fellow

creature, and when ultimately a verdict of manslaughter was pronounced and the prisoner condemned to imprisonment, the excitement completely died away and the notion of public justice seemed at least satisfied.

In the intervals of my judicial duties I made several short excursions into the country, and would have much liked to have accompanied Mr. Meadows on one of his annual excursions through his Consular district, but I could not spare the time.

The Consul, however, his residence and his life, deserve more than a passing notice. Meadows was a strange mixture of Humboldt and Livingstone—with the learning of the one and the untiring physical energy of the other. He was our most promising Chinese scholar, had passed the best part of his life in China, nine years in the south, six in middle China, and some seven or eight years in Manchuria. He was at once a philosopher and a naturalist, and would have been a politician, a lawyer, and a diplomatist—if the opportunity of following either career had presented itself. At the same time of all the men I have met I never knew one so thoroughly impracticable, a very thorn in the sides of his chiefs, and he was possessed of that most fatal of all gifts, a *caco-ëthes scribendi*, which drove his correspondents to the verge of madness. It was at the same time my misfortune and my fortune to be constantly engaged in a paper-warfare with him. I could never convince him that he was wrong, and, as he said, more than half insulted him when I admitted he was right. No course of mathematics or logic that I ever went through gave me half the intellectual exercise and fatigue that one of his ordinary despatches gave me, and yet when on this occasion I made his formal acquaintance I can truly say I never enjoyed more thoroughly a man's conversation or learned so much from any professor. His powers of dialectic discussion were great, and in the hurry of ordinary conversation and verbal argument, when he could not afford his mind the luxury of splitting hairs, and his natural courtesy prevented him from indulging in contradiction for contradiction's sake, it would have been difficult to find a more entertaining or instruc-

tive companion. Poor Meadows, he has gone the way of all flesh, having accomplished much, but not half what he could himself have desired to accomplish or what he was capable of performing. In person he was tall and gaunt, not unlike the description we have of Don Quixote in figure and in manner; while his immense Chinese spectacles set across a powerful nose, his stubbly hair, and semi-Chinese costume presented a picture not easily forgotten.

It was with some difficulty we forced our way into his residence, a succession of temples, in each of which was a colossal figure of a god, and with whose worship Meadows allowed no interference. The inner apartments were guarded from intrusion by three or four gigantic Mongolian dogs, who successfully opposed our entrance in spite of our umbrellas and the bamboo poles with which the Consular servants had advised our arming ourselves. It was the hour of their master's mid-day rest, and I verily believe the precautions they suggested were quite as much the offspring of fear of the Consul as of his dogs, and good cause indeed would they have had to fear the great man, if he only made use of any one of the deadly weapons with which his outer hall was furnished. This place was literally as full of arms as his library was full of books—from thirty-two pounders to every variety of rifle and smooth-bore and pistols of infinite numbers, from the double-barrelled duelling pistol to the Colt revolver and the pocket derringer—to say nothing of boarding spikes and spears, the latter from Manchuria and used in the killing of tigers, wolves, and bears—sports to which Her Majesty's representative was peculiarly addicted.

Having, however, made good our entrance and been hospitably received and located in the different temples enclosed within the domain—mine was dedicated to the God of Medicine who, as he grinned at me from his niche, looked as if his chief delight consisted in pouring castor oil down his own throat—we started for a walk into the city, and here I first saw evidence of a genuine market-place, in which were several carts of most solid build, showing clearly the nature and condition of the roads

in the interior, as well as their own capability of standing any amount of jolting. Most of them had two wheels, and greatly resemble those used in France, being very long in the body and requiring to be very perfectly packed in order to distribute and balance the weight equally and not throw it on the animal in the shafts, usually a horse. Like the French carts also the team usually consists of a horse in the shafts and two or more mules in traces which hook on to the shafts. Those we saw were chiefly laden with what are miscalled beans—but which are in reality a species of pea or vetch. This constitutes the principal produce of this portion of the country. Oil is made from it, and the refuse is pressed into a sort of cake which is largely exported to the south as a manure, especially for the sugar-cane.

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CHAPTER VII

ON my return to Shanghai I re-edited my Code of Procedure for the Levant, adapting it to China, and established the *Supreme Court and Consular Gazette*, a double-columned paper of a small folio size, in which reports of all Civil, Criminal, and Magistrates' cases, and notices of Bankruptcies, Bills of Sale, Marriages, etc., under the several statutes, were given. All important cases were noted and explained by myself or Mr. Goodwin in an editorial leader, so that merchants, Consuls, and unprofessional readers had the judgment and the *motifs* of it thoroughly explained. My object was to induce uniformity of action, decision, and sentences throughout the English Consulates of China and Japan, and I succeeded beyond my expectations. One of the Consular interpreters provided translations of all Edicts issued through the Imperial Gazette and relating more or less nearly to foreign interests. The rest of the space was devoted to original articles or matters of interest relating to China, but with this part of it I had nothing to do. I need hardly say that it but just paid the cost of paper and printing. It was, however, of use and was taken in by all the residents at the several ports—foreigners as well as English.

Almost the first criminal case I had to deal with was one which caused me some anxiety. Some Chinese coolies were employed in transferring from a vessel to an opium hulk a quantity of the drug in cases. One case was broken and a ball of opium was extracted. The men were without any form of trial tied up and severely flogged. Chinese fashion, they waylaid me on the steps of the Court exhibiting their raw backs. Chinamen have very thin skins, and what an English sailor

would hardly feel cuts into their flesh. On hearing the facts I ordered a summons to issue to the Captain and mate of the hulk, and determined to try the case myself. On the day appointed the Captain sent a note to me saying 'that he really could not attend as he and his mate had other work to look after, that the men had stolen the opium and had been according to custom properly flogged, and as far as he and the mate was concerned there was an end of it.' Well, I did not see the matter in that light, and immediately sent off an officer with a warrant, who brought them up in a white heat of indignation. The coolies stated their complaint; the Captain and mate admitted all the facts, but urged that the coolies were thieves and punished red-handed. As regards the alleged theft I asked where the evidence of it was, and in reply was informed that one of the cases was found very clumsily mended showing it had been broken and tampered with, and that on opening it one ball of opium was missing. This, however, in my humble opinion did not necessarily connect the coolies with the theft, and I declined to accept the explanation that 'no one else could have done it.' I asked if the Captain had sent to the ship whence the cargo was discharged or to the owners of the opium to make enquiries. Oh no, what was the use of doing that when it was clear the coolies had stolen the ball? I wrote, however, a note to the firm asking if they knew anything about a ball of opium which had been taken out of one of their boxes, and in reply got a note stating that their tally-clerk, finding one of the boxes damaged, had taken out one of the balls which was loose in the case for fear of it being lost and had patched up the box, retaining the ball. I thought this practice of thrashing Chinese on a mere lazy assumption of guilt must be at once put an end to, so I gave 'the Captain three months, and the mate six weeks' imprisonment.' The astonishment was profound. What! send an Englishman to prison for flogging half-a-dozen Chinamen!! Whoever heard of such a thing! etc., etc. However to prison they went, and I received a round robin from the community begging me to remit the sentence on the ground that the accused

had only done what it had been the custom to do, this I declined to do; the men served their terms, and except for trifling assaults no one flogged Chinese coolies or servants after that fashion again, at least I heard nothing of it if they did. What made the punishment harder to the Captain was, poor old fellow, that he was expecting his affianced wife out and his wedding had to be delayed, but of course I knew nothing of that.

A ludicrous incident, however, grew out of it—at least it was so alleged. A young foreigner, a small fellow, determined to flog his ‘boy’ for some offence. The ‘boy’ apparently acquiesced in the sentence, only begged his master to flog him privately in his room with the door shut, so that the other servants might not hear his cries, as ‘he should be too much ashamed.’ The master granted the request, took the boy and his whip into his bedroom, told the boy to shut the door and take off his jacket, all of which the boy did; but then he suddenly wrenched the whip out of his master’s hand, horse-whipped him soundly and then bolted. This was told me as a consequence of my action in the coolies’ case.

The old Captain, when his sentence expired, came to see me, and we became very good friends, and he often after, when he came to ‘tiffin’ with me, used to say—‘Ah! sir, you never did a “better thing than locking me up for taking the law into my own hands and flogging those poor coolies.”’ Poor old chap, it would have been better had he stayed longer in prison, for his young bride led him a sad life until she left him.

Almost immediately after this experience came up the question of how to deal with ‘Creek Pirates.’ These scoundrels were all foreigners—it was said they were the scourgings of Gordon’s ‘Ever Invincible Army.’ Some were English subjects from the old country, Australia, and California. Their habits were to get a snake-boat, hire a Chinese crew of eight or ten scoundrels, and go up the creeks into the interior, plunder villages, levy blackmail, beat and sometimes murder the villagers, rape the women, and ill-use the children. The difficulty in catching and convicting them arose from the absence of evidence. At

last our Sub-Inspector of Police got over this by pretending to be a rival pirate. He got a snake-boat and a reliable crew of Chinese boatmen, passed one of the pirate boats in a creek during the night, waited, and then suddenly returned on his footsteps and surprised the scoundrels gloating in their spoils and half-drunk. A revolver and handcuffs settled the matter, and I sentenced them to fifty lashes well laid on. I cannot say that I acted under any particular statute, but my commission instructed me to prevent and punish crimes, to maintain order, etc., and to administer English law where applicable and suitable. I construed this liberally, and one Chinaman having deposed to being nearly throttled whilst his house was looted and burnt, I looked on that as a species of garroting. The fellows howled and wept like a lot of girls, and the whole gang concluded that the new system made things a great deal too hot and uncomfortable, and promptly cleared out. That was the first and last case of pure 'Creek Piracy' I had to deal with.

During the first two years my time was principally occupied in going circuit to the ports—to the north in the summer and southwards in winter—to hearing appeals and the heavier civil and criminal cases. There were also several very heavy bankruptcies, both of mercantile houses and of banks in which millions of pounds sterling were involved. The result of which was that many large firms were dissolved and split up into smaller ones. Three banks were closed. This cleared the air a little, but threw an immense amount of work on the Court, but by sitting *de die in diem* we managed to keep ahead of it. On the whole I am inclined to think the crisis did good. It stopped rash speculation, forced men to attend more closely to business details, and to limit their expenditure. The lawyers did a thriving business. Two of the leaders made for three years at least £4000 a year each, and the revenue of the Court paid its expenses with the exception of my own salary.

As the police got into harness criminal cases increased, and I had to try several murder cases and to pass sentence of death. No one except those who have had to perform this duty can

have any idea of the positive anguish it causes. It used to affect me terribly and more than once I have felt my heart beat so violently that I had to press a book between my left side and my desk to prevent it bursting, and it was only by a tremendous effort of will that I could command my voice. I never could make use of the formula which judges ordinarily employ, but simply stated to the prisoner that he had been found guilty and the sentence was 'Death.'

So much did these murder cases distress me that I could not sleep at night, but went over and over the evidence in my mind a dozen times in fear that in summing up I had omitted to give due weight to any portion of it that might have been twistable in the prisoner's favour, and this anxiety was increased by the experience I gained that juries in such cases depend almost entirely on the summing-up of the Judge, and I felt that it all depended on myself as to whether the verdict was to be an acquittal or one of guilty. On one occasion, however, the jury 'did' me, I had summed up for a verdict of manslaughter and they promptly returned a verdict of 'Wilful Murder.' This, however, I was able to correct. I remember also writing to Lord Bramwell telling him how horribly I suffered. I give his answer.

'Dear Hornby—I have suffered as much as you appear to do, and I do not think it is possible for some men to get over the feeling of the intense responsibility, but you can do something to mitigate the acute pain which really arises from misplaced sympathy, entirely undeserving as the object of it generally is. You have only the being that has done the wrong and whom you are going to deprive of life before you, his victim is *not* before you, let your mind revert to the scene and circumstances of the crime as disclosed in the evidence with its too pregnant accompaniment of damnable, low cunning, cowardice, and brutal cruelty. Imagine the mental and physical agony of the victim, the wretchedness of those he leaves behind him, and you will feel few of those feelings you describe, at least they will be shorn of their intensity. I trust you will not have many such

cases, but remember it is the duty of a judge to be firm and strong.'

I followed this advice as well as I could, and found that it did to a great extent have the effect of steel-hardening me, but I never entirely overcame the feeling of intense anguish I have alluded to, and I remember that when I retired the only pleasure I felt was that I should never have to sentence another human being to death. This, however, I can say, that I always felt and knew that I summed up the evidence in such cases far more ably than I ever summed up the evidence in a civil case.

The case in which the jury returned a verdict of 'Wilful Murder' against my ruling was a curious one and gave me a good deal of trouble, and I was ultimately obliged to settle it sledge-hammer fashion or incur the risk of doing injustice all round—so I chose the lesser of the two evils.

A Captain had navigated his vessel from England to the Pagoda anchorage,¹ having experienced bad weather and, what was worse, he had his wife on board. He had a good crew and they had worked hard. The carpenter was an exceptionally good hand, the boatswain a good-looking active sailor and a fair musician, for whom it was said the Captain's wife showed some predilection. On arrival in the Foochow, or rather the 'Min' river, after the ship was duly berthed, the sailors determined to celebrate their safe arrival by a dance and an extra allowance of grog. The Captain and mate surlily refused to permit the one or give the other, and went ashore. The men determined to have their dance, and the boatswain piped to them, there was no pretence of drinking. Next day they were summoned before the Vice-Consul for disobedience. He was a youngster with no experience, and instead of a formal summons he sent an officer to bring them to the Consulate. The men having been forbidden to go on shore and not knowing the officer and thinking it a ruse of the Captain's to get them to disobey orders, refused to accompany him. No doubt they chaffed him, which ruffled his dignity and he reported them as mutinous, on which a

¹ Near Foochow.

warrant was obtained, and the Captain and mate went round to the other ships at the anchorage to get assistance to suppress the alleged mutiny, and four or five captains and mates returned with them on board armed with pistols and swords. On reaching the ship and without waiting for the officer with the warrant, they called on the men to come forward to be ironed. In vain the carpenter and boatswain interceded, begging to know in what way they had offended. The men refused to be handcuffed and one or two of them were knocked down; the men then determined to resist, on which the Captain and his mate lost their tempers, fired, killed one man, broke the carpenter's arm, and wounded the boatswain. The officer had in the meantime arrived, but hearing the row was frightened and did not go on board. Next morning the men went on shore to complain, they were detained, charged with mutiny, sentenced to different terms of imprisonment, and were sent to Hong Kong there to undergo their punishment. All this had apparently been done under instructions from the Superintending Consul at Foochow, an old man and the only Consular officer in China who was opposed to the new order of things. Every step taken throughout the affair had been irregular. The Vice-Consul had no power to try the men, there had been no summons issued, no warrant shown, no notice was taken of the men's complaint, there was no proper trial, no authority to send the prisoners to Hong Kong, and no report was sent to the Supreme Court, and I should not have heard of it had it not been that one of the visitors of the gaol at Hong Kong having heard the carpenter's story wrote up to me a private note. I immediately wired to Foochow for information and explanation, and received a very curt note in reply. I then ordered all the proceedings to be sent up to me, and when they arrived, such as they were, they disclosed a most ridiculous travesty of judicial forms. In the meantime the Government of Hong Kong had sent the prisoners to Shanghai, they then through a lawyer commenced the proceedings in due form, which resulted in an indictment for murder against the Captain and mate; the defence was that all that was

done, was done under Consular authority. This was disproved, although somewhat lamely, for no authority except a verbal one was forthcoming, and that was denied, and as regards the warrant granted on the Captain's verbal statement it had not been produced, as the officer only appeared on the scene after the fight, and did not even then go on board; the fact being that the Vice-Consul had been deceived and had taken too much on himself, whilst his chief had not given himself the trouble to inquire or give sufficient or even proper instructions. Whether the Captain and the mate *believed* they had authority for their conduct was at least doubtful, and their conduct in going round to the other ships in the evening to get assistance on the pretence of a mutiny on board, and getting some officers to accompany them fully armed with more liquor in them than was prudent, and blazing away at a lot of unarmed men was such that, in spite of my summing up, the jury returned a verdict of ‘Wilful Murder’ without a moment's hesitation. My version of the affair was that the Captain, being irritated at his wife's inclination for the boatswain, determined to get rid of him, that he purposely and falsely represented matters to the Vice-Consul and took advantage of his inexperience, that in his excitement he took more spirits than he could carry, misrepresented matters to the officers of the different ships he went to for assistance, and chose to construe the refusal of the men to be ironed as mutiny, and fired recklessly, provoking the conflict which resulted in the death of one and the wounding of two men. I forget exactly how I got out of the imbroglio, but I did somehow and in a sledge-hammer fashion. As regards the senior Consul at Foochow I was obliged to report him and he was ordered to transfer himself to the Pagoda anchorage, which being a mere rock in the river was not a pleasant residence, and in future to do what work there was *himself* and not leave it to a youngster.

I have given the above facts from memory, I may have omitted some and not accurately described others, but my object is to show the importance of selecting capable men for the

performance of, often very responsible, duties, giving them full instructions and insisting upon their being followed, and to show how impossible it is, at times, with the best will in the world, to follow a procedure which, however suited to a country like England, cannot be exactly followed in such outlying places as China. Not only should a wide discretionary power be given to the Chief Judicial Officer but he should also be enabled, when the occasion requires it, to summarily quash proceedings which are certain in his judgment to lead to gross injustice. I cannot too heartily express my gratitude to the Foreign Office for the support they always extended to me, for I am conscious of having been often obliged to take a very comprehensive view of the extent of the powers confided to me. Although I often went out of my way to suggest that my decisions should be taken up on appeal to the Privy Council, I do not think that more than one or two ever found their way there, and with the exception of one, and that I had very little to do with, I do not recollect that any were reversed.

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CHAPTER VIII

ON my return from my tour of inspection I found the bungalow I had taken outside the settlement ready for my reception. I paid £600 a year for it, in England it would have been high rented at £100 a year, and I added to it another storey surrounded by a side verandah. My law secretary Fraser and my private secretary Medard and his wife and child lived with me. I was elected Colonel Commandant of the Volunteers, a force of 600 men all told, and boasting two howitzers. It was then the only Volunteer force that had ever been in action. This post I held for six years. I cannot say that I distinguished myself as a soldier, except by regular attendance at drills and parade and field days, but the officers under me fortunately understood their work. Major Macdonald of the Marines acted as my Brigade Major and my usher, Captain——, made an excellent Sergeant-Major. He had been in the English Army and had also acted as Paymaster of Gordon's Invincible Army, and when that force was disbanded, was willing to accept the position of usher at my Court, a post he held until his death. On one of the Queen's birthdays the Admiral came up from Hong Kong and reviewed us with his marines and blue-jackets. As he was an indifferent horseman I lent him my charger and rode my wife's horse, an old circus performer. The review was held inside the race course, where 'Miss Mowbray' used to take her morning exercise. On the firing of the 'feu-de-joie' she took it as a signal to be off, and willy-nilly carried me round the steeple-chase course, taking all the jumps, and finally charged down the line, putting the force to flight until she condescended to pull up by the side of her stable companion that the Admiral was mounted on. This was an unexpected performance and was greeted with

rapturous applause. I cannot say I enjoyed it—a high peaked military saddle and a long sword not contributing to the delights of a steeple-chase.

This mare had distinguished herself before; she had been bought out of a circus, was at least twenty years old, black as night, all bone and muscle, and certainly not beautiful to look at; she was, however, a good performer and an excellent jumper, provided she was allowed to take her own time. Two well-known steeple-chasers had been sent up from Australia to compete with the China racers, and there were no horses in Shanghai who had any reputation as jumpers, although there were several ponies. Three horses were required to be entered to make a race, so after a good deal of persuasion I consented to permit 'Miss Mowbray,' without any preparation, to be entered to make the third, so as not to balk the meeting of a race. Off went the three. When the two 'whalers' were round the course 'Miss Mowbray' was leisurely pursuing the even tenor of her way about a quarter of a mile behind, the bets against her were between 100 and 1000 to 1, which for the fun of the thing her old owner, Johnny Markham, as he was affectionately called, took. At the second round she had gone round once and a half, at the third round (the last) the two whalers collided and lost their temper as whalers are apt to do, and at every jump rushed at each other. This gave 'Miss Mowbray' her opportunity, round she came, taking the jumps with the greatest coolness in genuine circus form. At the last big water jump she passed her competitors, and putting on a spurt by way of fun, landed herself a winner by two lengths, thus beating by a fluke two renowned steeple-chasers sent up expressly to show China hands what running and jumping really meant. Markham pocketed, it is said, about 4500 Taels or about £1,500, with which he promptly bought and stocked a farm known thereafter, and for all time, as 'Markham's' Farm.

I became a Steward of the Races and Chairman of the Race Club, bought a lot of ponies, never won a race, never made a single bet, and at the end of six years found a balance of only

£16 against me. In such places as Shanghai, where a lot of young men are herded together, it is absolutely necessary to find a vent for their superfluous energies. Racing, rowing, paper-hunting, cricket, fives, tennis, and athletics are all excellent; the two first necessitating training, getting up at daybreak and going to bed early, so that there is little time left after office hours for drinking and other objectionable habits to which the climate and absence of social and intellectual amusements tend. It is also of great importance that the heads of houses and elders should join in and assist in such diversions—their doing so keeps things straight and effectually checks rowdyism. Our rules were very strict, no swearing or bad language or drinking was allowed on the course even during training, bets were limited, and tricks of all kinds were sternly visited with expulsion. During the whole time I was there we had only one attempt at 'snivism,' when it was my very painful duty to pronounce sentence of expulsion and to lead the 'snivy' gentleman past the grandstand and off the course.

During the halycon days when China firms made large fortunes, lived in palaces, the partners kept and ran race-horses. The Messrs. Jardine, Messrs. Dent, Gibb Livingstone, Lyndsey & Co., Coutts & Co., and others all owned some good horses, 'Sir William' and 'Exeter' being the prime favourites. Herbert Smith of Jardine's, J. Cock of Coutts & Co. were first-rate jockeys, the first the best gentleman rider I have ever seen. There were also two Chinamen allowed to ride, and excellent riders they were, having good seats, light hands, riding with great judgment, never losing their heads. When trade declined pony racing took the place of horse racing, and to the advantage of the juniors, since most clerks could afford a pony. These animals were from $12\frac{1}{2}$ to $13\frac{1}{2}$ hands, wonderfully well built and powerful, with a good turn of speed. They came direct from Mongolia in herds of sixty or seventy shaggy untrained animals; were put up to auction at the horse-bazaar; the best being trained for racing, the second best for paper-hunters, the third for hacks, and those above $13\frac{1}{2}$ hands were bought for

broughams and basket carts. The prices ranged from 15 Taels (£5) to 150 Taels (£50). The arrival of these animals, which had been driven at least 1200 miles accompanied by their sheep-skinned owners, at the auction mart, was always a gala day, all the sporting youngsters turning out about 4 p.m. intent upon picking out 'a good thing.' Examination of the animals, however, was out of the question. In the first place they were as shaggy as bears and about as dangerous to approach. If a European tried to get near them they would rear, show fight with teeth and fore-legs, and kick out in most murderous fashion. Even the Mongols had to catch and lead them to the auctioneer's box by a noose at the end of a ten-foot bamboo. There was no difficulty in seeing whether they had the free use of their legs, the only thing to do was to keep out of their reach. The 'knowing ones' amongst the crowd of buyers exercised their judgment at a respectful distance. I generally bought half-a-dozen at a venture. When the sale was over there was a general adjournment to the race training course. A lot of Chinese stable lads were mounted, and off the lots started, competing with each other for a mile race. The owners watched with intense interest the run. Out of perhaps fifty only ten or twelve came to the front, but occasionally one or two outstripped the others by several lengths to the delight of their purchasers, and were declared 'cracks.' Then came two or three months of careful training until the shaggy animals appeared on the course with splendid short coats shining like satin, and looking like miniature thorough-breds. Their speed was, for their size, wonderful. A mile in one minute forty seconds was by no means rare. There were two meetings a year, a spring and autumn meeting, lasting each three days, showing each day seven or eight events. This was a time of revelry. The grand stand crowded with ladies, their husbands and lovers; the course, equal to the best in England, surrounded by one or two hundred thousand Chinese; luncheons and pic-nic parties in the grounds of the inner circle and in the neighbouring bungalows, all going merrily as marriage bells. It really was a sight

to behold, and for fun, amusement, good cheer, happy faces, and no contrempts or blackguardism, beat the Derby and Ascot hollow.

How was it then, it will be asked, did I manage, never betting, or winning a race, to come out at the end of six years and often having six or seven ponies in training, with only a loss of £16? Well, first of all, I am a Yorkshireman, am passionately fond of horses and know a good mover when I see him. Then I always weeded out my purchases immediately—only keeping the likely ones and sending the rest to the hammer for what they would fetch. I did not care much for winning but cared a great deal for bringing my steeds to the post in a first-rate condition, so that at least they *looked* like winning all over, and I liked them too much to allow them to be over-trained or unduly pressed; the result was that when I sold them, which I usually did after the races, they fetched large prices, and passing into the hands of youngsters who rode well and to win, generally managed to carry off races one after the other. As an instance, three ponies I bought for 30 Taels (£10) each in the rough, I sold at auction for 350 Taels (about £120) and these after they left my stables won every race they were entered for at two consecutive meetings, and many of the others were almost as fortunate. Not riding myself I had to be content with scratch riders, so that when the animals passed into the possession of those who trained and rode them themselves, their performances were always 25 per cent. better than when I owned them, with this extra advantage that they had not been over-trained or rendered stale.

To show the aptitude and readiness to learn of the Chinese, let me give some instances. I have already said that we had two natives as jockeys, who rode well and straight. Many of the stable-boys were also good horsemen and rode during the training.

In the Fives and Tennis Courts the markers could give the best players twenty-five per cent. and beat them. In the Club billiard room the marker played an excellent game, but naturally

did not like to try and beat his masters ; but on an officer of one of the regiments at Hong Kong, who was a first-class player and would give any of our men fifty and beat them, coming up to Shanghai—the marker and he played several matches, the Chinaman winning easily.

In the cricket field a lot of ‘boys’ were employed during practice time running after the balls, no doubt they practised playing on the sly amongst themselves. I got up a match between them and a good eleven, when these little half-naked rascals beat the players hollow. I really do not believe there is anything which requires skill rather than strength that a Chinaman cannot do as well as a European.

CHAPTER IX

SOON after Christmas I generally proceeded south and visited on my way back from Hong Kong Canton, Swatow, Foochow, Amoy, Ningpo, and the Chinese groups of Islands—later on I went over to the Island of Formosa.

Hong Kong is in the winter a charming spot. There is always a regiment there, some artillery and engineers. It is also the naval headquarters in the China Seas. Like most of our Crown Colonies it is over-officered, and the result is that as every one likes to do something at any rate for his salary to show his *raison d'être*, it is over-ordinanced. The fact is that no one can even blow his nose in the island except by virtue of some law, and then it must be done in a particular way or a risk is incurred of a frightful penalty.

Lying at the mouth of the Canton River and possessing a good harbour, Hong Kong affords a safe anchorage for our naval squadron and enables us practically to police the seas and keep, if we only would do it seriously, the Chinese Government in order. The tonnage that enters the port is equal, it is said, to that of Liverpool. At any rate it is a place of great commercial activity, to which Chinamen as traders and merchants largely contribute. Its population is about the same as that of Shanghai, and I should think its machinery of government costs considerably more than ten times as much. There is a Chief Justice, a Puisne Judge, a Stipendiary Magistrate, and half-a-dozen unpaid Justices, Registrar Generals, and Clerks without number, to say nothing of a Governor and his staff, expensive Police, and a Legislative Council half nominees and half elected, whereas a Municipal Council governs Shanghai

without any staff or departments of highly-paid officials, and the Supreme Court consists now of one Chief Justice and a Stipendiary with at most four or five Clerks, and this Court does all the judicial business of a dozen settlements.

I am by no means certain that it would not be a good plan to accredit the Governor of Hong Kong as Her Majesty's Minister to the Emperor at Pekin—having a Resident Chargé d'Affaires and staff at the capital, to watch the foreign diplomatists—the Governor might then go up in state once a year or oftener to see the Emperor, accompanied by half-a-dozen men-of-war as far as the Taku Forts, and beyond them by a suitable guard of honour, remaining in the capital as long as he liked. This would impress the Chinese and remove the impression in the popular mind that England was a tributary State. Courtesy and consideration are all very well where there is a reciprocal feeling; but when dealing with such a power as China, no opportunity must be lost to impress it with a sense of its comparative weakness. For the last half century we have, in our relations with the Celestial Empire, shown a sad and humiliating spectacle of alternate cowardice and petty bullying. The wretched squabbles and petty wars we have had and waged have lowered rather than raised our prestige. Nevertheless England did nothing to bring them about, unless indeed an over-anxiety to conciliate an ignorant, conceited and insulting government can be said to have been their cause.

Nothing is, or can be, more ridiculous than the outcry in England against the opium trade with China. It is founded on the grossest ignorance, and kept alive as a raw on the government by the grossest lies. The effect of all this lying nonsense will be, as it has indeed already shown itself to be, retributive. The Chinese people, ignorant of the real facts, have been taught and are still taught to believe that England is hostile to them, that its main object is to destroy them, that one means it uses is to force opium down their throats, another to Christianize them, so that rebellion may weaken and divide them. Hence since the Treaty of Tientsin there have been many so-called popular

outbreaks which have been planned and encouraged by the authorities, and these violent proceedings have resulted in many murders, the most revolting and horrible being the massacre of the good Sisters at Tientsin in 1870, to which I have already alluded. In not one solitary instance, that I can recollect, has the English or any other Government exacted anything like due reparation, neither have any of the real culprits been brought to justice and punished.

That the Chinese local authorities can maintain and enforce order and prevent these outbreaks is certain. On one occasion a slight disturbance arose about a piece of ground which had been bought and paid for outside the French Settlement at Shanghai for some public purpose. I forget the year, but I think it was somewhere about 1874. Next morning the French Settlement was attacked, some missionary ladies insulted and some houses burnt. In the course of the day and whilst the row was going on, one of the rioters was shot. Immediately several thousand of the lowest class in the city turned out and matters began to look serious. The Volunteers and Police of both settlements were called out, some sailors and marines from a small French gun-boat came to their help and, having driven back the rioters, they stationed themselves on a piece of waste ground between the settlement and the principal gate of the city—the two howitzers being placed so as to command the latter. For three days and two nights we were all in a state of commotion. The Taotai declared his inability to do anything. The Chinese Magistrate, old ‘Chen,’ who was a member of the Mixed Court of the British Settlement, did his best and expostulated with the rioters, but he was insulted and mobbed, and it gave me some trouble, with the aid of half-a-dozen policemen, to extricate him. At last Sir Walter Medhurst, who was then Consul, and myself determined to interview the Taotai, who flatly refused to leave his yamen in the city; so making a circuit of the walls to avoid the mob we entered the city by another gate and got to the yamen, where the Taotai received us very politely, wringing his hands. He strongly urged

and advised us to give up the piece of ground that had been purchased and paid for. In vain we told him that the sellers were quite content with their bargain, which he himself had sanctioned, and that the row was nothing more than an excuse on the part of the lowest people in the city for violence with the object of looting the French Settlement. He still declared that he had no force at his disposal and the only thing to do was for us to give up the ground. I reminded him that he had at least 1000 soldiers in barracks and on the walls, and that a drilled force was in the camp on the hills about twelve miles off. He declared that he had no authority over the military, which of course Medhurst and I knew to be a lie. At last I took him to a window whence the masts of, I daresay, a thousand junks lying close to the city were visible. I told him that if he did not do something immediately we were prepared, if a single European was injured, to let half-a-dozen boats, laden with blazing pitch, tar, and oil, drift down with the tide amongst them; that nothing could then save them, and the town would inevitably be burnt to the ground as the houses were all of wood; that, so far as the Settlements were concerned, we were quite at ease about them, although to make things certain we had telegraphed to Hong Kong, and the Admiral had immediately given orders to some ships to come up and they were already on their way. As a matter of fact I had discussed the feasibility of the plan in regard to the burning of the junks with some English merchant captains, and they had agreed as a last resource to undertake it, as they could get their own ships out of the way in time to avoid any of the burning junks which might come down with the next tide. The Taotai seemed incredulous, but seeing that my mind was made up on the subject, expostulated with me on the enormity of the crime of destroying a whole town to punish a few hundred rascals. That, I told him, was his affair. As far as I was concerned it struck me that a town which could not prevent 'its few rascals' from plundering and killing innocent people was not worth being sentimental about, and I advised him to clear out with

his belongings in good time, politely offering him the hospitality of my house, for assuredly the moment a European was killed, down should come the fire boats. We then left him. That evening the gates of the city were closed, double sentries posted to prevent the egress of the populace, and we heard no more of rioters or of inability to keep them in order, and when two or three men-of-war steamed up the river no one could be more courteous and friendly than the Taotai.

At Wuchang, where the Viceroy had told the foreign residents they had better clear out as he could not protect them against the mob, the Captain of one of the gun-boats and the Consul went up and told him that they would destroy the town if a single foreigner was insulted, the consequence of which threat was that the people became immediately civil and pleasant, conclusively proving that the officials not only are the active agents in all these outbreaks, but that when convinced they will be severely punished, have plenty of means to prevent them.

At Ichang in 1892 there was a series of similar disturbances—the Chinese General justifying the conduct of the mob; for this impudence in the face of the clearest evidence he has not even been admonished, and not one of the leaders of the mob have been punished. What ought to have been done is clear. A force should have been landed, the General cangued,¹ the leaders hanged or flogged, and the town fined in a good round sum.

If we want to continue on good terms with China we must be prepared to resent and punish, not six months hence but *immediately* and on the spot, even the slightest insult or infraction of treaties. I have not the slightest objection to missionaries or merchants being kept strictly in order and severely punished if they misconduct themselves, as I am perfectly willing to admit they occasionally do, especially the former; but the present practice of mildly expostulating months after the event and accepting some few dollars as compensation, is only offering

¹ A square wooden collar in which the neck is confined.

a premium to the authorities to continue their insults with the avowed object of degrading foreigners and foreign powers in the eyes of the people.

It is also in the interests of humanity that we should on all occasions, even the most trifling, act promptly and with energy. Since the Treaty of Tientsin was ratified not a single year has passed without some disturbance, and if we continue to act as we have acted with regard to them, the Chinese, misunderstanding our forbearance, will soon be guilty of some outrage which war alone will adequately punish, and then we shall be forced to kill, burn, and exact pecuniary penalties out of all proportion to the hanging of a few rioters, the degradation of a few local officials, and the shelling or fining of a few towns.

The Chinese are as a rule—especially the Northerners—orderly, well-conducted people; but they are all alike easily excited by their authorities, credulous to a degree, and have an unbounded and ridiculous belief in the power of the Emperor, of their country, and of the despicable weakness of all other nations. I have seen maps in the up-country schools in which China covered more than three-fourths of the earth's surface, and a dot, scarcely visible, showed the whereabouts of England; France was a little larger, the United States about four times the size of both, as to Germany, Austria, and Italy they were nowhere, Scandinavia was represented by two parallel lines pretty close together which lost themselves in the Polar regions, Russia was situated somewhere to the north of Mongolia, India stretched for about an inch south of Thibet and Yunnan, and Africa and Australia were conspicuous only by their absence.

One of the chief causes of the dislike of all the local authorities to foreigners was explained to me, and I think with considerable accuracy, by an ex-Taotai of Shanghai, who was one of the most intelligent and able Chinese Magistrates I met. I forget his name, but think it was Li. He was not a graduate or a very low one, yet he took a very great interest in the native schools of the city. He supplied them with European maps, had pictures of animals on the walls as well as Confucian texts,

and his lesson primers were compiled from European school books. How he had risen to the rank of Taotai I know not, and I have heard it said he had been originally a compradore to some foreign hong and had visited the United States. I give his explanation as near as I can recollect it in his own words.

‘Except in isolated cases all Civil posts are given to members of the ‘Literati’ class—any one who can pass certain examinations in what we call ‘Philosophy’ is a qualified candidate. This ‘Philosophy,’ if it is philosophy, unfits a man for everyday life. He is called a scholar, but he knows nothing. He probably waits years and years before he gets employment, so that he is always poor and needy when he does get it, and then naturally his main object is to pay his debts and make hay whilst the sun shines. They are the result of our system of education and they perpetuate it. Hence the Civil Service of the State consists almost entirely of men whose brains are addled, who are unable to absorb new ideas and fear their introduction, for they know that the masses of our people are quick and can learn anything and adapt themselves with rapidity to changes which promise to better their condition. Look at the Chinese in the employment of foreigners, in merchant houses, in banks, in manufactories, and in shops. They are quite as intelligent as foreigners. We are a nation of learners and producers and have a natural skill for trade. If once foreigners mix with us and learn our language or we learn theirs, our present system of education is doomed, and with it the literati who have been brought up under it and their occupation as Civil Servants is gone. We need not alter our laws and customs or even our forms of Civil Government, but most assuredly we shall insist on our rulers being as intelligent as ourselves, if even we fail to make them as clean-handed as the servants of the English Government; but they will at least cease to be pig-headed ignorami. The literati know all this notwithstanding their stupidity—so they are determined to keep things as they are—and as the candidates for office are as numerous as the grains of sand on the sea-shore they employ what cunning and cleverness they have in striving

to keep foreigners out, and in preventing their locating themselves in the interior of the country, and this can best be done by spreading lying reports, getting up disturbances, and frightening them. Steam vessels on the coast have done much to enlighten the people near the ports and up the rivers, but railways will do infinitely more.'

In this old gentleman's company I visited Nankin whilst the examinations were going on.

Outside the town a piece of vacant ground of about eleven acres in front of the reception hall of a temple, and surrounded by a high palisading, had been set aside for the examination buildings. These consisted of rows of sheds in long parallel lines, with lanes about ten or twelve feet broad between them. The sheds were covered over with planking and divided into compartments or cells, each being about six feet long and three and a half feet broad. In the interior of each was a stool, and in front of the stool was a piece of board about a foot broad stretching across the cell and nailed to each partition to serve as a desk. The only way to get into the cell was by creeping under this desk, and as it was set some way back any one sitting behind it could not by any ingenuity peer into the next cell. In each of the compartments was a roll of matting containing the bedding of each occupant. Police runners and attendants walked up and down the lanes to keep order, prevent the students leaving the cells, and to supply them with little bowls of boiled rice and cups of tea. There were 3000 students present, and they had to remain three days and three nights without exercise and practically in solitary confinement, learning philosophic maxims and writing themes. The place looked extremely like a huge cattle market and smelt as pleasantly, the noise being like that of a hive of bees intensified a thousand times. The entrance hall was occupied by the examiners, presided over by a superior officer from the College at Peking. The students and their papers were all numbered to prevent favouritism, the key to the names being in the custody of the President.

Outside the palisade were the tents of some 500 braves, for

at the last examination there had been a row, the students having discovered that the examiners had passed men who were not even present, and breaking loose from the cells had given them a severe beating.

Many of the candidates for degrees were quite old men who had passed years in qualifying and who still plodded on. Some, I was told, attended the examinations ostensibly as scholars, but in fact by bribing the attendants personified certain rich students, exchanged cells with them and did their papers, receiving of course a handsome gratuity. With the exception of some few who were well dressed in silk and satin, and who certainly did not look deeply read in any branch of learning, the students were a travel-stained, hollow-eyed lot, thin, worn, and poverty-stricken. Many had come from distant parts of China on foot, some by the canal boats and some by the steamers; but as a rule the latter mode of travelling was not considered good form.

Thanks to the influence of my Taotai friend, I was introduced to the President as a distinguished Literatus and Bachelor of Law, Art and Science. Foreigners are usually refused admission, half of the reason for the exclusion resting on the belief that their presence would excite the more fanatical students, but as I was admitted at the temple end of the enclosure and sat behind the examiners with a Chinese cap on, no one took any notice of me. My friend procured me a perusal of some of the philosophic themes proposed for composition. One was something about the 'Relation in which Spirits, Man, and Animals stood towards the Universe'; another had reference to the 'Colour of Plants'; and a third was about 'Learning and Morality.' The compositions, the Taotai assured me, were simply strings of high-flown words and beneath contempt or criticism.

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CHAPTER X

IN the course of my wanderings in search of health and relaxation, which often extended many miles into the interior, I saw much that favourably impressed me, not only with regard to the character of the people, but also in regard to the institutions of the country. First and foremost must be placed land registry. All land is supposed to be held on a species of perpetual lease from the Crown, a rent in the shape of a land tax is reserved, on default of payment of which the land reverts to the Emperor. It must also be cultivated, and if allowed to remain untouched for three years it is also forfeited. This prevents the accumulation of land in a few hands. Large landed estates are in consequence almost unknown. For the purpose of registration the country is divided into minute districts, every rood of it is accurately described on a map, figures refer to the registers, so that either by the locality or by the name of the holder the Mandarin at the district land office can at once ascertain the proprietor's name and address. The transfer is equally simple. The seller and purchaser appear before the registrar, and on being identified the seller is asked if he sells and wishes to transfer and the buyer is asked if he purchases and is willing that the plot bought should be transferred into his name. He is then told of the two conditions I have mentioned, a small fee is paid, and the matter is ended. No questions are asked as to the purchase money or whether it has been paid. If it has not been paid, the land all the same, from the moment of transfer, becomes the property of the transferee, and the transferor is left to recover it as a simple debt. When a man dies the names of the heirs replace that of the deceased.

I bought some two or three acres on the sea-shore at Chefoo on which I built a bungalow, and after the price was settled the vendor and myself adjourned to the land office, and in half-an-hour I became the owner and the only owner which the office recognized. I think the fee on the transfer was three dollars or twelve shillings. When I sold it to Bishop Scott on leaving China the same simple formalities were observed.

The criminal law codes consist of a list of offences against which certain punishments are placed, it being left to the Judge to decide the head under which the offence charged properly comes.

The punishments affixed to the several offences are on paper heavy and cruel in the extreme, but they are seldom inflicted. The Chinese seem to attach more importance to finding out a crime than to punishing it. The Trade Guilds, and even such institutions as the 'Thieves' Guild, and secret societies exercise an important influence, while the Court and Judges seem always ready to commute a punishment into a pecuniary penalty. I have never discovered any authority for such a proceeding, but have always been told that it is 'custom.'

On one occasion a young mafoo (groom) was charged with rape on the person of a foreign girl—indeed an English girl—a precocious young lady of twelve or thirteen. He was tried before the Mixed Court, and I attended it in person, it being an important case. I very soon made up my mind that there was no evidence of rape or of anything approaching to it; intercourse had been going on for some months, the girl had evidently been the seducer. The lad was found guilty, and to please me the full sentence of the law was pronounced, death by decapitation or chopping up between boards. To the surprise of the Mandarin I was horrified and absolutely refused to be a party to the sentence, saying that if this offence had been committed by a British subject I should not have passed such a sentence, and therefore would not sanction its infliction on a Chinaman. It was then proposed to castrate the offender, and rather than be killed the poor devil and his family consented; but I would

not hear of such a commutation, especially as I was not at all convinced on the evidence that the principal guilt rested on the head of the accused. Finding me obdurate and in sheer despair of pleasing me, the sentence was left to me to pronounce, and I gave the lad two years' imprisonment; although I should like to have sentenced the young lady to a sound whipping as principal *particeps criminis*.

Punishment by deputy is also permitted by 'custom.' It is usual in Shanghai for the foreign ladies to keep a tailor in the house, who is generally equally skilled in darning a stocking or in making a wedding dress. My wife's mother possessed one of these treasures, a delicate young fellow. One day he applied for a month's holiday, saying that he was wanted at home. This was inconvenient and it was refused, but as he appeared anxious he was pressed for the reason. He said that his father, who he admitted was a very bad man and had been in many scrapes, had been sentenced to receive one hundred blows of the heavy bamboo and that at his age it would kill him, so he was going to take the punishment instead, and as he feared he should be ill after it he could not promise to come back soon, he pleaded hard for a month's leave. He did go and he got the licking, and a poor miserable object he looked when he returned to his work. However he had some dollars given him before he went, and I have no doubt he bribed the executioner to lay it on lightly, otherwise he must have been killed.

I remember two incidents, in one of which I was concerned, and in the other only interested. A woman, for really a heinous offence, had been condemned to I forget how many blows on the face with a strap exactly the size of a carriage trace. She was to receive a certain number of blows at the corner of each street. Whether the order contemplated the streets of the Settlement I do not know, and I certainly did not care to enquire. I met this unfortunate creature being carried in an open chair in the Settlement and at the corner of a street I heard a shriek. Of course I rushed up, forced my way through a crowd just as the executioner lifted his arm to repeat the blow. I am sorry

that I forgot my dignity, but somehow or other his arm was more useful to him in picking himself up and rubbing his eyes and nose; however, he was not very badly hurt, but truly astonished. The woman's face was simply a mass of blood and quivering flesh, not a feature distinguishable. In my excitement I had not observed that the party attending her were Ministers of Justice, but some of the crowd recognized me as the English Judge, and called out my title in Chinese, which I supposed prevented the executioners turning upon me. If they had I am sadly afraid they would have had a bad time of it. However, a Singapore Chinaman who came up explained to me that the ragamuffins were only carrying out the sentence of a Court in the city, but and in spite of the petty Mandarin and his police and executioners I ordered the whole cortège out of the settlement, not choosing that it should be made the scene of torture even in the name of justice. I have reason to believe that my conduct on this occasion was not approved, it being considered that the Chinese had a right to do as they liked with their own. I thought differently.

On another occasion some detectives in the service of the Municipal Council were employed to find out the perpetrators of a large robbery at a pawn-shop and were informed that they would get information in the city; thither they went, were immediately seized, went before the Chih-Hsien or Chief Criminal Magistrate, and although he knew them and their employment, he upbraided them for serving foreign devils, threatened them for endeavouring to find out a robbery, and having worked himself into a passion finally gave the eldest of them three hundred blows of the heavy bamboo. The man was nearly killed, and has since been and always will be a helpless cripple. Had I been the head of the Foreign Police I would have walked my men in, seized the Chih-Hsien, and given him as severe a bastinado as he ever sentenced a criminal to. I record my great regret that the Chief of the Police did not so act. However, the righteous indignation of the community was roused, and a little plan was arranged to inflict a slight—I hope it was only

to be a slight—corporal punishment upon the Magistrate the next time he appeared. I cannot say that I took any trouble to find out the conspirators or to baulk their little game and, unofficially of course, in my heart wished them success, but the plot unfortunately oozed out. However, neither the Chih-Hsien or his myrmidons ever put their noses inside the Settlement again, and it was only after great delay and a great deal of urging that the unfortunate detective got a miserable pension assigned to him. It is all very well to talk of moderation, but I trust the time is far distant when Englishmen in China will remain calm spectators of outrages like these.

What was the religion of China before Buddhism took root, or Confucius and his pupil Mencius codified the rules of morality, is unknown, and even now Buddhism is looked on as a mere ceremonial faith. Its priests are supposed to be rather skilful ‘bribers’ of evil spirits than ministers of a religion, and have no hold on the people. They are regarded as men who have learnt the art of cozening spirits, and who by their art are more or less in communication with them. The vast majority of these priests are grossly ignorant and all are extremely filthy in their habits; even the masses regard them with contempt.

If a man has an unruly son he makes a priest of him, and thus rids himself of a nuisance; if a daughter who is more than usually libidinous, she is sent to a nunnery and becomes a nun, and the mistress of all the monks in the neighbourhood. Still, amongst the priests there are some who have a glimmering of learning and lead respectable lives. I knew one or two. One, especially, who resided in a monastery in a rocky islet in the middle of the Yangtze river above Kiukiang. This retreat was really a wonderful place. The rock at its base may have been a little over a quarter of a mile in circumference, rising to a pinnacle about one or two hundred feet in height. On the top was a pagoda sort of temple, and scattered about on ledges and in the nooks of the rock were the dwellings, or more properly, the caves of the monks. The Abbot’s dwelling, with a small temple adjoining it, monopolized the only level bit of earth on

the island. I generally used to stop and see him when I went up the river in my house-boat.

He had some knowledge of the Christian faith and more of Mahomedanism, the disciples of the latter being fairly numerous in China, and spoke of both with much greater respect than he did of Chinese Buddhism, which he declared to be a contemptible branch of a noble tree. ‘I do not think,’ he said, ‘there is one Buddhist in ten thousand—priest or layman—who has the faintest conception of the faith of Buddha. We do not understand a single word of the language of our own prayers, but learn the sounds by heart, and those who pretend to know the meaning of the words they utter are impostors who have found out that their translations cannot be disputed since no one knows the original.’ He had been in Burmah and in Ceylon for some years, but confessed that with one or two exceptions he did not know the meaning of the prayers he recited. ‘If we were able,’ he said, ‘to get the food your priests live on there would be no holding us, but the rice and the fish we get out of the river, and a little saké are not sufficiently nourishing to permit of much loose living.’ In his monastery there appeared to be some show of discipline; but the greater portion of the monks were generally on the mainland travelling or were employed in temples that were short of priests. On the subject of punishments for unruly members, the old gentleman significantly remarked that ‘the rock was steep and the river deep.’ Perhaps he was hoaxing me, but from what I have heard I am inclined to think that this summary mode of getting rid of the very black sheep was at least a probable one.

I do not think that the Chinese can be called an irreligious people. Their notions of morality are sound enough, and the reverence they pay to the good amongst their ancestors, and their belief that they act as intercessors—*auprès*, as the French would say—to some one and as the guardians of their descendants if worthy of protection, shows at least a religious faith of some kind.

I was trying a murder case once, and the principal witness

for the prosecution was an old fisherman. The clerk was proceeding to swear him Chinese-fashion, when the counsel for the prisoner objected on the ground of his not believing in a 'God.' I had therefore to examine him as to the nature of his belief, which I did through the medium of old Dr. Muirhead, a missionary and one of the few really good Chinese scholars. This was a lengthy process, but I will cut the recital of it as short as I can.

I began by asking him if he would tell me the truth; he answered that he did not know much about the 'truth' but he would tell me all he saw. I then asked if he knew what an 'Oath' was. 'No,' was the answer. Then it was explained to him that it meant calling on a Divine Being to bear witness that he would tell the truth and not a lie. He stumbled much over the words a *Divine Being*. I then asked if he believed in a God or Spirit. 'Yes,' was the answer, 'in several. This moon (month) was the month of the God of Harvest; last moon it was that of the God of Thunder.' 'But is there not a God above and more powerful than all these?' I asked. 'Ah, you mean the —'—here he looked above and around him and waved his hands—'well, how do you call him?—I don't know.' 'Now, do you believe if you do right that he will reward you?' 'No, how do I know what he will do—reward me, why should he?' 'If you do wrong do you think he will punish you?' 'He might, but ah! he is so good and merciful, I should deserve it.' I admitted his evidence, thinking that he was a better Christian than myself. I gave leave to and recommended an appeal, but none was applied for.

On another occasion, also in a case of murder, there was a great deal of conflicting evidence but amply sufficient to justify a verdict of 'manslaughter,' although under circumstances which almost excused the act. I summed up accordingly, the jury found as I desired them to find, and the prisoner was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. One of the witnesses, a Chinaman, gave his evidence very conclusively and fairly, nevertheless I had a feeling that there was something unsatis-

factory about it, and I examined the man at some length. He evidently knew all the particulars, the *locus in quo*, etc. He described, with all the accuracy of an eye-witness, the actions and movements of the prisoner—‘nothing extenuating or setting down aught in malice’—and if I had believed him his evidence would have gone far to convict the accused of deliberate murder, but while I could not say I disbelieved him I did not place faith in his evidence, although he had stood a searching cross-examination very well. After the trial I sent one of my Canton detectives to the man’s village to find out quietly all about him, and in two or three days the officer returned saying that the man had not been anywhere near where the disturbance which led to the firing took place, as on that day and for some days before and after he had been at work at some distance off on the other side of the river. I sent for the man, who admitted at once that he had not been present, but that his son had been, and witnessed the occurrence and had related to him all the particulars to which he, the father, had deposed; that his son bore the same name as he did, and when the order came for him to appear before the Court, entreated him to go in his place as he, the son, was too frightened; that he had done so and saw no harm in doing so. Talking over the matter with old Chen, the native Magistrate of the Mixed Court, he told me that it was a matter of constant occurrence, Chinese having a great dread of being called as witnesses, always fearing that they would get mixed up in the case, and that for his part he did not see much harm in it, as a Chinaman who had actually been an eye-witness to anything would be far more likely to tell his relatives and friends the truth without concealment or exaggeration than he would be likely to tell a Magistrate, before whom he would be frightened into saying anything he thought the Magistrate wished him to say; whereas the person to whom the witness had told the facts, would stick to what he had been told, knowing nothing else.

One great inducement a Chinaman has to bear true witness is the universal fear entertained that if a man comes to grief in

consequence of a false accusation or of false testimony, his spirit will haunt the 'liar' and render everything he undertakes unsuccessful. This idea is so deep-rooted that a man who has been seriously injured in mind, body or pocket, and has not been able to obtain redress, will often go and hang himself at the door of the wrong-doer's residence, so that his spirit may avenge the wrong which he in life had not been able to avenge himself. Witnesses will often say they will tell the truth, and doubtless do tell it, because they fear that a lie, if it injures the accused, may bring upon them the curse of his haunting presence.

There are of course bad men in China, as elsewhere, but I am inclined to think, for there are no statistics by which to judge, that there is less serious crime in China than in most civilized and Christian countries. In Shanghai there was said to be a 'Thieves' Guild,' and there was certainly an individual who called himself, and was generally known as, 'the King of the Thieves.' I made his acquaintance under the circumstances I am going to relate, and he became rather a 'pal' of mine. He was a very mutilated specimen of humanity, but by no means a bad looking fellow, and he might be of any age between sixty and one hundred years.

I had suffered at the bungalow, or rather in my small farm-yard at the end of the garden, from a series of petty thefts—locks, cow chains, pails, and such like things—and could never discover the thieves. I, at first, suspected my farm-boys, and knowing this they were very active in endeavouring to spot the thief, but without success, so I determined to turn 'thief-catcher' myself. One night I hid two or three of the 'boys' in the cow-shed and myself in the middle of some fifty trusses of straw-litter and waited. It was rather a stormy night, with clouds driving over the moon, just such a night as a thief might reasonably suppose those who had beds to sleep in would be comfortably asleep in them. In a couple of hours' time I heard a faint clicking noise, and peering out I spotted an almost naked figure working away at the lock of one of the doors—a new one. The 'boys' must also have heard him, for they, like idiots, made some noise in

opening the door of the shed. The fellow bolted across the paddy fields like an arrow. I slipped off my overcoat, and being dressed for a chase, followed, the 'boys' following me. For some time we kept together, but getting my wind I headed them and neared the retreating figure, but the beggar, taking advantage of a cloud, doubled back, passing in the dark through his pursuers. I did the same, and calling on the 'boys' to turn, we all got rather mixed up, and when the moon shone out of the cloud I found myself running parallel to a figure that I took for one of my servants and cheered him on, then it struck me that the figure might be after all the thief, so I put on a 'spurt,' and knowing that I could not hold him, as except a loin cloth he had nothing on, and was probably well oiled, I gradually closed in, for in those days I could still run, having as a lad won many a prize for long distance races. At first I thought it rather hard lines to knock one of my own 'boys' down—then, that after all a dollar would amply compensate for the mistake, and I did not feel inclined to lose the chance of catching the thief—so running alongside I caught him a blow on the ear and sent him spinning. To recover my wind and keep him quiet I sat on him until the rest came up, when his tail being loosened he stood up, and to my delight it was the culprit looking a little dazed. We walked him to a vacant stall in the stables, where his hands and feet were bound and himself locked in. I retired to my room. Hardly, however, had I been upstairs a few minutes than I heard piercing shrieks and, guessing the cause, I seized a stick and rushed to see all the men servants, coolies, and others standing in the yard brandishing four-pronged forks, hitting at some object on the ground; fortunately for the object of their fury they crowded round him so close that they could not well use their weapons. They did not *see* me at first but soon *felt* me, as I hit away right and left, fighting my way to a shrieking naked figure on the ground, and cleared a space round it, indulging in slightly strong language and shouting for a lantern; when it came I found the man had been badly hurt and had a lot of flesh wounds which were bleeding profusely.

I had him carried back to the stall, whence he had been carried out by the servants who had determined to settle him for having been the cause of suspicion alighting on them. Some spoonfuls of brandy brought the poor fellow round, and making the men get some water I washed and bathed his wounds, and bound them up as well as I could, and finally had some soup made for him; there was no need to tell him not to escape, for he could not move. Next morning I visited my patient, found him pretty well considering the treatment he had received, and having given him some soup and rice, I ordered the coolies to get a stretcher and carry him to the Mixed Court, and I rode on. There I explained the affair to old Chen, who said he would do what I liked with him, so thinking that the poor devil had had enough punishment I suggested that he should be released, and as he could not walk, Chen said that he should send for the 'King of the Thieves' to take him away.

A morning or two after the usher informed me that there was a very disreputable looking old man on the steps of the Court waiting to see me, and that the Court coolies seemed half afraid of him. I told him to bring him up and send for one of the interpreters. The old fellow walked in with some dignity of manner and said that he came to thank me for having saved the life of one of his men and for having treated him with so much kindness. I gave him a cigarette and we had a chat. He was very communicative, said that he ruled over about 350 professional thieves, had been a thief himself, but had retired from the business, remaining and being officially recognized by the authorities as the chief or king. He drew great distinction between thieves and criminals, saying that the former led a hard life, robbing merely to live, whilst the latter were bad men with bad hearts who lived but to do wrong.

On leaving he assured me that nothing would ever be stolen from me again, and if ever I lost anything I had only to apply to him. I cannot say I placed much faith in his promise. Months afterwards I purposely dropped an old ring near the walls

of the city where I saw a lot of beggars sitting in the sun, killing fleas and otherwise amusing themselves, pretending to look for it for a few moments. Next day I sent to tell him of my loss, and within twenty-four hours found a dirty piece of crumpled up paper on my desk, which on opening disclosed my ring. The old fellow had been as good as his word, and when my wife a year after lost a valuable fan out of her chair as she returned from the theatre, it was also sent back to her, and although a reward was offered it was never claimed. His majesty always paid me a New Year's visit, smoked two or three cigarettes, and in many ways made himself useful in getting any information I wanted.

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CHAPTER XI

AFTER I had been about two years at Shanghai I began to feel the effects of the determination of the heads of firms in London to put a stop to the keeping of Chinese mistresses by the clerks in their employment. I had, in the multiplicity of my enjoyments, entirely forgotten the requests made by Lord Shaftesbury and the other guests at the dinner given to me in Berkeley Square. Now my attention was forcibly drawn to the number of cases of embezzlement by Europeans that I had to try. The first thing that opened my eyes was a foreign lady coming to me one day with a cheque for £700 to get a clerk out of a scrape. Unfortunately he had been sent for trial, and I could do nothing but tell her she might take it to the accused's employer and perhaps he might, on being paid the amount he had been robbed of, withdraw from the prosecution. She appeared greatly distressed and said that she feared she was the cause of the young man's trouble. I made some inquiries and found that on my arrival there were not more than eight or ten foreign women of this description, but since the youngsters had been prohibited from keeping Chinese girls on pain of exclusion from the junior hong, the number had increased to thirty-eight. Most of them were Americans and Southerners. All were women of considerable personal attraction and of education. Some were even highly accomplished. The old practice of keeping Chinese girls was at least an economical one—the usual pay was \$12 a month, the girls keeping themselves, looking after their master's linen, and checking his chow-chow bills, etc. They had also a strict code of morality amongst themselves, any girl found guilty of unfaithfulness being boycotted by the rest. Few bore chil-

dren. When, however, the decree came that no one keeping a girl should be allowed to live in the junior hong, the young men, rather than be kicked out of their really luxurious homes and deprived of the advantages of messing together, gave up their mistresses, with the natural result that they visited the foreign women; the demand created the supply, and instead of fifty pounds a year hundreds of pounds were spent on these women. At one time I learnt that thirty-five women had between them nearly £100,000 in deposits in different banks. Up to this time there had been no instance of irregularity on the part of clerks; they were men of education, were in the receipt of ample salaries, and had literally no call to spend half their incomes, and indeed some of them had invested their savings in the business of the firms by which they were employed, and had accumulated small fortunes. As far as I could learn the native girls were well conducted and they were certainly not obtrusive. One recognized them, it is true, in the streets by their neat costume, their semi-European style of hair-dressing, their white stockings and polished shoes, but there was absolutely nothing in their conduct that the most censorious could object to. However there was nothing to be done, and I have as little to say against the conduct of the foreign women. They behaved themselves well, drove about in their broughams to the indignation of the virtuous ladies who had no broughams, and were uniformly kind and generous to each other when ill or in distress. On one occasion, on the death of one of them, two of them came to me and begged me to send to the mother of the girl who lived in the North of Ireland a sum of £550 they had subscribed amongst themselves, knowing that the mother had been mainly dependent on her daughter. They seemed to look on me as their natural protector, since I refused to sanction a by-law passed by a bare majority of the Municipal Council prohibiting these ladies from driving out on the only two roads of the Settlement between the hours of 4 and 7 p.m.—that being the time when the *élite* of Shanghai took exercise. The ground of my decision being that they were householders and paid the

rates, and were therefore equally entitled to use the roads as long as they behaved themselves.

So much for the explosion of virtue and morality on the part of those who had had their fling, had made their fortunes, and were intent at the end of their lives on the vicarious salvation of their own souls.

After the death of my second wife, whom I had nursed for seven long months through a terribly distressing illness and who deserved even greater devotion than I could bestow, although I did my best, I fell ill, all my strength seemed to be leaving me, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I dragged myself to the Court to attend to business. All my pleasure in life was gone and my home grew hateful to me. After several months had passed my wife's Canton amah, an old and faithful servant, and who had done her best to keep things straight and in order and myself from starving, came one evening and delivered herself of a serious 'talkee.' To get rid of her when she had something she thought important to say had always been difficult, now it was simply impossible. 'Master,' she began, 'my no likee see you in this state. I savee the cause, but because poor Mississy makee die no reason Master should die; you no eat, no drink, no talk, no sleep. Have got thin and yellow in skin. I savee you no wanchee take another wife—Mississy too good—no can catch other woman all the same good as she, and I no wanchee other Mistress. But you, Master, have had two wives, that plenty show you want woman. No can live without—more better you now take one nice good clean girl. Can find one. Master work all day, wanchee play at night. More better Master take one piecy girl.' And off she went. A night or two after in she walked leading a tall, handsome girl by the hand. 'You savee, Master,' she began, 'what I talkee you other night. Now have found one good girl, can talk English all plover. Have been taught by missionary; have got white skin.' (Here she tucked up the girl's loose trouser, showing a well-formed leg and pulled up her sleeve). Can secure she belong virgin—Master can talkee Doctor. I savee

this girl long time. Poor Mississy savee her well—can talk to Master all about Mississy. Now, Master, no more fool pigeon, you take this girl, you pay her \$15 each month, she help me sew buttons, see the wash come home all plopper, keep Master's papers all clean, then Master all right and no makee die.' As to getting a word in edgeways I knew from the experience of seven years it was impossible. So I turned to the girl and said 'Surely if you have been taught by the missionaries you must see that what Amah proposes is very wrong.' Here Amah interrupted me by saying, 'I too muchee fool, have forgot principal thing, this girl all the same Master, very good Christian, savee all about that Jesus Christ pigeon, can read big book and can go to Master's Joss,' and being apparently satisfied that her eloquence had settled the matter was about to retire, leaving the girl where she was. 'Stop,' I cried, 'Amah, more better you take this girl with you.' 'All right, Master, I can show her where she can put her box and then she come back to you,' and off she went. Next morning I interviewed the girl, who, although content enough to stay, was rather passive about the business. Her principal reason for wishing to stay was that she knew I was a kind Master, possessed of a good temper, never flew into passions, did not flog the servants, and did not drink; that was her summary of all my virtues, and apparently she was content with it. She spoke excellent English and could read and write remarkably well. She did not see that she was doing very wrong, although no doubt she thought the missionaries would be angry. 'Ah,' I said, 'and what would they think of me?' To which she naively replied that Master was of too good exalted rank to care what missionaries would think or say. That she could not hope to marry a European and she would not marry a Chinaman. However, I explained to her as kindly as I could that Amah's proposed arrangement was out of the question, and off she went, but I rather suspect that Amah kept her on the premises for some months hoping, as I found my papers intelligently arranged and dusted, I should come to my senses and change my mind. Now I feel certain that not an

idea of impropriety or immorality entered the minds of either Amah or the girl. The one reasoned from her experience, the other was placidly content to accept a position which under one form or another she had been taught, and her own budding womanhood suggested, she was destined to fill.

I had a great deal of difficulty in finding a correct interpretation of the 'Act for facilitating marriages abroad,' and came to the conclusion that it ought to have been called 'An Act to impede and render doubtful marriages solemnized abroad.' I am still of that opinion. I wrote several despatches to the Foreign Office on the subject, and at last received an answer that 'I was to act according to law.' This naturally gave me immense assistance for which I was inexpressibly grateful, and expressed my gratitude *sotto voce* by a variety of strong expressions beginning with D.

In my judgment the Act only applies to British subjects and does not apply to marriages between British subjects and foreigners. It may legalize the marriage of one of the parties, but then how about the other? An Englishman can only be married in the British Consulate. Such a marriage, if the bride is a foreigner, is not necessarily binding on her in the Courts of her own country. The British Consul will not, and indeed cannot usefully, attend at the U.S. Consulate, for instance, because the marriages must take place within the Consular building, and the United States Consul does not think the U.S. Act gives him any authority except as between United States citizens. So it is a nice mess all round. There is, it is true, the Church. The Act empowering the licensing of places of worship does not apparently apply to the Foreign Settlements in China. On this point, however, I have held that the minister, if he is in priest's orders, can marry under the Canon Law, and that the Fleet Prison Act does not restrain him, as it only applies to England. The Consular Act insists on a month's notice by the parties. This requirement operates very awkwardly. It does not affect people in a good position, but it does very materially affect people of the artisan class. Let me take an instance.

An engineer, we will say, sends for his young woman from England. She arrives. Where is she to go for the month? She has no friends ready to take her in and neither she nor her betrothed have any money to spend on hotel bills. My advice has generally been 'Go to the church and get married, but I warn you that I am by no means certain the marriage is a good one, give your notices at the Consulate, and then get married again in a month's time.' What is the consequence? Either they don't go to the church, or if they go, they don't get married at the Consulate; but whatever they do, one thing is certain, that from the day of the lady's arrival they live together as married people. Not infrequently they get sick of each other, are disappointed or something turns up, then arises the question 'Are they married?' It is necessary to prove a marriage to get a divorce; a man cannot be made to support a woman if he deserts her unless he is married to her, and so it goes on. Nobody knows whether they are married or not, and a lot of inconvenient complications arise, which it will take a wiser head than mine to settle satisfactorily.

Again, as regards Englishmen marrying natives, the law is that if a British subject complies with the marriage law of the country he is in, it is a good marriage. Here, the law of China and of Japan as regards marriage is very simple; a piece of paper with certain hieroglyphic characters on it is produced, a native authority witnesses it, or its contents are *viva voce* declared before him, and the contract of marriage is complete. After a few years the man quits the country, leaving behind him his wife and children, probably if he is generous and has the means he gives her a few hundred dollars, considers himself free, returns to England and marries. Which is his wife? who are his heirs? or which of them are legally begotten?

If I have had one request for an opinion on such points I have had a dozen; some of them officially addressed to me by Consuls. I have always declined to express any opinion, first because extra judicial opinions may lead to mischief, and secondly because the facts, when given, are never sufficiently explicit.

I generally excused myself by saying that when a case was brought before me I should feel bound to give judgment on it, but until one *was brought* it was inadvisable, in the doubtful state of the law, or my knowledge of it, to hazard even an opinion. All the same I know of many cases in which, unknown to themselves, several persons have inherited property and even titles without, according to my view of the law, having the remotest claim to them.

CHAPTER XII

AFTER leaving Hong Kong on my southern circuit I usually crossed over to Canton; a steamer runs over from the island every day. More than once the steamer has been taken by pirates, and always in the same way. They dress as ordinary passengers and take their tickets, conceal arms under their loose clothes, and then in mid-channel rush upon the officers and crew, overpower them, loot the cargo—and there is generally bullion on board on such occasions—and then leave in the boats which come out to meet them. Twice this occurred during my residence in China, and on the last occasion the Captain, an Irishman who showed fight, was murdered. The first time I crossed was a few weeks after an attack of this kind, and I was glad to see that the Chinese passengers on entering the boat were searched—at least those who were not known—and submitted to it quietly enough, and then they were all put into the large saloon cabin and a couple of sentries with loaded carbines stood guard at a *grille* which then did service instead of the ordinary door. Yet, in spite of these precautions, the steamer was, a couple of years afterwards, seized and two of the officers killed.

The coast line, especially about the mouth of the Canton river, is in these parts an ideal spot for pirates, the banks are well wooded and any number of rivers or large creeks run into the main river, and these again are fed by streams, all of which are navigable for large boats and stretch far inland; the river population may be said to consist solely of pirates *in esse* or *in posse*, or of the confederates of pirates.

The Bogue Forts command the entrance to Canton. They look formidable enough, and on the hillside below them are several

masked batteries which are formidable in fact. Fortunately for their enemies the Chinese soldiery have no idea of keeping anything clean, and most of the guns which are heavy pieces of artillery are honeycombed with rust. Of course, having taken and dismantled them in 1856, we have allowed them to be rebuilt and considerably strengthened.

There was never much judicial business to transact in Canton—at most one or two appeals and absolutely no criminal business. Our Consul, the late Sir Brooke Robertson, and after him Mr., now Sir Challoner, Alabaster, possessed the complete confidence of the community, British and foreign, and any little commercial disputes were always amicably settled through their intervention; so, apart from a few official visits, I had little to do in this city. The native merchants, descendants of the old hong merchants, were always hospitable, and, although Europeanized in their manner of doing business, lived in thorough Chinese style. Many of them were wealthy and possessed quaint houses surrounded by beautiful gardens. From one of them the old ‘Willow pattern’ had been sketched. There was the pagoda, the high bridge, the stream, the garden parterres, even the swallows continuously poised themselves in mid air, and ladies with umbrellas, fans, and marvellous head-dresses, walked and flirted in the gardens between rose bushes or on verandahs with broad escaliers shaded by westeria and other climbing plants.

From Canton I used to take an occasional holiday to Macao. It is difficult to describe this Portuguese city. It is not a settlement, and can hardly be called a possession. The Chinese insist it belongs to them; the Portuguese assert that it is their own, ceded to them years ago after a war, at any rate it is governed by a high official from Lisbon and boasts a strong fort overlooking the town and garrisoned by two or three hundred soldiers. It is essentially Portuguese, there is nothing Chinese about it. It looks as if it had been bodily imported from Portugal—buildings, churches, and people, two or three hundred years ago. It boasts a cathedral and three or four good-sized churches, two or three convents and monasteries, and a palace. It has also a

college, a theatre, and barracks. There are open paved spaces in front of the churches with fountains and tanks, in memory of Portuguese celebrities, in which the water-carriers dip their small barrels; flower-girls and a market complete the scene. On the sandy beach, dark closely-shaven fishermen mend their nets or hang them up to dry. Even the boats and long lateened sailing craft smack of the Tagus. Priests creep along the streets in cassocks and long shovel hats counting their beads or muttering prayers from their breviaries.

The women wear the silk mantilla and high combs. Church bells are continually ringing. Religious processions with acolytes swinging censers, choir boys, banners, and stoled priests under gorgeous canopies carrying the Host are to be met with all day long, the people devoutly kneeling as they pass. Not a thing seems to have changed since de Camoëns took up his residence there and composed his *Lusiad* in the adjacent park-like grounds, or a Marquis de Pombal in slashed doublet and plumed hat represented the majesty of Portugal. The effect on the mind, coming from Canton or even from Hong Kong, is bewildering. One feels suddenly transported to Mafra or Coimbra. The names of the streets, the wine shops, the costumes of the people, even to the tinkling guitars, the language and songs, carry one back to the days of Columbus and the fair Inez; shaved heads, long tails, loose garments, pagodas, and all other Celestial surroundings seem to vanish from memory into space, and without the preparation or delay of a long voyage one is again in Europe, not indeed in the Europe of the nineteenth century, but in that of the sixteenth. Even the pigs who do duty as scavengers are essentially Portuguese. The illusion is perfect, and, after a long sojourn in the Flowery Land, delightful.

At Macao I lodged at the house of Jardine & Co., who, although doing little or no business in the port, still keep on their old residence as a link with the past. Here I met the Commander of their Opium Fleet, a fine old fellow between seventy and eighty years of age, and generally known as the 'Pirate,' a more jolly genial *hostis humani generis* it would be

impossible to find; but all the same he had the reputation of having been in his time a splendid seaman and the most successful runner of opium on the coast. He was now on the retired list and enjoyed a handsome pension from the firm. It would take too long to describe any of the numerous stories he told of his adventures, and from them Mr. Henty or Mr. Mandeville Fenn might gather endless material for many more of their delightful romances of the sea, which, by the bye, I read now in my seventies, with the same intense pleasure as I did Marryat's when I was in my teens.

I visited Macao a second time with the object of learning something about the coolie traffic. Herbert Magniac of Jardine's accompanied me, and thanks to a judicious expenditure of dollars we managed to corrupt a Portuguese clerk of one of the principal Chinese slave contractors. We inspected a long line of barracoons lying near the shore which had the appearance of a row of low warehouses. Inside of them were some 300 or 400 Chinese, evidently men from the interior. Those who were not drunk or under the influence of bhang or opium, were drinking and gambling; a few were in irons, having shown a mutinous disposition, in other words a simple desire to get back to their country. Ostensibly they were all 'free men' who for good pay were willing to go to Peru to work in the mines or on the Guano Islands. In reality they one and all had been entrapped and were being kept prisoners until, after an examination before a Portuguese judicial functionary, some brigs in the roads were ready to take them off. As far as looks went they were evidently well fed, but they had all the bloated heavy-eyed look of men who had been on a week's spree. Many of them, the clerk told us, were fugitives from justice, many were debtors, and the remainder, comprising more than three-fourths of the number, were young labourers who had, unfortunately for themselves, listened and yielded to the *couleur de rose* representations of the crimps. Very few, if any, he told us, ever returned, at least he knew of none, they were, in fact, slaves. This traffic is the mainstay of Macao, and

as I was subsequently the principal cause of ruining the trade I take some interest in describing it.

Under our treaties with the Portuguese they are bound to assist us in putting down the slave trade and not to engage in it in any shape or form. Yet here they were, in this out-of-the-way place, carrying it on with great activity, the only difference being that the slaves were Chinese instead of Negroes. Representations, however, had been made from Hong Kong, and the Portuguese Government had excused themselves upon the plea that the Chinese were 'Free Emigrants,' and that every one of them was examined by a specially appointed officer as to their willingness to proceed to Peru under 'Service Contracts,' and that everything was done to secure that none should be shipped except by their own free will and after a full explanation of the nature of the contract they had entered into. Magniac and I determined that we would attend at the Court when one of these examinations took place. The Court is supposed to be a Public Court, but no one ever knows, except those interested, when it sits. The almighty dollar, however, can do wonders, and we found our way one morning at 5 a.m. into a Court where a Judge was presiding, attended by a lot of subordinate officials. A lane formed by barriers and crowded with so-called 'Free Emigrants' two deep led to a dock in front of the Bench. As they filed or rather were pushed through this dock, names were called out, answers given, not by the 'Free Labourers,' but by some Chinamen who stood in a kind of witness-box, documents were handed in and stamped, and the file of men moved on. We were stationed behind a pillar which prevented the Judge from seeing us, but we were close to the barrier, and both Magniac and myself observed that every one of the emigrants was under the influence of some drug, they rolled their eyes and staggered forward, some being actually supported to the place in front of the Judge. Not one of them opened his lips. No question was addressed to any one of them in particular, and certainly no articulate answer was given. After this had been going on for at least half-an-hour Magniac, forgetting where

he was, proceeded to light a cheroot, and the noise he made drew the attention of the Court to the two humble individuals behind the pillars. An officer approached and asked for our names, so we handed him our cards. Upon which we were invited to take seats on the Bench, and the President proposed to adjourn the Court in honour of our arrival. This, however, I would not allow, and recalling my somewhat antiquated knowledge of Portuguese I assured the President, in most diplomatic language, that we had come to witness the effective manner in which any possible abuse of the misunderstood coolie traffic was prevented by the excellent arrangements of the Portuguese Government. So the proceedings were continued, but a change came 'o'er the spirit of the dream.' The very next coolie, or would-be emigrant, was a little more stupidly drunk than the others, and on being asked whether he understood the contract he had signed and which was read over to him (it was the first that had been read) stared vacantly round him, upon which he was ordered to stand on one side. Then the President gave the unfortunate Chinese contractor a wiggling, expatiating on the enormity of his offence in bringing a man before him under the influence of drink, and so the farce proceeded. At last the President, very unsuccessfully, pretended to lose his temper, declared that all the remainder were in an unfit state to be examined, ordered the contractor into custody, and adjourned the Court. I confess I was in a state of extreme delight, and accompanied the Judge to his private room where he gave us, by the bye, some excellent cheroots, and listened to a long harangue as to the difficulties he experienced in getting at the truth of the men's willingness to go, which, seeing that at least a hundred of them had not been asked a single question, and could not have answered one had any been put, was simply delicious. My sympathy with him was unbounded in *expression*, and I told him that I had never passed a more interesting hour, especially the latter portion of it. We parted with that delightful feeling that men experience when each is convinced he has imposed upon the other. As to Magniac, he hopped about, as was his

wont, on one leg, for half-an-hour, declaring that no theatre ever produced two such first-rate actors as the Portuguese Judge and the English Judge. I hope I am always sympathetic and polite, but I confess to real enjoyment when an opportunity offers of piling on sympathy and politeness when I have to deal with a scoundrel.

Through Jardine's compradore, an old Macao resident, we got a sight of one of the contracts, which purported to ensure a free passage out and \$20 a month with a free passage back at the end of five years. He had only known two men who had returned, and these had escaped from Peru on board an American ship and were penniless. Their account of their treatment, even after making due allowances, was terrible. They were worked to death, badly fed, and severely flogged on the least remonstrance. As to money they had never seen any. They had no idea how many Chinamen were employed, but knew that several shipments came every year to take the place of those who died. The Chinese Government, it appeared, had often remonstrated, but the lower officials were well fee'd and nothing had been done to put an effectual stop to the traffic.

I may as well mention now how I came to be the means of exposing the system and of enabling the British Government to interfere with effect with the Portuguese Government, although more than a year had elapsed since I had seen what I have just described.

I was on circuit in Japan. One morning, on going to the Consulate at Kanagawa, the Vice-Consul in charge told me that two Chinese had come dripping wet to the Consulate stating that they had swum from a Peruvian ship, called the 'Maria Luz.' They had arrived the day before from China, and the ship was anchored just outside the harbour, and he had sent them back on board. I told him he ought to have waited and reported the occurrence to me before sending the men back, as a Peruvian vessel in Japanese waters with Chinamen on board was a novelty, and the fact that the Chinese had risked their lives to get ashore required a little investigation. I immediately

sent to the Japanese Harbour Master for particulars of the ship, and learnt that she was a Peruvian merchantman, commanded by a Peruvian naval officer, and that part of the crew were naval men-of-war's men, that she had three or four hundred Chinese coolies on board, and having met with bad weather had put in to repair damages. These facts, coupled with the recollection of my visit to Macao, roused my suspicions, but I had no evidence which justified me in interfering, or even in calling the attention of the Japanese Government to the case. Next day the commander of one of our gun-ships in the harbour sent to the Consulate to say that two men had swum off to his ship, and that the tale they told made him think that the Peruvian barque was a slaver. I sent for the men, and on interrogating them learnt that they were coolies from Macao, that three or four of their mates had jumped overboard, and that two had committed suicide on board, and that the two men who had been sent back by the British Consul a day or two before had been cruelly flogged. The next thing I heard was that half-a-dozen of the coolies had escaped from the ship, had swum ashore during the night, and that an armed boat's crew from the ship had landed, gone up the country and captured them. I began then to see my way, and knowing that the relations between the Japanese and Chinese Governments were 'strained'—indeed, diplomatic relations were suspended on account of the 'Formosa' difficulty—it occurred to me that there was an opportunity of striking an effective blow at the Macao trade in coolies, and at the same time enabling Japan to do a friendly act towards China. So I went to see the English Chargé d'Affaires—the Minister being absent—who agreed with me that something might be done, stipulating, however, that, as intricate questions of international law might arise, I should undertake the coaching of the Japs. We then went to make a friendly call on old Soegima, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, feeling pretty certain he would mention the affair, if only to fish out a little advice. We found His Excellency in a high state of irritation at the violation by the Peruvian captain of Japanese territory in landing an armed

crew, and also at the answer which that individual had sent to his polite remonstrance. He showed us the letter of the captain of the 'Maria Luz,' which stated the writer to be a Commander in the Naval Service of Peru, and that he considered himself justified in sending an armed force on shore to apprehend deserters. Soegima then asked what international law might have to say on the matter. I briefly explained the law to him, and suggested that Japan had now an opportunity of asserting herself as a new member of the Comity of Nations. The old gentleman warmed up at this and asked the Chargé if, in the event of the Government taking action, the British Minister would support it, which he was assured he would do. He then asked me if I would assist him as regards the law, which I was perfectly ready to do. I suggested that he should immediately answer the Captain's insolent note, and as he was evidently at a loss what to say I sat down and drafted a polite request to know whether it was as a man-of-war or as a merchant vessel that he had sought the hospitality of Japanese waters, observing that if it was in the former character he had neglected the usual courtesies, if in the latter he had failed to report his ship. This brought another defiant and impertinent letter. I advised then that a gunboat should be sent to ascertain the real character of the vessel. This responsibility Soegima did not like to take until he had consulted his colleagues, and he asked me if I would attend a Council. This I agreed to, and met the Cabinet in the evening. At first there was a very general inclination not to interfere further with the Peruvian captain, but old Soegima's blood was up, he considered he had been insulted, and if he was not to be supported he would no longer hold the Portfolio of Foreign Affairs. The Prime Minister then asked me to define the exact position of the Government in the point of view of international law, which they all frankly admitted they were ignorant of. This I did. Then I was asked if I would assist, and finally they agreed to stand by their Foreign Secretary, who, on his part, undertook to follow my advice. Next morning a gunboat was despatched with orders to find out the character

of the 'Maria Luz,' to bring her closer in and to anchor her near the Japanese ironclads. The Captain raged about his deck when this order was read to him, but finally agreed to come of his own accord, which he did under escort, and then after many abusive words produced his papers, which showed that the vessel was an ordinary merchant vessel although commanded *pro tem* by a naval officer. By this time the Chinese community had become interested on behalf of their countrymen, and applied for an order of the Japanese High Court to bring the men ashore. The Peruvian, however, had gone to claim the protection of the Portuguese Consul, who went to all the Foreign Ministers and induced them to sign a protest against the 'unheard-of conduct' of the Japanese Government. To this protest I drafted the answer, and I flatter myself it was rather a neat State paper, reserving a separate reply for the Portuguese Consul-General, in which I begged to know why he took the Peruvian vessel and Captain under his especial protection. I confess the action of the 'Corps Diplomatique' took me by surprise, for the protest was signed by all with the exception of the English Chargé d'Affaires and the American Consul-General, who declined to have anything to do with it until he knew more of the facts, and this although his Minister had requested him to sign it. In the protest allusion was made to the principles of international law and to the courtesy due to the traders of foreign nationalities. This enabled the Japanese to request in the most honeyed language I could express myself to be favoured with something more precise than an allusion to general principles, and to express a hope that the acts of discourtesy which had been hinted at would be pointed out, winding up with a clear statement of the facts and begging for a further expression of opinion, which it is needless to say was not forthcoming. The Portuguese Consul was at the same time politely asked if he would—as he seemed inclined to protect the Peruvian vessel and her captain—assume on the part of his Government the responsibility of her conduct and justify whatever might be the result of an enquiry into her cargo and into

the conduct of her Commander. This he declined, but foolishly threatened the Japanese with the displeasure of his Government in respect of the interference of the trade between Portugal and Peru. This was exactly what I wanted him to do, and therefore invited him, as an interested party, to vigilantly watch the proceedings. Sufficient evidence had now been obtained. According to the Peruvian version the Chinese on board were 'Free Emigrants,' and it was also proved that some five or six had thrown themselves overboard and had been drowned rather than proceed on the voyage, and that those who had escaped to the land had been recaptured and brutally flogged. No mention of these facts appeared in the ship's log. All of the Chinese claimed the protection of the Japanese Government and begged to be brought before the authorities and released. A request was made to the Captain that they should be allowed to land, and state their grievances to the authorities. The Peruvian refused. On which, at my suggestion, the Government *ordered* him to bring them on shore, and he still refusing, sent a gunboat towing sampans to bring them off. This offended the representative of the Peruvian Navy and he mustered his crew armed to the teeth, himself appeared in a gorgeous uniform, and dared the captain of the gunboat to come on board, which that officer promptly did, having first informed him that if a shot was fired by any of his crew he must take the consequences. The Chinese then went on board the sampans which brought them on shore, and they were comfortably lodged in barracks.

Old Soegima and the Prime Minister showed pluck, but their colleagues began to get frightened, especially when the Portuguese Consul-General produced a telegram purporting to come from the Peruvian Government stating that it was about to send a fleet to Japan. Whether this document was forged or not I don't know, as only a copy of it was produced. I happened, however, to have read in the newspapers that there was a little revolution going on in Peru, and that the Chilean Government had taken umbrage at something that had been done by the former State. I thought, therefore, it was very unlikely the

former country would at such a juncture deprive itself of the services of its navy, besides which the Japanese were well able to hold their own.

On a preliminary investigation the Captain of the 'Maria Luz' was asked if he had any of the so-called 'Sérvice Contracts' and whether he had agreed with the Chinese passengers for their passage to Peru. He declined to give any information, but boastingly asserted that he had been freighted by the Macao authorities at the request of the Peruvian Government. This was unpleasant news for the Portuguese Consul, and I did not believe it was true. Ample evidence was given of the treatment of the Chinese, of the suicides and floggings. Not one of the so-called free emigrants had a contract in his possession or had ever seen one, and they all declared that they had been kidnapped. As I was unwilling that the Japs should act *too* high-handedly, I suggested that they should waive a judicial investigation and decision by a Japanese tribunal and refer the whole matter to a mixed tribunal to be constituted by the Mikado *ad hoc*, consisting of the Japanese Judge, the English Judge, Mr. Nicholas Hannen, and the American Consul-General, to which the Government agreed, and a circular despatch was written informing the Corps Diplomatique of this concession. The investigation lasted three days and resulted in a decision that the Chinese passengers were free to continue the voyage or to accept the offer of the Japanese Government to send them back to China. This they all elected to do, and the Japanese Government wrote to Peking informing the authorities of the course pursued, volunteering at the same time—at my suggestion—at their own cost to send the kidnapped coolies to any port the Chinese Government would name. This brought about a complimentary reply, in which the Mikado was informed that the Emperor proposed sending a special envoy to Yeddo to express his thanks for the energetic action of His Majesty and to re-establish friendly relations.

The Peruvian Government continued to bluster and threaten, and I suggested that the Japanese should offer to refer their

conduct to the arbitrament of any Sovereign the Peruvians might name. This offer could not well be refused, and the Emperor of Russia was asked and accepted the office. A case and counter case were prepared and submitted, and in a few months an award was given completely in favour of the Japanese.

During the investigation I took good care to collect all the evidence showing the direct complicity of the authorities at Macao and the indirect connivance of the Portuguese Government, this I sent to the Foreign Office with an explanatory despatch and a report of my visit to Macao in the previous year. The British Government was thus enabled to 'go for' the Portuguese Government, with the result that all Chinese emigrants are now shipped from Hong Kong under strict surveillance and very few go to Peru, where, I believe, the British Consul has a word to say as to their treatment. At any rate, some have returned lately, I hear, with a few dollars, but their accounts of their hardships are not likely to attract others.

I confess to having enjoyed this hurricane in a tea-cup immensely. No one except the Japanese Ministers seemed to know the part I played in it, and they gave me a perfectly free hand. I wrote all the despatches, gave all the orders, superintended the investigation before the tribunals, and overlooked the arbitration. The Japanese Government were profuse in their acknowledgments, old Soegima acquired immense kudos, and the English Government approved of all my proceedings. Even the Portuguese Consul-General, who alone 'smelt a rat behind the arras,' was grateful, as I managed to get him out of a scrape with his Government for his too energetic interference on behalf of the Peruvians.

Years after, on the retirement of Sir John Smale from the Chief Justiceship of Hong Kong, I was amused, when reading an account of a deputation to him headed by Lord Shaftesbury congratulating him on his career in China and his successful struggle against the iniquitous coolie traffic, to find that they particularly alluded to the 'Maria Luz' case in Japan, in which owing—as the address said—to the energetic assistance he had

given the Japanese, they had not only been enabled to assert their international right of jurisdiction over foreign vessels within their own waters, but had also enabled the British Government to destroy the kidnapping trade carried on in Macao and between that Portuguese possession and Peru. To this address Sir John, who was very old, suitably replied; the fact being that Sir John had absolutely nothing to do with the case, although he had unquestionably been most active in procuring the regulation of the coolie emigration trade in Hong Kong. I thought at first of writing to the deputation explaining their mistake, but on reflection it struck me that my doing so might be misunderstood and hurt the feelings of the old man who had probably forgotten the names of the cases in which he had so often and so usefully interfered, and mixed up that of the 'Maria Luz' with others, and I certainly had no desire to exalt myself at his expense; but the anecdote shows the ignorance of the societies and people who get up these fulsome manifestations.

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CHAPTER XIII

THE next Treaty Port to the north of Hong Kong is Swatow. The exit from the harbour of the island through the 'Lyeemoon Pass' is extremely picturesque, being slightly tortuous with fine hill scenery on each side. Swatow lies some miles up a river, but there is a nasty bar and a promontory by which runs a racing current that always seems to set in towards its point, and this headland is more often than not surrounded by dense mists and fog. I remember coming very nearly to grief in a coast steamer *en route* to the port. We had been slowly steaming, with just way on, through a dense fog thinking we were heading straight for Swatow, when the fog suddenly and only momentarily lifted disclosing the promontory as it is called of 'Good Hope' about a hundred yards off. Full speed astern saved us and only just did so, for in another three or four minutes we should have run full tilt against the rock without a chance of salvation. Why Swatow was selected as a Treaty Port I know not, for it never can be a place of any great trade or fit for large ships.

In connection with Swatow, although not at the port, I had to try a very painful case. The Consul, who had been long in the service, although not very popular in it, was ordered off to a minor port in the north, —the reason for his being removed I never heard—it was certainly not promotion and would entail considerable expense, as the freight of such things as furniture a distance of upwards of a thousand miles is frightfully expensive, and to sell off and re-furnish, especially when everything has to come from a long distance, is destruction. The Consul applied to the Legation and to the Foreign Office for a special allowance

but was refused, and ordered to go to his new post immediately. This he did, but being without funds took sufficient out of the Consular chest to pay his few debts at Swatow and expenses to the north of himself and family. I forget the amount, but I think it was some \$1500 or \$2000. On arriving at his port he immediately acquainted the Legation of his having taken the money, and asked that he might be allowed to recoup the amount by quarterly deductions from his salary. This was refused, and if I recollect rightly he was dismissed and went down to Australia, where he had friends, in search of employment. He made no secret of his address, and, I believe, succeeded in getting some post under the Colonial Government, when to my great disgust orders came from England to the Queen's Advocate to prosecute him, and I was obliged to send an officer to Australia to bring him back that he might be put on his trial for embezzlement of public funds. He was tried, admitted the taking of the money, justifying, however, his act by the necessities of the situation. As this amounted to a plea of 'not guilty' the case went to the jury, who found him 'guilty,' and I had to pass a sentence of two years' imprisonment. To my mind it was a cruel prosecution, and I could not help thinking there was something behind it of which I knew nothing; for to send a man with a large family from one end of China to another, to break up his home, to put him to a crushing expense, and then to pay a mere personal travelling allowance, seemed to me infinitely hard. However, there was no help for it. The poor fellow never saw the inside of the prison. The shame and agony of mind developed a liver complaint which he had previously suffered from, and he died in the hospital, his poor widow showering curses on *my* head, and upon my word at the time I felt I almost deserved them.

I had another of these cases, the Chief Clerk of the Shanghai Consulate being accused of having purloined money from the chest, a deficit of one largish sum and several small ones having been discovered. On reading the depositions I thought the case a very weak one; but the man being committed

for trial I had no option but to try him. There were several charges. The evidence disclosed a loose method of keeping accounts, for which, however, the clerk could hardly be held responsible, as he had only followed the system pursued before his time. It was difficult to trace the actual disappearance of the principal item, and the other sums were equally difficult to identify, as at one moment they appeared in the books and then appeared as having been added to and in some cases diminished in amount. Still on the whole account there was a clear deficit of exactly the amount missing when the several items were added together. As the jury were all familiar with book-keeping I left the case in their hands, and after some hesitation they brought in a verdict of 'Not guilty.' However, the man was dismissed the service and, I believe, not granted a pension.

Years after I was talking over the case with Sir Harry Parkes as one ground for recommending that there should be a semi-annual auditing of accounts at all the Consulates by a qualified officer, when he stated that as regards the principal item he perfectly remembered that it had formed a balance of an intestate estate, and that nobody claiming it when the estate was finally wound up, it was devoted to the payment of expenses incurred in laying out the Consular grounds, that by an oversight it remained for years as due to the estate, and that on finding out how it had been expended it was expunged; and he thought it probable that some of the other items had been similarly treated, inasmuch as small balances after being on the books for several years were often after a time devoted to the payment of extraordinary Consular expenses; but he added that he was glad the man had been dismissed, since on several occasions he had been guilty of at least gross negligence, which he was always too ready to fix on other people.

The Court accounts were always a great anxiety to me, as they were frequently of large amount. I was no accountant, and being frequently on circuit could not always be checking the books, and none of the clerks had any great knowledge of book-keeping, whilst dear old Goodwin had even less know-

ledge than I had. The constant fluctuations in the Exchange value of gold and silver and the difference in value of No. 1, No. 2, and copper dollars bothered one extremely. I used to get the accounts audited by the Legation Accountant whenever he happened to come down to Shanghai, and when there was a deficit of a few dollars generally paid it out of my own pocket. Towards the end of my term of office I was fortunate enough to get hold of a youngster, in fact I stole him from the Consular service—a Scotchman—who was afterwards permanently attached to the Court, and who, among his other accomplishments, was a born accountant. Nothing seemed to delight him more than to puzzle out an error of a few cents, and he certainly stuck to his hobby with the unwearied patience of a blood-hound on the scent of a fugitive slave. He was one of those men who ought to have been locked up in a safe with his beloved account books every night of his life. Not only was he a grand fellow at accounts, but he turned his attention to law, worked hard under me, passed a first-class examination in eighteen months, and has since risen high in the profession. If I named him, notwithstanding his hailing from the land of cakes, he would blush.

The next Treaty Port is Amoy—the English Settlement being on the Island of Ku-lang Su opposite to the native town. It is here that the great 'North River' finds its way to the sea after a course of several hundred miles. There is a considerable trade, especially with the Island of Formosa, and most of the Shanghai firms have agencies here.

Formosa or Tai-wan is due east of Amoy. I visited the island twice, crossing from Amoy. The entrance to Takow is very difficult to find. Crossing on one occasion in a small trading schooner, commanded by a Captain who did not know the coast, it took us two days standing off and on to find it. It is simply a narrow gorge in an inlet leading to a lake, round which is a small Chinese town. Here we have a Vice-Consulate, the unfortunate occupant of the post being in my time an eccentric individual whose chief desire seemed to be to live and die there. I stayed three or four days with him and consumed more rice,

wild duck, whisky, and cheroots than I ever did continuously anywhere else. My friend was fortunately something of a botanist, and I made several excursions with him in deadly fear the whole time of being captured by some of the hill tribes. The flora was something to wonder at—the number of the parasitical plants with gorgeous flowers being marvellous—on many of the trees there were three or four distinct plants of this kind. Long-tailed monkeys were occasionally visible, gliding about the mangrove-covered flats; the country round about is fertile and fairly cultivated in patches, with villages here and there sheltered by bananas and bamboos.

In the hands of a European Power or of Japan the whole island, possessing as it does a very good climate, would soon become a very valuable possession. Petroleum wells are said to exist, but from some cause or another the Chinese Government is always prohibiting, to its own prejudice, exportation of any produce from the island, generally on the pretext that it yields barely sufficient for the population. The sooner we take possession of it the better.

Foochow lies some twenty miles up a noble river—the Min. At the entrance to it from the sea after passing 'White Dog Island' the scenery is very fine, lofty well-timbered hills slope down to the water's edge. On these there are several forts and masked batteries with a great many guns, but many of them are dummies. The river is very broad until it narrows through a defile. There are numerous islets in it flat and marshy, on these flocks of tame ducks are turned out daily to feed—flat-bottomed boats bringing them in hundreds and taking them back. At the boatman's call they all come waddling along, mount an inclined plank, one at a time, on to the gunwale, and then flutter down to the bottom. As the laggards come up there is a considerable hurry-scurry as the man inflicts a sound birching on the last half-dozen by way of reminding them that he is not there to await their pleasure, and they seem to know perfectly well what is impending and hence the anxiety they manifest not to be last. A boat's cargo generally consists of

from three to five hundred ducks, and I have seen half-a-dozen of these boats discharging or loading their freight perhaps within a quarter of a mile of each other—yet each flock knows its own boat.

Pagoda Island is a piece of rock rising out of and surrounded by the river; on the side facing the greatest breadth of water there is good anchorage for forty or fifty large vessels. On the island are several houses occupied by officials, and cottages for pilots and labourers employed in loading and unloading. The city, which is one of the largest in China, lies on each side of the river, being connected by a stone bridge, nearly, if I recollect rightly, three-quarters of a mile long. On portions of it houses and shops are built, reminding one of the prints of old London Bridge.

I once saw, as I was crossing it, a horrible sight. In an open cage was a man, his head being just outside of the top looking as if he was supporting his weight by his chin and jaws, his hands were tied behind him, the tips of his toes rested on the bottom of the cage, and in this position the man had been exposed for three days and nights without food or water. He was then dead, but had only just died a few hours before I had passed. He had killed his father, and this was his punishment.

Sailing north from the entrance of the 'Min' the coast is dotted with capes and islands that were once, and indeed not so long ago, the favourite haunts of pirates. Even now it is said to be unsafe for a merchant vessel to stand in too near the shore as, should it be becalmed, the temptation to the fishermen might prove too strong. At night time, especially when there is a fresh breeze blowing on shore, I have counted, on one side of the steamer only, 750 fishing boats, all sailing without any one on deck, the helm and sheets fast, the crew being asleep in their cabin. They know the wind will keep on all the night without varying a point, and they trust to Providence to keep them from being run down or fouling each other. Fogs are constant on these seas, yet the steamers rattle through them generally at full speed, especially if they think they will catch a flowing tide at

the mouth of the Yangtze or Whangpoo to take them over the bar of the latter river. If I have tried one case of collision from this cause, I must have tried twenty or thirty, involving often serious loss of life.

CHAPTER XIV

THE Treaty Port, Ningpo, is about twenty hours steaming from Shanghai. The town and its beautiful neighbourhood is very much affected by Protestant missionaries. The Bishop of Middle China resides here. Considering how angry the English people were some years ago when the Pope divided England into Roman Catholic Sees, and how Lord John Russell in his celebrated 'Durham letter' railed at the impertinence of a foreign power daring to create bishoprics in England, it seems somewhat inconsistent that England should create three Protestant Sees on Chinese soil ; but what is a high crime and misdemeanour in a Pope is an act of virtue in a lay Sovereign ! However, I am a *particeps criminis* in the act of virtue, for although I did not create a Bishop, I did convert a church into a cathedral, and did create a Dean and three Canons, and gave the Bishop a local habitation and a throne.

The way this feat was accomplished, and I look at it as unprecedented for a layman not a sovereign ruler, and entitling me to at least a saintship in the Protestant Calendar, was this. In Shanghai there was built by subscription a very handsome church, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, to which in the hope that the congregation would by their prayers procure me absolution for my many sins of commission and omission I gave a handsome lectern and a fourth of a pulpit. The Chaplain of the Consulate was the incumbent ; but his salary was provided by the congregation whose property the church, parsonage, and grounds, was. Dr. Russell, a genial Irishman, was the Bishop of Middle China and resided at Ningpo, with a miserable stipend. He had no church, only a mission chapel. This I thought was

rather hard on him, so one day when he was having tiffin with me I asked if he would like to have a cathedral and a throne. Of course, being a Bishop, he said 'Yes,' but thought there was no probability of his ever being provided with such luxuries. Then Alabaster, who was there also, and I put our heads together. The annual meeting of the church subscribers was coming off in a week or two, so we agreed to take the meeting by surprise, and in the meantime to keep a strict silence as to our intentions. The meeting came off. It was as usual a very sleepy affair. Consul Medhurst was in the chair. After the accounts were passed and a lot of formal business gone through, I rose and with all the gravity I could assume made a speech. Now I am a bad hand at speechifying, especially when I am in earnest, but when I am not, and I am bent on simply turning to account the weakness and follies of my fellow-creatures, I flatter myself I shine. I concluded an eloquent harangue by proposing to convert the church into a cathedral, the Chaplain into a Dean, two Church of England Missionaries into Canons, to provide a throne, to arrange a dedicatory musical service, to induct the Bishop, and offered to draw a Deed or Charter which should prevent ecclesiastical presumption and safeguard the proprietary rights of the subscribers. An awful silence followed. The audacious grandeur of the proposal took away the breath of my hearers. The Consul looked astounded. The Chaplain fidgeted, but the 'gaiters,' 'lawn sleeves,' and 'shovel hat' in prospective fascinated him. The voice of the serpent asserted itself. Then Alabaster rose and said that, first struck as he was at the audacity of the proposal, coming as it did from so high an authority on legal matters, he felt he should be wanting in respect if he did not *second* it, and following my example he appealed to the pride of the 'Settlers,' showing them that henceforth Shanghai could compete successfully with Hong Kong, that that island could no longer point to their cathedral as the only one, that it would have to hide its diminished head, etc. No one spoke until the two churchwardens asked if I could secure the proprietorship remaining where it was, which

I assured them I could. Then the Consul wanted to know what the Queen, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Foreign Office would say. My reply was that we were a free and enlightened community, and inasmuch as we did not ask Her Majesty, the Archbishop, or the Treasury for any money they would not in all probability 'say' anything. After a few minutes the motion was put to the vote and was carried unanimously. A Committee consisting of the Chaplain, the two Churchwardens, the Consul, Alabaster, and myself were appointed to carry out the arrangements and the affair was a *fait accompli*. I promptly invited the Committee to tiffin with me that day week to meet the Bishop, and in the meantime the Chaplain, Alabaster, and myself met and arranged everything. The draft deed was drawn, engrossed on vellum, the service and the ceremony was to be as imposing as possible, and the throne was sketched and the execution entrusted to a Chinese wood-carver.

At the tiffin all went well. My cook surpassed himself. Over our wine the draft deed or charter was read and approved. Seals and signatures were affixed. The third Sunday next following was fixed for the ceremony, the new Dean to preach in the morning and the Bishop in the evening. This gave us time to catch an American Bishop and half-a-dozen clergymen.

On the Sunday the church was crowded, and while the Chaplain in full fig read the special prayers, the doors were closed and locked. Presently a knock was heard at the church door. The Churchwardens came up the aisle and informed the Chaplain that the Bishop was outside. On which the Chaplain recited a text, and the keys of the building being placed on a velvet cushion and entrusted to the Senior Churchwarden, the Chaplain and the Clergy walked down to the door, opened it, handed the keys to the Bishop, who graciously returned them to the Churchwardens, and the procession marched back, the organ playing some remarkably loud piece of rejoicing music. As the Bishop arrived within the altar rails, having knelt and bowed at the Communion table, he turned round to

the congregation and, taking the deed or charter from the Consul's hands, promised faithfully for himself and his successors to observe the conditions, etc., therein contained. He was conducted to his throne by the Dean and Canons, and the service was read by the different clergy, anthems were sung, and a rattling good short sermon preached.

Next day I gave a dinner to all the Ecclesiastics.

I wrote to the Foreign Office a full account of the affair and begged that the Chief Secretary of State would take the Queen's pleasure on the subject. He did so. The Queen consulted the Archbishop (who, by the bye, wrote me a private note full, I might say, of fun) and Her Majesty graciously confirmed *all* that had been done—the church was a cathedral, the Dean a real Dean, and the Canons live Canons. So they are still, and let us hope will ever so remain.

In the neighbourhood of Ningpo there is some very lovely country. One spot known as the Snowy Valley, the hills on each side of which are literally covered in the spring with azalias, chiefly white. Such a mass of flowers in one spot, and that by no means a small one, I do not think is to be seen anywhere else. Several hundreds of acres all sloping down are one mass of blooms. The Chinese delight in it, and here they enjoy their one great amusement of 'picnicking.'

Ningpo is also distinguished for its wood-carving; give the carvers a design, and, no matter how elaborate it is, they will do it as well as any European workman. I have seen a large side-board carved by them that would have done credit to the great G. Gibbons himself.

CHAPTER XV

HANKOW, which lies some 500 miles up the Yangtze, has also a foreign settlement, and since my time another river port some 200 miles further up called Ichang has been opened as a place of foreign residence and trade. The Yangtze rises in the very heart of China, and were it not for some falls would be navigable for steamers for many hundred miles further up than Ichang. I am not quite clear, however, that it is either wise or expedient that we should hurry up the opening of towns in the interior to foreign enterprises so far removed from the base of our strength, until at any rate their get-at-ability is considerably improved. A stimulus to trade which it is difficult to measure might undoubtedly be given thereby, but it is a question whether in the long run we should not be involved in periodical difficulties, which by temporarily stopping trade and imperilling international relations, would not in the end counterbalance the advantages. The Chinese Government has, or pretends to have, difficulty in keeping its provincial authorities in order, although with a better will it might do infinitely better than it does do, and our Government has also some difficulty in controlling the conduct of its nationals when far removed from the central authority. At any rate, I should certainly not allow either residence or even travelling in the interior except under special licence, and such licence should only be given to persons of good repute and with great caution.

The best introduction to the interior will be the formation of mixed business partnerships between natives and Europeans—the latter generally to reside at the ports and the former in the towns of the interior—freedom of going to and fro by either being equally enjoyed. This may necessitate arrangements with

the Trade Guilds, but from what I have seen of the latter I do not apprehend much difficulty.

The Chinese have no Bankruptcy Law, but they have a custom which practically renders such a system unnecessary. Every trader is bound before the New Year to discharge all his liabilities, which obligation in its turn obliges him to collect all debts owing to him, so that he can make out a clean balance-sheet. If he cannot do this he must not, indeed dare not, take any part in the festival of the New Year; he cannot deck himself out in gorgeous array to make the New Year visits. If he ventured to do so his Guild would be down on him and he would be boycotted. No doubt evasion takes place, but as a rule the custom is rigorously observed. Either the trader gets his creditors to give him a clean bill, or his family or clan come forward and arrange his affairs, so that practically all accounts are closed and stock taken at the end of every year. Credit may be given, but so far as the books are concerned all debts must appear to be liquidated, or goods of sufficient value held, as it were, in reserve to liquidate them. In the event of fraudulent trading, where the debts largely exceed the assets, no mercy is shown. The debtor stands a fair chance of being half murdered by his creditors and his dwelling and warehouse burnt and looted. Hence the attraction of the foreign settlements to native traders, since such forms of creditorial vengeance are not permitted.

As far as my experience goes, when English traders became bankrupt owing money to natives, the latter always behaved well; first, I think, because they knew that the English Court would search out every possible asset, divide the whole fairly and equally between all the creditors whether natives or foreigners; and secondly, because in many instances English debtors when they have rehabilitated themselves have, notwithstanding their discharge, paid their Chinese creditors 20s. in the £. In former years cash transactions or payment by goods by way of exchange was the rule, but of late longer credits have been given, and the banks to secure business have been a little too easy, with the

result that trade has become speculative. The compradore system is also largely answerable for many of the losses which foreign merchants and even the banks have of late sustained. The practice of treating these paid servants as private bankers, giving them the control of large sums on the understanding that when times are hard they shall find what money may be required to carry on with, has introduced a somewhat reckless system of purchases and sales, and rendered traders careless of cutting their coats according to the cloth in hand. The Chinese are adepts at showing on paper balances to the good, and in more than one instance I have known compradores readily giving ocular demonstration of sycee in bulk to the tune of thousands of pounds sterling, when they were not worth a copper cash in the world. It is, however, impossible in the present state of the trade to dispense with their services. They are really the men who do the business, interview and arrange with the native brokers, and do all the buying and selling. It would be as well if foreign merchants could see their way to take these men into partnership. They are first-rate men of business, intelligent, and generally honest and trustworthy. As it is, the foreign firms give them every opportunity and offer them every temptation to become otherwise. Telegraphic communication and steam vessels have entirely changed the mode of transacting business in China. There is no longer the possibility of stealing ahead by forestalling the market or putting goods on by dribblets and thus keeping up prices, hundreds of tons of goods arrive every week throughout the year whether wanted or not, and must be sold at whatever price the native brokers choose to give for them. Firms with any amount of capital have disappeared—no one can afford to hold on and wait—profits are difficult to realize. ‘Commissions’ are the principal sources of income, and in a few years, unless a change takes place, the China trade will follow the example of the Levant trade and our merchant princes will dwindle down to mere commission agents, receiving a fraction per cent. for their endorsement of foreign bills of exchange. Then a ‘Con-

cession' mania will break out. Mines, railways, steamship, and all sorts and descriptions of limited liability companies will be started. The Chinese Government will be worried out of its life by foreign speculators who will promise any and everything, and the 'Corps Diplomatique' will be turned into a huge industrial propaganda.

I should not, however, be inclined to croak over these probable changes if I felt certain that England would or could maintain her manufacturing and marine pre-eminence; but with the Labour troubles, the want of pluck and nerve exhibited by capitalists and employers, the wretched weakness of the legislature and executive in truckling to political and social agitators, and the general decadence of the moral and physical strength of the nation, I confess to a feeling akin to despair. Europe appears to me to be on the eve of another social revolution. Liberty in the popular mind is becoming synonymous with wild licence. Culture is drifting into sentimentalism, and the class to which we have been accustomed to look for guidance and support are showing more than mere symptoms of emasculation.

The country round Hankow is undulating, not to say, flat. It is well watered, occasionally too well watered, for I have more than once seen it literally several feet under water. The river itself, a section of the Grand Canal, to say nothing of innumerable small canals and creeks, break through their banks and inundate the country for miles. For these freaks the inhabitants prepare themselves by building their dwellings and villages on artificially raised mounds or natural hillocks which, when the country assumes the appearance of a huge lake or inland sea bounded only by very distant hills, look like tiny islets. The only compensation for months of hardship, semi-starvation, and more or less continuous fever, consists in the enrichment of the land for rice and grain crops. When the waters retire and the whole plains are speedily covered with green herbage, then it looks most ludicrous to see chained to one or more poles close to the dwellings sampans (boats), no water being visible thereon to float or use them.

Although in past ages inundations were not so frequent as they are now, they were not unknown; but unquestionably the dykes were kept in better repair and order than now. A large proportion of the provincial taxation, which now finds its way into the pockets of the officials, was then devoted to the maintenance of the canals, etc. The cost is now met by extra levies, and if it were not for the patriotic zeal shown by individuals, whose generosity is rewarded by stone memorials scattered all over the country recording the beneficent use of their wealth, it is probable that the greater portion of the only means of transport and communication between one place and another would be in ruin.

That railroads will pay and pay well, should the Government ever be induced to afford facilities for their erection, is certain, since the Chinese people are fond of travelling, and make nothing of journeys of hundreds of miles in boats and springless carts under conditions which are certainly not inviting or comfortable; but, unless provision is made for keeping the permanent ways and rolling stock in repair by their foreign builders, they will certainly be utterly unfit for use in a very few years.

I do not imagine there will be any difficulty in raising a large proportion of the necessary capital in China itself. The Chinese are fully alive to the value of 'co-operation,' not in the sense of a division of profits between seller and buyer, but in that of contributing capital. Even the smallest industries are not supported by individual enterprise or wealth. It is rare for one man to be the sole capitalist. As a rule the shopkeeper or manufacturer is only the manager receiving a very small salary and a share in the profits. His assistants are generally connected by family ties, and these also have a share; the capital being found, as it is required, not in any fixed proportions, by their relatives to the third and fourth cognates. I have known many rich men, who apparently did nothing for their livelihood, spent little on themselves, and owned little or no landed property, to be the unknown sleeping partners in a dozen different

ventures in which large sums were being turned over, losses alternating with large profits. These men, when the smash comes, either come forward as generous and disinterested relatives to help the ostensible, but in reality the mere nominal trader, and enable him to pay a small dividend and start again, or they help him to clear out, perhaps to Singapore, Hong Kong, or San Francisco, leaving the creditors of the firm to rend their clothes and gut the establishment. Such is the Chinese notion of limited liability. To the credit, however, of the native traders, be it said, that it is very rare arrangements are not made by which downright ruin is averted. I never heard of a case of insolvency arising from riotous or extravagant living, or of what we should call retail shopkeepers suffering from unpaid bills or long-standing accounts. Thus 'shares' in companies for any industrial purpose would be readily taken up. They could be easily concealed, easily transferred to men of straw, so long as good dividends were paid no questions would be asked, and when 'winding-up' came there would be no holders worth powder and shot. The concern would be sold up and in all probability be bought at a nominal figure by its undiscovered owners, freed from the incubus of debt and liability. The only parties losing being the foreign capitalists who had started it. Chinamen like to get rich, because money helps them to get richer, and the reputation of riches is dearer to them than the actual possession of wealth. They do not seem to care for position or for the ostentatious display of their money. Between the actual expenditure of a millionaire and a coolie, on what we know as necessities or even luxuries, there is no very startling difference—the one may spend 100 or 250 dollars a month and the other five or fifteen. The small tradesman may cultivate three or four square yards of garden in the court-yard of his house. The rich merchant may cultivate a couple of acres round his dwelling place, ornament it with a serpentine canal spanned by baby bridges with little temple-like kiosks scattered here and there; but they both grow the same flowers, both wear the same garments, neither bothering themselves with

troops of servants, horses, carriages, diamonds for their wives, or rich viands and wines for their friends. Neither will seek to leave fortunes or estates behind them for their children, or to gain titles for themselves. Competence in the shape of a comfortable dwelling, a bowl of rice, a cup of tea, and some habits of fur and flowered silk for grand occasions, sum up their wants and their desires, and when the end comes a tomb in a grove of trees, tablets commemorating their virtues and the certainty of leaving descendants to carry on the family name and worship their ancestors, is all they look forward to.

However under- or over-populated by human beings China may be, and whatever may be her undeveloped material wealth, the country abounds in game. Pheasants and every species of wild fowl exist in unlimited numbers. Returning from Hankow I usually stopped at Kiukiang and Chinkiang. Between these two river ports there are two islands, which in the season are literally covered with swans, geese, and wild duck. I should not like to say how many I killed. Little hog deer with tusks $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long were also plentiful. Wild boars were occasionally met with. Foxes, and a species of badger known by the name of 'Coon-faced Dogs,' abounded; but pheasants of the white-ringed neck species were everywhere. In ten days three guns—one of them was carried by myself—accounted for 1100. It is a veritable paradise for sportsmen, the only drawback being that without the exercise of great tact one is apt to get into rows with the country people, and then it often becomes a question of whether they should mob and settle you or you should shoot them. Although I never missed a season's shooting I was extremely fortunate in keeping out of mischief, chiefly owing to my always taking with me the head man of the district and paying him handsomely, besides making the women and children little presents in the shape of 'fairings' and the men of empty soda-water bottles. 'Possibly my boatmen's and servants' notions of my exalted rank may have had something to do with the friendliness I always experienced.' In the neighbourhood of Shanghai, say within a hundred miles, my crusade against the

Creek pirates, at the beginning of my China career, had made my name known and perhaps to some extent respected.

Generally I availed myself in my circuit to the river ports of the splendidly appointed steamers of the Shanghai Merchants Company, then under the direction of the American firm of Russell & Co., and since their bankruptcy of a purely Chinese directorate; but on one occasion Vice-Consul Markham and myself sailed up the whole distance to Hankow in a house-boat lent to us by Jardine, Matheson & Co. Fortunately we had a fresh fair wind up or it might have taken us weeks, as it was we made the trip in nine days including stoppages *en route*. The Yangtze dwarfs all other rivers I know of. Some miles from its mouth no land is visible on either side unless the craft is hugging one of the shores. For seventy or one hundred miles up it is often two miles in breadth, and seldom up to Chinkiang less than one mile broad. Above this point it narrows slightly, but when it overflows its banks it spreads out into a huge lake, and it is no unusual thing for junks to make short cuts across the land, covered as it is with many feet of water. On one occasion one of Russell & Co.'s steamers found itself, on a sudden subsidence of the flood, in a paddy field a good mile and a half from the natural bed of the river. In many places it winds through narrow gorges amidst most romantic scenery, the rocky cliffs disclosing temples and monasteries perched in apparently inaccessible places. About halfway is the town of Nankin, once celebrated for its china potteries and then the second town in the Middle Kingdom. It is now in a measure destroyed since the Taipings held it and were driven out. The celebrated Porcelain Tower or Pagoda exists no longer, although at my first visit the lower half of the ground story was intact, and Goth-like I secured a piece of it in memoriam.

BOOK IV

JAPAN

1872

CHAPTER I

ON Sunday, the 11th of August,¹ I started in H.M.S. 'Salamis' for Hakodate, an open port in the northern island of Yezo. Mr. Watson, Her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires, and Captain Snow were my travelling companions; Mr. Gower was already on board. As soon as we rounded the point we met a heavy cross-swell setting on the land which made the 'Salamis,' at all times a lively boat, dance more than merrily for her passengers. To stay on deck was to say the least uncomfortable. The bridge was the only place that was dry, and that was not always so. As the officers were sitting after dinner in the ward-room a sea came through the skylight, drenching everyone and everything. After that experience I thought it time to try how a swing cot would neutralize the rolling and pitching. Towards evening, as we got further off the land, the swell abated and we rattled on at a good pace. We had the mails on board, and however stingy Admirals are of coal when the comfort of human beings is concerned on ordinary occasions, they are very keen about getting their letters, and so we put on as much steam as we could. With letters to an Admiral a steamer may go if it can thirteen to fifteen knots. Without such letters seven knots is an outside number. We sighted the volcano at the entrance to the Straits of Yezo about eight o'clock a.m. on Tuesday morning the 13th. On either side were steep hills covered with wood. At the right was a bluff headland consisting of a conical hill which was once a volcano and which now emits a thin vapourish smoke. It is rather more than 2000 feet above the level of the sea. On the left are

¹ 1872.

a series of rugged mountainous looking hills, which line the shore broken by deep bays, and between flows the broad strait which connects the Pacific with the Japan or Korean Sea.

About half-way through the strait another bold headland stands out, the sea washing its base, and behind it is a low bank of sand. Across this bank the shipping in Hakodate Bay can be distinctly seen, but the town lying on the back slope of the hill is invisible. We saw H.M.S. 'Iron Duke' across the lowland perfectly. As we rounded the base we suddenly came on the boats of the 'Iron Duke' on a sailing cruise; their white sails looked extremely well, and as each boat followed in the same track, tacked, went free or close hauled in obedience to the signals made from the Admiral's barge which led the way, the effect was very pretty. We had hardly anchored close to the 'Iron Duke,' and I suppose out of compliment to her, for we were at least two miles from the shore, although the water was deep enough within a hundred yards of the land to float the largest steamer in the navy, when Admiral Shadwell came on board to look after his letters, and I hope to welcome us. We were, however, determined to see the Ainos, although it was a ride of sixty miles and could not be done under at least three days, but as we had only five days given us in which to perform all our official work and see what was to be seen, we were sadly hurried and inconvenienced.

Hakodate is somewhat like Gibraltar, not that it is a place of any strength, as it could neither protect the island of which it is the outpost from invasion from without, nor prevent any foes from landing at any point within a few miles of it. Still it is like Gibraltar. There is the hilly rock washed by the sea, the overhanging top, the town snugly sheltered on its sloping side, the tongue of sand of Andalusian territory with its well-watered plains and hills beyond. From Hakodate stretches the new military road which is to traverse Yezo from north to south. Thirty miles of it is already built; a better contrived road it would be difficult to find. The only objection to it is that it is a military road, why or wherefore it is difficult to discover. Of

course if for the future it is to be handed down as a rule of modern warfare that attacking armies are to march exclusively on high roads, then this road is admirably contrived to impede progress, for about every two miles it is brought to an abrupt termination by a deep trench some ten or fifteen yards in width, a side road capable of instant destruction being made for the purpose of peaceful traffic. But if armies do not agree to follow this extremely civilized plan of procedure, then, inasmuch as there are few physical difficulties on each side and within a few yards of these abrupt impedimenta, it is not easy to see what object is obtained by skilful arrangements to stop an army, which, if at all anxious to continue its route, would make but light of them. The fact is that the road is simply dangerous to innocent travellers in the dark and to runaway horses.

The native town of Hakodate consists of one main street running parallel to the shore and of several other parallel streets on the side of the hill communicating with each by roads at right angles with them. Higher up on the hill are the foreign residences, but they are few and far between, for as yet Hakodate can hardly be called a place of trade. The roofs of all the houses are of shingle, upon which large stones are placed to prevent them being blown off by the storms of wind which come over the low spit of land which connects the hill on which the town is built with the main land. Here and there is a flat turf roof, from which a load of hay might well be cut. The whole place stinks of fish. A species of sprat or herring fry is caught in quantities on the coast; they are boiled down, and all the oil that can be got from them is extracted. The refuse is then dried on mats in the open air, and when almost dry is packed up in blocks and sold as manure into distant parts of the province. This fish oil, edible seaweed, beans, deer horns and deer, bear, and sea-otter skins are the principal items of export. Of deer horns 36,000 are said to be sent away annually; they are rasped down and being mixed with strong alcohol are converted into the hartshorn of the pharmacopœia. Bear skins are so badly

tanned as to be almost useless. Sea-otter skins are very expensive and might be better cured. These animals are found occasionally on the coast but more generally in the neighbourhood of the Kurile Islands, where, however, they are decreasing. They are pretty animals, very like the river otter, but their skins are very soft, thick, and beautiful, and seem to resist the attack of moths and other insects much better than any other fur. They sell from £5 to £30 a skin. The mode of hunting them is curious. When an otter is reported to have been seen by any of the men in the fishing boats a canoe is sent out and stationed somewhere about the place where it was noticed, a signal is given when it is discovered, then a dozen canoes each holding two men, one to paddle and the other to harpoon the animal, start and describe a large circle round the watching canoe, which then takes its place in the circle. As the otter can only remain a minute or two and cannot swim above fifty yards under water, it is very soon localized in the centre of the circle. As soon as it is seen a canoe paddles fast towards it to force it to dive immediately, the other canoes contract the circle, this is continued until the animal is exhausted, when it is speared. The chase often lasts a couple of hours. To see an otter having a game of play with its cub—it only produces one at a birth—is a very pretty sight. It floats on its back with its four paws out of the water and keeps tossing the little one up in the air just as a woman tosses her baby, occasionally letting it suck. When near a mass of floating seaweed, on which it feeds, it is almost impossible to get near it as it very cunningly contrives to keep its body hid, allowing only the tip of its nose to protrude between the weeds.

Her Majesty's new Consulate deserves to be mentioned. It is quite new, indeed it had not yet, at the time I visited it, been inhabited. Very low, built of wood, lacks every species of accommodation, has no verandah, and will be intensely cold during the severe winters with which Hakodate is blessed, and inconveniently hot in summer when the heat will soon penetrate the inch and a half planking of which it is built. It is admir-

ably contrived for burning, the chimneys being also of wood. I have no doubt it did not cost much building, but whatever it did cost, the price paid was a dear one, since it is unfit for habitation. It is placed in a plot of waste ground on the side of a road running up the hill. It is not enclosed, and there is no garden laid out; altogether it is the most uncomfortable-looking place I have yet seen, and I pity the Consul who is to live in it, for not only will he have to enclose it by a paling, but he must lay out a garden, and not only decorate the interior but supply two-thirds of the essential requisites which a civilized being requires to make his dwelling anything like a home. The well is ingeniously contrived to receive the drainage of the whole hill-side.

The channel or straits between the Island of Yezo and the Island of Nippon is magnificent. It is broad and deep, all the fleets in the world could anchor in its splendid bays, and the eastern coast towards Niyata consists of fine hills and cliffs of picturesquely broken outlines with numerous bays, and here and there we observed the outlets or mouths of several rivers. We steamed down near several small islands and rocks, the eastern Cape of Yezo running far down like a sharp point into the sea. Here we were but a short distance from the mainland of the Corea—in many places not more than a hundred miles—yet there is little if any communication of importance as regards trade between the two countries, save that which springs from the shipwrecked junks of either nation.

We had made up our minds not to leave Hakodate without visiting the Aino villages in the interior of Yezo, and being fortunately assisted in this determination by Mr. A. Howell, an English merchant, we speedily organized an expedition and started northward the day after our arrival.

We met innumerable ponies coming into the town laden with every species of vegetables, and not infrequently with flowers of the brightest colours. Most of the animals were mares, and were followed by their colts. After a ride of about fifteen miles we struck the pass across the mountains and entered forest country we had seen from the ship. The new road had been

skilfully cut, the ascent was easy, but the gradual deepening of the dells on one side showed that we were mounting not gradually but quickly to a great height. When we reached the top of the mountain we saw far above us on our right the volcano, not the one on the southern end of the island which we passed on entering the straits, but one to the north-east of the town. Here and there its sides were streaked with sulphur, and a glorious hill it looked as it stood out in bold relief against the clear blue sky above. But by far the loveliest object was the lake which stretched itself below us, mirroring the splendid trees that stood on its margin. As we looked down on it, it lay embosomed amidst a grand piece of forest scenery, dotted with islands, its deep blue waters without a ripple giving to it an air of indescribable quiet. We all longed to bathe, but it required a greater knowledge of the country than we possessed to strike with any certainty through the jungle. It was just one of those mountain lochs that one meets with in Western Canada, shut up in lovely seclusion amongst hills that are seldom visited by men, but on whose shores at nightfall you may see game of all kinds drinking their evening draught. I looked hopefully for beaver dams, but nothing, not even a teal or diver disturbed the perfect calm that rested on the surface of the water. Such was Lake Onuma. It was a spot one would love to retire to far away from the hum, noise, and busy strife of men, and wait quietly the only great event in life, the one which terminates it.

In the cutting through which the new road continues to pass were some rocks of the whitest blue and bluest white I ever saw. They were intensely dazzling. I got off to pick a piece and found it excessively heavy; it must have been some kind of lead ore. We lunched at a comfortable tea-house a little off the road-side; here we refreshed ourselves and our horses, the latter making a hearty meal on rush grass and bran. We continued our route afterwards through a splendid forest containing many fine trees until we arrived at Mori, a town of some extent on the sea-shore. Here the new road terminates

for the present, and thence onwards we had the usual bridle-path. From Mori to our destination Yurapu, twenty-one miles further on, we never lost sight of the sea. We stopped at Washingi, bathed, dined, and slept.

After a good night's rest undisturbed by fleas or mosquitoes, and greatly refreshed by a swim in the sea, we left our ponies to recover themselves from the fatigue of yesterday by roaming over the hills and eating to their heart's content, while we took pack ponies to continue our route. It is generally an interesting sight to witness the saddling and mounting of pack ponies, especially if the two operations are performed by Europeans, whom the animals in the interior regard with the greatest terror. To hold an animal and get a saddle on his back in the face of his determination not to allow you to get within a yard of him, is a feat requiring dexterity, nerve, and patience, and then to girth and bit him and get on his back are matters requiring time. I was very fortunate in securing comparatively quiet animals, but had great difficulty in getting them to go independently of the mob they had been accustomed to follow. One of our companions was the unfortunate rider of a pony who insisted upon following every train of pack ponies we met, so that his progress forward was remarkably slow.

For nine miles we rode along the sands, passing by several villages, the inhabitants of which live entirely by fishing, extracting the oil from what they catch, and making up the refuse into huge firm blocks for the purpose of manure. It is said to be the best manure for rice. The smell, however, is atrocious. In each village are innumerable dogs, fine large animals with curling tails, exactly in appearance like the Esquimaux dog, and like them they do not bark but emit the most unearthly howl or yell. They are cowardly to a ridiculous extent, they feed exclusively on fish, and are principally useful in detecting with the precision and keenness of fear the advent of wild animals, especially of the bear, whose tramp through the jungle they will hear at an immense distance.

After a ride of twenty miles, chiefly on the sands of the shore,

we arrived at the boundary or treaty limit—beyond this commence the Aino villages. Yurapu, the one we visited, is nothing more than a collection of straw huts on a deep sandy patch on the sea-shore; these huts are not crowded together but they occupy a good space. As we rode through them their occupiers came out and going down on their knees very gracefully saluted, and followed us to the only tea-house in the place, kept by a Japanese, who is also a species of mayor of the village. The Ainos are not allowed to live in wooden houses, they are also obliged to sleep on the ground, not on raised floors or platforms covered with thick mats like the Japanese. They have no lock-up drawers, cabinets or cupboards, every item of property they have is exposed to gaze, and placed around the interior of the hut which consists of one large space, in which light enters by a low door and by a hole in the roof through which the smoke also passes. The rafters or poles which support this hollowed-out rick of rice or rush straw are black with the smoke of years and look as if they had been charred with fire. From these rafters are suspended the wardrobe of the inmates; their few cooking utensils and their bows, arrows, and spears—the only weapons allowed—lie across them. The Ainos are born hunters and pass their lives in pursuing the bears, deers, foxes and badgers. The fur of all these animals is the property of the Government, the flesh the Ainos are allowed to eat. Fish and rice is their staple food, the latter is supplied by the Government with a small supply of saké and soy. They are not allowed to make or keep money, and if any is given them it is immediately taken away by the Japanese. In other respects they seem to lead a free enough life.

In appearance they are short of stature, very broad and powerfully built, evidently possessing great physical strength. Their limbs, speaking of them as we should speak of a horse's limbs, have a well-bred look, square deep chests, spare flanks, muscular thighs, well-shaped and large flat knees, full calf, neat small ankle, and well-shaped feet and hands. Their bodies are more or less covered with hair, their beards and moustaches are

magnificent. An old man, whom we saw, was literally covered with hair, his back was as shaggy as that of a bear or monkey, and so was the greater part of his person. Their features are pleasing and intelligent, their eyes full and open, with nothing of the Chinese or Japanese stamp or character—the eyes of the latter rather resembling a cut in the skin than anything else—their noses are of a European type, the Grecian, Roman, and pug being far more common than the flat broad nostril nose. Their foreheads are good and intellectual. Their teeth, like all those of a fish-eating people, peculiarly good, well-shaped and white. The women strike one as of a Malay type. In religion the Aino may be said to be cosmopolitan. He worships the sun, moon, and stars, the beasts of the chase. Buddha he looks on as an intermediary between heaven and man; while to the goddess of heaven he admits his allegiance. Their dances are North American, their salutations Eastern and Mahomedan. They bow their heads and seem with their hands to throw dust over them in token of their humility. When drinking, they with a chop-stick drop drops of the liquid over their heads and on the ground, muttering some words intended as a grace. They then use the chop-stick as a lever to raise their thick heavy moustaches and proceed to drink. Their language is admittedly distinct from that of the Japanese. It is musical, and they always speak in a low tone of voice. Ask them whence they come and from whom they are descended, and they will tell you that a mermaid visited Japan, and landing somewhat exhausted on its shores became enamoured of a very handsome dog or wolf, and from this amorous connection they sprang. This is, of course, a Japanese invention, by which their affinity to the god-like race which now occupies the land is established, and their treatment of the Ainos race as little superior to that of dogs justified. As hunters they are bold to an absurdity, one hunter armed with his bow and sheath of arrows will not hesitate to pursue and face a bear, and their perfect indifference to danger enables them to kill him at a few paces with certainty. These women when they marry tattoo the ridge

of the upper lip and the space between the eyebrows, but they neither blacken their teeth nor pull out their eyebrows. The village always keeps one or more bears in wooden cages. These their women suckle until they are a year old. They are then worshipped until they attain the age of two or three years, when they are killed at the village feast which takes place in the ninth month. The flesh is eaten and the fur sent to the Government.

We saw one of these bears in an open cage, and a great big savage brown brute he looked. He roared, shook his cage, and endeavoured to get at us. When his foster-mother came, although he had been weaned for twelve months past, he showed her the greatest affection. She took out a couple of the bars, and to my horror introduced her arm and breast, which the brute licked and fondled most affectionately. She then filled her mouth with saké, and the bear putting his mouth to hers she squirted the liquid down his throat. She had suckled him until he was a year old. His cage was ornamented with the skulls of foxes and badgers—animals that he is supposed to look upon in much the same light as the lion is said to look upon the jackal. On poles in front of each straw hut were hung the whitening skulls of all the animals that have been killed in the chase. Having a beard they seemed to think that I must be akin to them, and I have no reason to be displeased with their treatment of a supposed relation or countryman.

When in their hunting expeditions they get sight of the bear, and before they prepare to kill it, they kneel down and pray to it in much the same way as woodmen in the days of our Saxon forefathers are said to have prayed to the elder tree before they laid the axe to its trunk.

They were certainly an interesting people, if only for the doubt which hangs over their origin. The Japanese say they are the aborigines of the country, and that they were found there when the Japanese came down from heaven and condescended to fix upon Japan as their residence; as to whether these latter came with the fallen angels, tradition is silent. It is difficult to believe that the Ainos are the aborigines of Japan. In the

first place they are even now a hardy, bold, and vigorous race. It is not likely that they could have been easily displaced from a country abounding in fastnesses such as is characteristic of the whole scenery of the interior of Japan, and especially by a people that could neither have been superior to them in intelligence, knowledge of warlike weapons, or courage.

Moreover, the Ainos are not found in any number in the interior, but on the coast; whereas, if they had been the aborigines of the country and had been driven by superior force, they would naturally have retreated, not to the bare, inhospitable and open coast, but to the hills and mountains where they might have defied their enemies. That the Japanese have at one time recognized them as formidable enemies may be assumed from the fact that the war-like mask, in which when in full armour the Japanese array themselves, is nothing more than the representation of an Aino face, and in their pictures their devils are always made to resemble an Aino. Wherever the Japanese came from—from heaven or hell—I feel pretty well convinced that the Ainos are not the aborigines of the country and that they never inhabited it in very large numbers, or they would not have been easily displaced, nor be found living only on the coast. I incline to the opinion that they are the descendants of some shipwrecked mariners, possibly from the Fiji Islands or perhaps from the western coast of America, long before Pizarro or Cortes set their feet on that continent. Anyway it is a subject of curious conjecture, and there are facts springing out of their physique, their language, their manners and customs, etc., which would support almost anything which the ingenuity of a practiced ethnologist might suggest.

On our way back to Hakodate we went pretty much over the same ground that we had gone over on our way to Yurapu. The tide, however, was much higher, and it was with difficulty that we could keep our ponies sufficiently near the cliff to make our way. Our lot of pack ponies were excellent, well-built, active little red roans. I felt inclined to make a sporting offer for the whole seven, which I might perhaps have succeeded in

getting their owner, our guide, to accept, as only the night before he had lost one by its being devoured by a bear, and he was complaining of the difficulty and risk of keeping ponies as peasants alone could keep them, viz. by turning them out in the hills during the night to find their own suppers and breakfasts, in a country infested by wild animals, but the consideration of how I was to get them to Shanghai deterred me from making him an offer.

We saw some fair wrestling on our way back, but the men did not half use their legs, it was all arms and chest work. I offered a prize, and the result was that one of the players got three heavy falls.

CHAPTER II

ON our return the 'Salamis' weighed anchor and stood down the Straits for the western coast of Japan. The fog lay for some hours heavily upon the water, but when it lifted we had on each side of us as bold and rugged a coast outline as could well be conceived. We did not get clear of the south-western point of Yezo for nearly five hours, and then continued our southward course; and after a thirty hours' voyage anchored in the roadstead of Niigata outside the bar. Here we disembarked in a native boat, which took us over the bar, on which a heavy surf was breaking, into a river about two miles from the mouth of which the town of Niigata is built. There is no doubt about the so-called Port of Niigata being an extremely dangerous one. In many places there are not two feet of water over the bar and the anchorage is exposed to every wind that blows. When a breeze comes from the south there is nothing for it but to weigh anchor and stand out to sea—as the bottom is bad holding ground.

The town is large and straggling and is said to contain 30,000 inhabitants. It certainly occupies ground enough. It is intersected by numerous canals or streams which, shaded by trees, produce a rather pretty effect, reminding one of some of the inland towns of Holland. These are crossed by wooden bridges, and if the whole garbage of the town was not thrown into their streams they would be an object of great beauty—overhung, as most of them are, with fine trees. The Yashiki of the Governor, officers of Government, and small nobles are excessively pretty and well-built, standing in the midst of extensive grounds and well shadowed by fine trees. The temples, and there are many

of them, are similarly situated. In one of them the British Consul has a residence in a building probably intended for the Chief Priest, and now let by that individual to Mr. Eastie. It is curiously laid out with passages that lead in every direction, opening into rooms that no one could imagine existed until the paper sliding panels are drawn on one side and reveal charming little apartments neatly matted, the walls of which are painted with views of lakes and mountains, garden and hunting scenes, temples, and human beings in every variety of costume. The great charm of these dwellings consists in their cleanliness, the exquisite finish of their wood-work, and the simple taste in which they are fitted up; each one of the better or more highly decorated rooms is sure to open upon some little garden, perfect in itself, with mounds crowned by temples and dwarf trees, through which a stream will flow laden with the lotus leaf. These gardens are disconnected with each other, so that one house may have half-a-dozen different gardens, each one differently laid out, attached to it.

Niigata is noteworthy for nothing in particular. The streets are shaded on each side by covered ways, so that when it rains or snows the foot-passenger can walk without being drenched by either. These colonnades also serve to keep, what the Yankees call the side-walks, sheltered from the intense heat and glare of the sun. The shops are nothing very grand. There is some good lacquer made here, and a good deal of flax and hemp is converted into serviceable linen, but beyond these two articles Niigata cannot be said to produce anything peculiar to itself. We were fortunate in meeting with the hospitality of a German merchant of the name of Weber, who has had a large experience of the trade of the place and pronounces it to be on the decline rather than otherwise. It is not very easy to discover the reason why Her Majesty's Government keeps a Consul here, except it be that he may perfect himself in Japanese and understand the blessings as well as the miseries of the life of an anchorite. Supplies are rare, fresh meat is scarce, and stores of all kinds unattainable except at rare intervals. This

probably accounts for the ninety-nine packages that the 'Salamis' brought for our acting Consul, Mr. Eastie, from Yokohama.

We crossed from Niigata to the Island of Sado, which lies due west about twenty-five miles off, and arrived there about seven in the morning. We anchored off Itomi in the Bay of Sawa, a very lovely spot. Wooded hills down to the water-side, several villages with their low brown houses lining the shore. The bay I should judge to be about five miles long by two and a half broad. Boats speedily came alongside to see the ship and to sell fresh fish, many of which were very beautifully marked and of brilliant colour.

As soon as Mr. Gower's steam-launch, which had been towed from the end of the bay, during which proceeding she was gradually getting up steam, was brought alongside, we started with a row-boat in tow for the so-called gold mines in Aikawa Bay. In the whole course of my life, with one small exception, and that too arose in the course of this trip, I never was a passenger in anything that assumed to go on the waters of the deep with so little pretensions or that behaved like this launch. In the first place her rate of speed did not exceed two miles an hour, even when Mr. Gower sat on the safety valve, which he is supposed to have done during the whole passage. It rolled, it pitched, it lurched, it swung half round one way and completed its momentum by swinging half round the other way, it acted like a pendulum, only it vibrated in every direction and from every point. It entirely discharged from my stomach a very good breakfast, and not satisfied with that it brought on a fit of reaching, in which I am certain a good portion of my immortal soul must have gone to the bottom of the sea. The few glimpses of the coast between the two bays that I could get in the intervals of cruel sea-sickness were very fine; bold rocks stood out in rugged outline as defensive works against the inroads of the sea, and received as with a roar of expostulation the surf that flung itself against them. Boat navigation, except at a very respectful distance from the shore, is quite out of the question. After steaming about two hours and a half and

accomplishing a distance of five miles we arrived at the mining town of Aikawa and ascended a steep hill through a series of most unsavoury smells to Gower's house, a Japanese residence with a prettily laid out garden in true Japanese style with two lakes, two fountains, a rustic bridge, lotus plants, one or two grass-covered islands with dwarf and fantastically trained trees on them, and miniature stone temples which at night time were illuminated, shedding an artificial moonlight on the waters.

After luncheon we embarked in a small ore waggon drawn by a small fat bull along a narrow tramway to the mines. Unfortunately a violent storm of rain and wind, probably a typhoon, had a few days before our visit destroyed half the road, and the remainder of the journey had to be performed on foot amid the ruins of houses, bridges, and water-ways. Such complete desolation and destruction, the work of a few hours, I could hardly have conceived possible. The mines are reached by long galleries of quartz which contain a quantity of silver, very little lead, and some copper and gold, the latter metal being obtained from the silver. This ore is brought down and crushed at the works. Quicksilver snatches up all that is valuable in it, and an interesting chemical process separates the copper, iron, and lead from the silver and gold, and finally the gold from the silver. With the exception of Mr. Gower, the superintendent, and Mr. Scott the mechanical engineer of the works, all the work is done by Japanese and apparently with great skill.

The island produces everything that the main land produces. It has also a small herd of cattle and horses peculiar to itself. The latter are well-bred little animals from eleven to twelve hands, handsome in form, invariably well-bred, and capable of great fatigue. The horned cattle are also very small, but well covered with fat and flesh. The caterers of the 'Salamis' mess bought a cow and calf for five dollars under the solemn promise that it was never to be killed, and the Governor sent the crew a present of an ox, so that fresh meat must have been an abounding luxury when H.M. steamer left Sado.

Agate stones are very common ; they are cleverly turned out but dear, probably on account of the labour and the absence of machinery. There is also a manufactory of ancient bronze work on the island, chiefly from Chinese drawings and models. These are exported to all parts of Japan and are sold as ancient bronzes. The appearance of age is admirably given and would drive Wardour Street distracted. Verdigris, the action of rust and water, and the thinness of the metal in places to give the idea of long use, as well as the polish which age is supposed alone to give, is really marvellous. I bought a few specimens. A cock the size of life was brought for us to see. It was life itself, but being very heavy I could not indulge in the luxury of buying it.

There is a curious fact in connection with the next bay to where we were staying. In the mouth of the bay, in salt water of course, near some rocks which are just beneath the surface there is a bubbling spring of perfectly pure fresh water, so fresh and pure that the fishermen fill empty casks brought on purpose, preferring it to the water of the springs they find on land.

The steamer which the Governor of Niigata had placed at our disposal was on inspection found to be utterly unseaworthy, the Captain, a Dutchman, telling us with charming frankness that he had had the greatest difficulty in bringing her over from the mainland, her characteristics being an utter inability to steam and an equal inaptitude to sail. The boilers were leaking, the fire-bars were broken, the cylinder made an extremely uncomfortable noise, and there was not a bolt in the whole concern which did not every now and then wobble its nut off. Under these unfavourable conditions we determined that steaming against a current was out of the question ; we therefore determined to travel by land as far as we could northwards, then embark and drop down with the wind and tide, and if we were not peculiarly unfortunate it was just possible we might reach the land somewhere near Niigata. We consulted the engineer, who was a Japanese with just sufficient knowledge of his trade to make him doubtful whether she would ever steam back any-

where. Mr. Gower, however, went down to the engine room, oiled a valve or two, screwed up half-a-dozen bolts, and then expressed a hope that we might eventually cross; his expectations, however, he admitted were hardly justified by the state of the machinery.

We set off at a good pace on foot, topped a high hill, and rapidly descended it on the further side until we reached Futami, having done over four miles in one hour and a quarter. We now opened up the valley which originally divided the two reefs, which now constitute the island. The low ground had once been sea, but it had filled up and was under cultivation. The crops of rice were splendid. After we crossed this connecting valley the country was very beautiful; magnificent trees, limes and chestnuts overshadowed the road in many places, and many of the farms were surrounded by vast evergreen hedges of yew tree, twelve or eighteen feet high and about three feet in thickness. Cattle were abundant—small, about the size of Kerry or Breton cattle—clean built and well-proportioned. The ponies were really models, small-boned, plump, plucky showy little animals that would go anywhere and pull anything. The natives of Sado are remarkable for their strong attachment to all animals and their love and kindness is really great. Offer what you will for a fowl or a duck, a cow or an ox, and if they even think you design to kill it, not all the inducement you can offer in the way of money will induce them to sell; but promise that it is to be kept as a pet and curiosity and they will part, not willingly, but readily enough, and the price they ask is nothing very alarming. Cows cost about \$5 each and with a calf \$7, ponies from \$12 to \$35, fowls about 12 cents, and so on; but the difficulty is to get them, for the natives have a wholesome dread of the carnivorous propensities of the foreigner and are not apt to pay much regard to promises.

We did the next ten miles in gallant style under the three hours, which, considering that the road, although built by an exiled Mikado, was little more than a dry watercourse full of loose stones, was very fair walking. The country, as it was

not unlikely to be, was intensely Japanese in scenery and surroundings, rich in every variety of foliage, and well sprinkled with trees, not omitting a great variety of bamboos. The farms were distant from each other about a mile, and every now and then we passed through the single street of a straggling village. The people seemed well-to-do, to have plenty to eat and drink, to be well clad, having a lot of time on hand to eat and sleep. Their cottages were well kept and clean, and the gardens about them carefully cultivated. I cannot say much for the beauty of the race, although the men were fairly good-looking. The women, on the other hand, were decidedly ugly. I do not think anywhere in the civilized world a man could walk through twenty miles of country in which there were any women at all and not meet with some nice fresh-complexioned damsel who at any rate possessed the *beauté de diable*, but here we may travel for weeks and not see a decent-looking female the whole time. Our bearers were young active peasants, who trotted off with our Kagos at a good round pace, each Kago had four men, and they changed two and two five times in every mile. At the end of every *ri* or two miles and a half we got a fresh batch. We had five Kagos and four men for the baggage, in all twenty-five men, and the charge was three dollars for the twenty-two miles—in all we employed upwards of a hundred men. We had an officer with us who walked the whole distance. At the entrance of each village we were met by the chief authorities and elders, who knelt down and put their foreheads to the ground and then got up and ran on ahead to keep the road clear until we had passed through their jurisdiction, they being responsible for the good conduct of all the villagers in their several districts.

When we arrived at Ebisu we were similarly welcomed and escorted to the great house, the chief of the Customs sending an interpreter whom it was supposed could talk English. He was without exception the most polite youth I ever met. He was dressed in European costume which fitted him fairly enough, and would not have been remarkable had he been accustomed

to it; but as it was evidently the second or third time that he had worn it, he was very ill at ease and seemed to think that any sudden movement would crack or split it in every direction, so that when he did move he jerked his whole body round. We were fortunate in having Mr. Fukusi with us, or else we should never have succeeded in making ourselves understood. We had a very fair Japanese dinner given us consisting of cold boiled fish with spring onions, oysters very hard with leeks, and pieces of dough soaked in soy. We had a decent glass of wine and a strong spirit called so-itchen which very nearly took the inside of my throat off.

We found our steamer, known as the 'Niigata Maru,' had just arrived, but that it was doubtful when or whether—if at all—she would be able to proceed on her journey. She had taken thirty-four hours to do thirty-three miles, and had so damaged her engines by the pace she had come through the water that they had struck work and refused to move. The water, too, had leaked out of the boilers. It was midnight before we started; a gentle north wind and a perfectly smooth sea favoured our trip, and after enduring agonies of anxiety as to the precise moment when she was going to blow up or go down, we sighted the hills beyond Niigata next morning about 10 a.m. There was no food of any kind on board, no coffee or tea, and one lamp. Fortunately we had a bottle of brandy and some biscuits, and upon this we supped and breakfasted. Throughout that night I confess I suffered martyrdom. I must have purged many a sin, to say nothing of the fright I was in, for we had no lights burning, no compass, and very little coal; the only place to lie down on was a bunk without a mattress, and oh! ye powers above, the fleas were in millions, in a moment I was covered, and during the rest of the night my boy was employed in expelling them from my garments, and drowning them in the deep blue sea.

Four more miserable starved creatures never appeared on the deck of a vessel. Our walk of the previous day had tired us, and we had nothing but Japanese food to eat—fondly imagining

that a European skipper would be able to give us a piece of bread and cheese—but he, poor man, had counted upon our being well supplied, and was worse off by twelve hours than we were. This was some comfort. He must have been a very wicked man to be condemned to pass his life in command of the ‘Niigata Maru.’ I have no reason to suppose that he was worse, morally speaking, than myself or either of my companions. But, if Providence is just, this man must have been a great criminal to have met with such deserts. The bar at the entrance to the Niigata river was indicated by a boat at anchor. Buoys and lights have not yet reached the west side of Japan, so that when a ship is in sight a fishing boat is stationed on the bar to indicate the passage which is just sufficient to admit any craft not drawing more than four feet of water, so until this little impediment is removed there is not much chance of Niigata becoming a port of much commercial importance. Nevertheless we have a Consul there, but then he is waiting doubtless for a change which, I suppose, Foreign Governments imagine may take place in a night, and it is well to be prepared.

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CHAPTER III

HAVING inspected the books and finished what little work there was to do at the Consulate and at the Governor's Yashiki, I left Niigata about ten o'clock in the morning. My *norimon* or travelling sedan had survived its numerous transshipments and was none the worse. A comfortable silk mattress covered its flooring, a pillow was nicely wedged in between the elbow rests to support and comfort my back. My sheets, blanket, and pillow-case were snug and smooth between the fold of the mattress. In front on little trays were my biscuits, brandy-flask, tin of chocolate, tobacco, and on a special shelf with two round holes in it was safely stationed a bottle of whisky and another of fresh water. At the back slinging on the pole was a waterproof 'hold-all' containing a change of clothes, my sun hat, walking-stick and umbrella. Nothing could be more complete, everything that was likely to be wanted was at hand, and everything was in its place—big knife, binoculars, aneroid, derringer, lucifers, corkscrew, note-book, etc., etc.

The great secret of comfortable travelling is to start fair, with all the thousand and one little things that so materially add to your comfort which take up little room if judiciously stowed away, but the absence of which will make a journey even through a lovely country uncomfortable. To be always regretting something, always disgusted at having left something behind, creates an amount of annoyance that lovely scenery, fine weather, and good companionship will hardly repay.

My companion on this occasion was a Captain Snow of the Marines. He habitually put his trust in Providence for most things; so he had no kago, no horse, and only for the first

day a jinricksha. It is true the weather was fine and he could walk, but then that style of locomotion is apt to blister the feet, and under a hot sun is not always pleasant, so that I am afraid until he at last met with an old *norimon* which he bought half way *en route*, he had hardly such a pleasant time of it as myself. Then his shirts were always at the bottom of a box that had gone on or had not come on, and the same with an apocryphal knife, spoon, and fork, which never turned up at all.

When we started we formed a goodly caravan. Two soldiers accompanied us as a guard of honour through the town and left us at the gates. During our stay the town had been kept under a strict discipline, no noise was allowed in the streets, and special instructions had been given that our eyes and notions of propriety should not be outraged by the appearance of any of the frailer portion of the fair sex—for which Niigata is celebrated—who were kept close prisoners in their dwellings until our departure.

For two or three days and while we were at Sado, there had been a very heavy fall of rain, so that the canals which percolate through the town were overflowing, and the first inconvenience which the want of prevoyance on the part of my companion caused him appeared in the shape of a lake instead of a high road. It mattered little to myself as I was comfortable enough in my kago, but Captain Snow had the pleasure of being carried pick-a-back by a coolie a considerable distance and got a ducking into the bargain. Of course he had no change at hand.

When we essayed from the town our road lay along sandhills and flooded fields crowded with the lotus in flower. The whole country was like a garden. The lotus soon gave place to rice, and in patches were every variety of vegetable separated by rows of hemp-bushes. The crops looked flourishing in spite of the sandy nature of the soil, but the manure used by the Japanese, although not very nice in smell, overcomes all difficulties and speedily converts a waste into a garden. I think I saw every variety of bean, except the broad bean, and as the plant was in flower the scent was delicious. Each farm or

cottage seemed to grow enough tobacco for home consumption. Indeed, the plot of ground immediately surrounding every habitation was filled with everything that its occupier and family would want in the shape of vegetables. The top of the sand-hills was covered with scrub, dwarf oak and bamboo, from which we heard the peasants calling to each other. On a lake, about three miles long by half a mile broad, we saw many duck, teal, widgeon, and divers. Later in the year this region must be a paradise to sportsmen. Lots of cover and no lack of food—snipe, quail, pheasants, and every variety of wild fowl abound. Cotton is grown after the corn crops are gathered in, and I also noticed many plants, from the leaves, flowers or stalks of which several dyes are extracted.

We halted to refresh our coolies at a large tea-house overlooking a splendid valley; far as the eye could see was one green covering of rice in magnificent condition, the ears loaded with grain, a real six-hundred-fold crop as the Japanese call it. Our first stage was a long one, there being no village between Niigata and Akatzuka, a distance of five ri (about twelve miles and a half) except the insignificant hamlet of Uchino, and consequently no coolies. However, a good tuck-in of rice, a square inch of turnip, half a dozen pipes and a cup of water, revived all our staff, and we set off as briskly as we had started. The remainder of the day was through a flat country. We had left the sea and were now striking more inland; although not more than six miles from the shore the soil had improved, the crops looked even more healthy and rich than those we had passed during the morning, although there had been nothing to complain of even in those that were growing within a quarter of a mile from the sandy beach. The first night we slept at Yahiko, a large village or small town, and put up at the official Hongi, a house set apart for distinguished official travellers.

Leaving Yahiko at eight o'clock—after a good strong cup of hot chocolate—we passed through a grove of lofty fir trees. The ground rose and we soon reached some high land from which a lovely view of broad park land disclosed itself. In the

distance the rice fields looked like green turf. Wooded knolls were dotted about here and there, and the varied ranges of green and blue hills that dipped down into this rich valley lighted up by the morning sun was exceedingly beautiful. Through this fertile plain we journeyed for about an hour and a half, occasionally passing through small villages, the cottages of which with their steep thatched roofs and little gardens in front of them were comfortable enough to look upon, banishing all idea of poverty or of bad government. The road when it wound round the base of the hills often led through groves of trees, sheltering us from the sun. The people we met squatted on the ground as we passed, saluting us cheerfully and politely. Outside some of the cottages the women were stripping their hemp stalks and ridding them of their bark preparatory to converting the former into string, thread or twine. From this hemp a coarse linen stuff is manufactured which makes excellent cloaks and a garment not unlike a smock frock, only fitting tighter to the figure than that worn years ago by labourers in England. The stalks are used for firewood in ovens, or when strong enough for battens which, being bound by rice straw rope and covered over with a carefully prepared plaster of earth, form the outer walls of all the houses.

At Nakajima we changed coolies. This seemed a place of considerable trade. The sides of the street were lined with kagos, some having just deposited their freights at the different tea-houses or hotels, while others were waiting to take on the travellers proceeding further. The headmen of the village were making the country people draw straws to find out upon whom the task of carrying forward the kagos another stage was to fall. Here most of the peasants wore straw cloaks and large circular straw hats eighteen inches in diameter. They were all fairly well clad, and to judge from their well-turned and well-covered limbs must have all been sufficiently removed from poverty to find life agreeable enough.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we crossed the main branch of the Shinano-gawa in a ferry-boat, and after a walk of

four miles we arrived at Nagaoka, a long straggling town of what may properly be called one and a half storied houses, so low were the upper rooms. The town was at least a mile long. We were met at the entrance as usual by the two Mayors, who distinguished themselves by their energy in calling out to everyone to get out of the way from between the wind and our nobility, and to take off the piece of cotton which the working people generally wear round their heads. Our attention was particularly requested to the fact that this town possessed a butcher and his shop was pointed out to us—his name and occupation being written above it in European instead of Japanese characters. This was evidently a beef-eating community and they were not a little proud of it, and evidently thought that it must have the effect of raising them in our opinion and of distinguishing them from their neighbours and the inhabitants of the other towns and villages we had passed through. In fact, it is only during the last two years that meat beyond that of poultry has been consumed in any quantity. Attention is now being called by the Government to the advantage to health of eating meat, and the male part of the population seem to take to it very kindly. The oxen are well-formed little animals and fatten easily, but very little care is being taken in developing the milk-producing powers of the cows. The progeny are half starved in their early youth and never seem to attain to their full growth. The udder of a Japanese cow is not larger than that of a mare and she becomes dry about four months after the birth of her calf.

The women we had met with throughout our journey were decidedly ugly—to say they were plain does not at all describe their appearance. I did not see between Niigata and the Mikuni Pass a single pretty face, not even amongst the younger girls. The men, on the other hand, were well-grown and good-looking. The fact is, I believe, that the women either marry too young or indulge in promiscuous intercourse at such an early age that long before they are seventeen they are old. The moment a girl reaches puberty, which often happens when

she is eleven years old, she is certain to be got at by some man, either a relative with or without the consent of her parents, or a stranger who takes a fancy to her and to whom she is let out. They have at any time but little sexual passion and the little they possess is soon worn out. In the spring-time they may be said to be in season, and in mid-winter the children are generally born. Many are afflicted with itch, and the whole population is more or less afflicted with the taint of venereal disease.

In the afternoon we reached the foot of the range of hills that we had had in view since we left the coast and turned inwards. They dipped into the river, and a more splendid salmon stream I have seldom seen in Wales. The fish, however, are far inferior in flavour and do not afford the same sport to the angler that their Welsh brethren do, being sluggish and disinclined to run away. The trout are of the white or silver kind and only slightly speckled; like the salmon they are not to be mentioned in the same breath with those caught in England. The best fish, to my taste, that Japan produces is the *ai* of which, however, be it said, there are either infinite varieties or else *ai* means every fish that swims in fresh water. The *ai*, however, to which I allude is not unlike the silver trout, the flesh is firm and of an agreeable flavour, and fried in a little fresh butter makes a remarkably tasty dish. Several men were fishing from the bank and one or two in mid-stream. Those on the shore had each four or five rods about a couple of yards apart; their lines were of gut and their bait a large gentle. What with smoking their pipes and looking after their rods the anglers seemed to have enough to do. We inspected the basket of one of them—which, by the bye, was of the exact shape of an English fishing-basket—and found it full of fish that looked like roach and dace, and one was undoubtedly a carp weighing about three-quarters of a pound. The scenery was very pretty owing to the infinite variety of the foliage and the number of flowers. I saw a walnut tree in full bearing, the first we had remarked on our journey.

We had now commenced climbing in good earnest, and the

guards were so fatigued that we agreed to alter our halting-place and rest half-way. I have seldom enjoyed a cup of chocolate so much as I did then. The country which we passed through when we again started was most beautiful; our road lay along the side of a hill about a hundred feet above the river which flowed, divided into many branches, along the broad stony valley beneath, looking like streams of molten silver. Fishing villages with their neatly thatched houses fringed the water-side, the canoe skiff being moored to the piles that supported or rather upon which the cottages were built. In many places I could fancy myself in the hills of Carmarthen, while in others I was on the banks of the Severn or Thames—noble trees dipping the tapering ends of their huge branches into the water, the current switching them over the surface of the water and lashing up a mass of foam. More than once the river seemed to have cut a deep passage for itself through a bare lime-stone rock as it came tumbling through a cutting with high perpendicular bare white cliffs on either side of it.

We put up at a farm-house in the village of Moyokamatzu, which had been a temple. Some of the josses remained in the niches, but no one seemed to take the least notice of them, except, indeed, to make their arms and shoulders convenient places to hang towels and garments on. We expressed our surprise at this desecration, but were informed that none but ignorant persons believed there was any sacredness in a graven image and that unless the spirit of God resided within it, it was after all but a lump of clay or wood moulded or carved by the hand of man. ‘As if,’ our host said, ‘a man could make a god.’ As it evidently did not distress him or his family we did not allow the presence of the deities to disturb our lunch. The priest who had formerly resided there had taken unto himself a wife and farmed some land in the neighbourhood and had sold the temple for a few hundred rins. About four o’clock in the afternoon we started again down a steep path to the river, which we again crossed in a ferry-boat. Although it had twenty-five men in it, a horse and two kagos, to say nothing of the baggage,

it did not make more than half-an-inch of water per minute, and when we reached the other side it quickly subsided in the soft mud a few feet from the shore, leaving us to wade on shore. Our road then lay up an almost perpendicular incline through a magnificent grove of cryptomerias. Eight men carried my kago, and a couple of extras assisted by pushing at the depressed end of the pole where the path became very steep. These fellows showed their mountain breeding—small and compact in build, with immense calves and well-developed muscular thighs, and they had good need of them. One place I descended was so steep that I had to hold on by my hands and feet to prevent my being shot out of the front window of my kago. At a village we passed through high revels were being held—a theatre had been built in a field on scaffolding and an apparently interesting performance was going on. The dresses were rich, evidently dating from some anterior period of the history of Japan. We were cordially invited to assist at the performance, and being foreigners were not asked to pay. As far as I could make out the play consisted of a series of adventures in which an adventurous youth, the son of a Daimio, found himself involved in the pursuit of a high-born damsel with whom he was in love and who was being carefully guarded from him by duennas and two-sworded retainers. The young lady's part was sustained by a very pretty girl, for the Japanese stage does not, as in China, exclude females. There was also some fair wrestling, and any number of booths in which gaudily covered sweetmeats were being sold. Peasants in their holiday suits were coming in from all parts, and our bearers hurried us along at a tremendous pace in order that they might return before the festivities closed, to do which they would have to walk some twelve miles.

We slept at a large village on the spur of the low mountain range, which introduces the traveller to the picturesque Mikuni Pass. It was one of the most populous and well-to-do of all the villages we had seen since we left Niigata, its silk culture having mainly contributed to its wealth; almost every house

had a fire-proof godown built in the garden in which the silk and other produce is stored.

After an ascent of a ri and a half—about three and a half miles—up a stony path we reached the top of a hill, having done this distance in an hour and a half. Here we got a beautiful view of the Hakkai range. Between us and it was a green valley through which a river wound its tortuous course, a couple of isolated hills flat-topped and with steep sides juttied out into the narrow plain, like two broad mountain forts. Immediately in front and beneath, separating us from the valley, was a fine large patch of towering cryptomerias looking like a Turkish burial ground. The rain now began to fall heavily and long before we got to the level of the plain the valley and hills were entirely hid from view by a thick mist. Now we felt the incomparable value of our *norimons*. We could sit comfortably within them beyond the possibility of getting wet, see all that was to be seen, read, smoke, and sleep. We stopped at a village called Rachiro, otherwise called in my manuscript itinerary Weasa, where we were regaled with some very nice sweets and particularly some jelly very like guava. Our coolies were all clothed in straw cloaks, and with their circular and peaked straw hats looked excessively like walking hay-cocks. The garment, however, answered its purpose admirably, kept out the wet, and was light and cool, and the men, notwithstanding the rain which came down in torrents, and the slimy road which more nearly resembled a mountain torrent than a road, and the weights they had to carry, stepped out merrily and seemed by the laughter and continued chattering to enjoy their drenching.

Notwithstanding the rain we made good progress, our human hay-cocks keeping up a gentle trot which took us over the ground at a good three miles an hour; at midday we reached Iyekamachi, a village consisting of one very broad street with large houses, the gable ends of which gave on to the road. Unlike most of the towns we had passed through, all the houses were detached, and consequently had side paths leading up to the back part of the premises. About thirty coolies were await-

ing our arrival in the middle of the road all similarly clothed, and the Mayors were busy amongst them deciding on the excuses offered by those who did not want to go and inspecting the substitutes that had been provided by them to supply their places. After luncheon, consisting of the eternal eggs and ham, of which we were now getting terribly tired, varied as the meal was by cucumbers and onions, the rain cleared off. The fields took a greener hue and the rice plants bowed their heads, weighed down with the rain drops. In about an hour we reached Muikamachi, and were not sorry to rest again in a very nice tea-house where a little boy, the son of our host, got up within an inch of his life in gorgeous Japanese costume in honour of our visit, presented us each with a cup of tea, each time kneeling and putting his round nut of a head on the floor in token of respect. In the river which skirts the town salmon and salmon trout were plentiful, and along the stream splendid fishing is to be had for miles. I bought here from the hostess a very pretty piece of silk made by herself from her own silkworms and prettily embroidered by her own fair hands, and a monkey skin which promised to make into a very pretty muff; goat skins were also for sale. We continued following the course of the river, winding round the base of steep small conical hills until we reached the village of Seki at the bottom of the Mikuni Pass. We had been told that this was one of the finest tea-houses that we should meet with in the course of our journey, and of course found it exceptionally bad and the worst we had hitherto stopped at. Why will people take a pleasure in inexactness? We had not asked about the merits of the different tea-houses, and this information had been volunteered. We were therefore disappointed, as in consequence of what had been told us we determined to halt for twenty-four hours and enjoy a long rest. The rooms were bad, the food impossible, and although the people were civil enough it was clear that they were appalled at the prospect of our visit extending beyond the next morning, so we determined to continue our journey early the next day. The view behind our house was, however, pretty enough; there

was a nice little garden and beyond a gently rising ground backed by rugged hills, bare of trees or underwood and ridged and peaked in every conceivable way. The mosquitoes were insufferable, and the curtains old, musty, and full of holes. Of game there does not appear to be much. Wild fowl are, however, abundant, pheasants are scarce, but on the other hand bears, wolves, and monkeys are to be met with in considerable numbers.

A night passed in hunting mosquitoes and slapping our faces did not indispose us to early rising, and after a cup of excellent chocolate, which we had drawn from the stores of the 'Salamis,' we started on our journey, knowing that a day of hard climbing was before us. Almost immediately after we left the village we began to ascend; the scenery on each side of the road was beyond anything pretty. High hills, bare at the top, rugged in outline, their base covered with the beautiful and grandly graceful cryptomeria; waving rice fields bordering the stream, or rather river, that flashed like a silver thread through the valley over and between white borders of stone, formed a picture it would be difficult to paint and almost impossible to describe. After about two miles of this valley we began the ascent of the Futaitogi Pass—and steep enough it was in all conscience—like all mountain pass roads, it consisted of loose rolling stones, but here and there where a brown red mud slippery with moisture supplied the place of stones, a rude staircase or steps of cross pieces of wood supported by sturdy little upright posts jammed into the ground had been constructed, and enabled us to get over the ground and up the hill with comparative ease. We had now reached a height of about three thousand seven hundred feet above the sea level, and from the top of the hill beheld another scene of indescribable beauty. Piles of conical hills, some in shadow and some brightly shining, seemed heaped one upon the other or rather to grow out of each other, a very confusion of hills; the very picture the Psalmist must have had in his mind when he sang interrogatively, 'Why hop ye so ye high hills,' for of a truth nothing but a process of very considerable hopping could have piled them in the way they presented them-

selves to our view. Innumerable small narrow valleys divided these tree-covered mounds, every inch of which was planted with pine and beans. Having rested our bearers we began the descent and arrived at the bottom, a plain of white stones looking like the bones of a departed race, bleaching in the sun, through which rushed at a gallop a broad stream of water seawards. On each side of this plain were hills covered with trees, their dark green foliage forming a striking contrast with the white stone-paved valley, the glare of which made us shade our eyes as we watched the stream speeding along at a headlong pace over and through the mass of stones which formed its bed. Here and there little brown heavily-roofed cottages lined the banks for a few rods, their cotton—the produce of their simple looms—bleaching on the dry stones. At midday we reached the village of Mitsumata, a long row of dilapidated houses. Here we saw bear, goat, monkey, badger, and wild goat skins exposed for sale. The tea-house where we lunched had a very pretty garden behind it through which ran a natural stream of clear water; like its larger brother beside whose bank we had been travelling, it ran a swift course, it being quite as much as some ducks that were swimming in it could do to hold their way against its current. Dividing it into two branches was a single tree, and in little islets were several dwarfed shrubs and rude imitations of temples and grottos. We bought some skins, although they were roughly cured and smelt a little strong. That which had clothed a monkey was about three feet long and covered with long light-brown silky hair about two inches in length, so that the animal itself must have stood upright at least five feet. There was no trace of a tail, and the natives said that, although there were many monkeys with tails, many of them had none.

After lunch we continued our route along the bank of the river, which gradually decreased in breadth until we lost sight of it altogether and began another ascent—and such an ascent. It is only to be described as perpendicular. The path was cut out into steps, and it was far more like going up a ladder than

going up a staircase. I got out of my kago, not caring to incur the risk of a fatal step on the part of my bearers sending me and it headlong down into the valley beneath, and never shall I forget the intense pain I felt in my thighs and back. I realized then two or three facts which I had up to then ignored—one that I had fat somewhere about me, another that I had not very good wind, and the third that I was not so young as when I last went up the Rigi. The scenery was grander because it was less broken. The hills were more steep, bolder, and more separated, covered with magnificent oaks, chestnuts, and firs. The sides of our path were covered with wild plants, amongst which I noticed the wild geranium, some lilies, and several varieties of flowering vetches. When we reached the top of the hill a scene of extraordinary beauty burst upon us. Hills were on all sides. The bearers called this the double pass—the first we had ascended and descended in the morning, and we had just arrived at the top of the second. Mountains in point of height these ranges might well be called, but they possess none of the characteristics of mountains, being hills and very picturesque hills, beautifully green and having nothing wild or savage about them. They might well form a background to an English park, and although there are very few habitations to be met with amongst them one never seems to lose the feeling of being in the midst of one's own kind. They suggest nothing that is solitary. No hermit would fix upon them as a place of residence, and, although a Natty Bumppo might walk day after day on them in pursuit of the setting sun, he would never feel alone, although he might not meet a human soul or see the track of a human foot. Japan must be rich in wood, the forest land is endless, woods seem to succeed each other in rapid succession, with here and there only a rough clearing.

Of birds we saw plenty; of the larger kinds there were wood-pigeons and daws, blackbirds and thrushes; of the smaller sparrows, linnets, chaffinches and tom-tits, and a great many others that chirped amongst the bushes and flitted about, the names of which I could not recollect.

After a sufficiently alarming descent, repaid, however, by lovely scenes of hill life, we reached the village of Futai. It was small, but there were some excellent hotels in it, and I rather regretted that we had determined to proceed on to Asakai about four miles further on. Whilst we were changing coolies I strolled about, and, led by instinct, came across a rude Court where justice was being administered, and heard a civil case as well as a criminal one. The Court consisted of a square room raised above the ground on piles. The front of it was open. Inside and facing the open space were the three Mayors on their knees before little writing-tables about a foot high on which were bamboo pens and paper books; on the side were the Elders of the village who had been called in to give an opinion. The case was this: a man had sold a neighbour some hemp sticks to make battens, as the defendant said, for the mud-covered partitions of a new house he was building. They were too short and, indeed, only fit for fire-wood, he therefore refused to pay for them. The plaintiff said that he did not know what the defendant intended to do with them, he had asked for hemp sticks and hemp sticks had been delivered to him. The Elders were asked if they thought from the positions of the parties the plaintiff must have known that the defendant wanted the sticks for battens, and they said it was notorious he was re-building his house and that he had no occasion for hemp sticks for any other purpose, and that he always burnt cotton stalks in his oven, and on this a verdict passed for the defendant. The criminal case was one of assault. A man had cast loving eyes on the daughter of a distant relation; being somewhat of a loose character the parents refused his offer of marriage. He therefore determined to carry the girl off and lessen her marketable value. Unfortunately for him a friend heard the girl's cries, interfered, and got severely handled by the accused who was a powerful vagabond, but the neighbourhood had been alarmed and the young lady was carried back to her parents none the worse for her attempted abduction. The parents declined to prosecute, but the assaulted champion, not seeing the fun of being thrashed

for his gallant interference, brought his complaint before the Court and won his case. The amount of punishment to be inflicted was referred to the Judge of the district. The proceedings were well conducted, although there was a little too much loud talking on all sides, but still far less than in a Chinese Court.

CHAPTER IV

AT Asakai we slept. There was a feast going on in the village in honour of the approaching harvest, and to propitiate the god or genius of plenty and to induce it so to arrange matters with the clerk of the weather that no unpropitious rain or sun should interfere with the splendid prospect in store, drums and gongs were beaten, children shouted, and one man having put on a bear's mask and a long trailing garment went through a species of dance supposed to represent the peculiar gambols of that animal, and as an imitation it was not without a certain merit and intimated more than a zoological garden knowledge of the habits and pastimes of the animal. Another fellow put on an immense nose and ran after the girls, a habit which our host assured us all large-nosed men had. I have certainly known men with large noses addicted to the fair sex, but I cannot say that it ever struck me before that there was any connection between a large nasal organ and amateness, yet now that it has been brought under my notice and upon reflection I am inclined to think that this feature or peculiarity is worthy of notice and observation. In an open shed behind our hotel I observed a collection of small children, the eldest of which certainly did not exceed nine years of age. Two little dots of about five or six years old were seated at the back of the shed exactly like josses in a temple, and the young monkeys in front, some of whom were priests, and some worshippers and spectators, went through the usual spectacle in a temple. The two little gods, or rather god and goddess, never moved a muscle of their faces, and their limbs seemed to be of wood until the time came for others to take their places, when they jumped off their

seats and joined the crowd of lilliputian worshippers. I don't know that I ever saw European children engaged in such a pastime, but I have seen my own imitate a Greek funeral with one of their companions as a corpse in an open bier to the life as well as to the death. We sent out a present to the bear and the man with the nose, which brought upon us a deputation who expressed their delight at their village being honoured on such an occasion with the presence of distinguished foreigners, which gave our host the courage and the tact to suggest that as we were travellers the quieter we were left the more we should enjoy a night's rest. The hint was taken, an adjournment to the lower end of the village was unanimously resolved on; but alas, the fleas had been woken up to unusual activity and we passed but a restless night. The harvest was a reality to them, and two white-skinned Englishmen proved an irresistible attraction. I lost at least a pint of blood that night. Next morning we started at dawn for the Mikuni Pass. The village presented a woefully dissipated appearance. The very lamp-posts looked drunk, and the fire ladder was considerably out of the perpendicular. As to the villagers their blood-shot eyes and tottering gait told a tale of endless saké-cups of rice spirit, and it was with some difficulty that we mustered coolies sufficient to carry our baggage.

We determined this morning to walk until lunch-time. The day was fine and we had a good road before us, although in places it was steep, but most of it was on the side of the hill, broad and well-sheltered from the sun by overhanging trees. Had we had horses we could have cantered along for miles round and in and out the hill sides and imagined ourselves in some park in England. We heard the bleating of some wild kids and the pheasants were calling to each other. Flowers of all kinds were in profusion and several kinds of whortle-berries. Our bearers assured us there was plenty of game, but the cover was too thick for any sportsman during any time but the winter, when it dies down, and then when the country is covered with snow the villagers put on their snow shoes and collecting all the

curs in the neighbourhood they track any animal they can and literally hound him down until he gets bogged in a drift, when they knock him on the head.

Indeed, except a man made these woods his home he could hardly expect to find game except by accident, he would have to learn their haunts and habits and the spot they frequented for water, for no dog could hunt by scent in the ravines or up the hill sides, and sight would be perfectly useless, for nothing that stood under seven or eight feet in height could by any possibility be seen.

The peasants have few fire-arms, but they can send a shaft from a bow several feet long with tolerable accuracy. With this weapon they are as clever as the followers of Robin Hood. On our way we passed seven stone crosses marking the burial-place of some travellers who were overtaken by an avalanche of snow and buried beneath it. Poor fellows, they were within a hundred yards of a tea-house, yet had neither time to cry out or strength to struggle through the rushing mass.

We were not sorry when we saw the figures of the two Mayors of Nagai squatting by the side of the road awaiting our approach. They had come out about half-a-mile to meet us, and we were conducted with much ceremony to the guest-house where our luncheon was already prepared. Here, as elsewhere, we suffered from the absence of fresh meat, and if it had not been for our great stand-by the hams, we should have had nothing in the shape of flesh to eat. The tinned soups we had long since rejected as uneatable, so that we were obliged to be content with a rasher, poached eggs, and a bottle of claret. Our afternoon journey presented no new features, the country on this side of the pass being pretty nearly an exact repetition of what was on the other side of it. The river when we crossed it was flowing eastward instead of westward, and after we had crossed it was evident that we had entered a large silk district. Mulberry trees polled about seven feet high, giving them the appearance of bushes, were planted in every direction, their long

slender branches laden with leaves. The season for the worm had passed, although the second batch in some places were still feeding. I saw several trays of what the Italians call 'bivoltini.'

There was a great deal also of hemp and plenty of carrots and potatoes, showing clearly that we were getting within the reach of foreign influences. Within a quarter of a mile from Shibukawa, where we spent the night, were some sulphur springs and these we set off to see. The water passes from springs at the very bottom of the hills in a village of the same name as the village we were staying in; it was only slightly sulphurous, and is conducted by bamboo pipes to the baths, when it is cooled to a fitting temperature for bathing by exposure to the air and the addition of cold water. There were too many people of both sexes in each bath to tempt us to add to their number. In one were two men and a woman, one of them was scratching himself in an agony of itch, while the other two up to their necks in the same tank were quietly looking on. In another bath was a priest, a boy, and an old woman. The third bath was occupied by a promiscuous assemblage, amongst whom were our guards and some of our bearers. We left them to the full enjoyment of their 'cleanliness' and sincerely hoped it would help to rid them of the skin disease which is the curse of the country; but bathe with or after them was out of the question. In this village we saw a great deal of tobacco, and more than ordinary care seemed to be taken in the curing of it; some we bought was very fair, and some specimens of the dried leaf were well dried and selected.

Here we passed a very good night, the people being well provided with mosquito-nets. The one we had fitted the whole interior of the room. When we got under it, it looked like a Turkish tent, suspended as it was from the centre of the ceiling and caught up by nails in the four corners of the apartment.

The first station after leaving Shibukawa was Fuse, a place of considerable size and wealth. The houses were good, silk was being reeled in almost every one of them, and the gardens at their back showed that they required store houses to keep their

produce in. The mulberry gardens, too, were carefully kept—beans growing between the trees, the ground being clear and well-hoed. The Mayors of this place were singularly polite to us and authoritative in their demeanour to their fellow-townsmen. Everyone we met was made to kneel down in the streets, and those standing within their shops or houses had to take off the band which confined their hair. Every moment the order 'Be quiet, kneel down, keep down,' was shouted out. It was in vain we got Mr. Fukusi to suggest that we did not like to inconvenience people and had a particular objection to be knelt to. It was no use, the people they said were bound to treat strangers with respect, and it was right they should be kept in the habit of doing so.

We had now another pass to ascend. In this country no sooner do you emerge from one range of hills and cross a valley than 'Berg auf' is the order of the day, and up you go to surmount another; unfortunately the rain which had fallen during the day left a thick mist behind it and we could not see anything. Within the range of our vision were bare hills with patches of fern growing and between a short crisp crop of grass. Just the place to turn cattle out on, but not a single animal did we see. On the top of one hill was a giant slab of granite with an inscription on it too much effaced by the action of the weather for an interpreter to make anything out of it. A few Scotch firs were scattered about. As we descended the mist cleared, and we found ourselves in a park-like country with magnificent timber trees growing isolated here and there in rich undulating grass land, the very paradise of graziers. Here I first saw the sycamore. Flowers also were not wanting, growing about the stumps of trees that had been felled and where the decaying wood was being converted into rich dark mould. Unfortunately I am no florist and cannot recollect the names of more than a dozen plants, and never shall so long as botany is made a close science by the absurd use of long ridiculous Latinized names. I recognized the harebell, the blue bell, the convolvulus, wild rose, geranium, and the hydrangea which grows here to

the height and solidity of a good-sized tree. Yellow and white flowers upon almost leafless stalks were in any quantity, some tea shrubs were also occasionally to be seen, and masses of Cape Jessamine covered the hawthorn trees in wild luxuriance, spreading perfume over the whole country.

We reached Nakayama about mid-day, and were shown two plants which looked to me extremely like mulberry-trees, but which we were assured were paper-plants. Two kinds of mulberry we did see, the plain leaf and the oak leaf variety, and I am rather inclined to think that it is the bark of the young wild mulberry branches that is used in the manufacture of paper, hence the name which it sometimes bears, springing as it were from the use which is made of it. It is extremely difficult to get a direct answer to any question and still more so to get a truthful one. The people are so anxious to assent to any suggestion you make or to give the answer they think you want, that it is next to impossible to place much reliance on what is told you. Mr. Fukusi, the Japanese gentleman who accompanied us, was himself very much puzzled, and at last gave up the task of eliciting reliable information in despair. He had been talking to his bearers about the animals in the neighbourhood of the hills we were crossing. They told him of the wild goat, and mentioned a variety that had but one horn. This he told us of, of course we doubted and questioned the people at the inn and several other bearers and villagers. One and all of them agreed that wild goats with only one horn abounded. We thought we had discovered the unicorn at last and that our names would be handed down to a grateful posterity; we felt sure that grateful Heralds and Kings-at-Arms would allow us to engraft the one-horned wild goat of Japan as supporters to such coats of arms as we could lay claim to. To have discovered the unicorn was worth living for. I offered a fabulous sum for a specimen, and I verily believe that the whole village was on the eve of starting in search of the unicorn when an old man asked what we were all mad about. He had been a hunter and was an authority. Had he seen a one-horned goat? Oh yes,

often. Then it was true ; but a little questioning brought out that goats often broke their horns, but that he never knew of any breed of goats that only had one horn and that in fact there were no such animals. Upon this explanation getting about, everyone said that was what they meant. So our chance of fame was lost.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, after ascending and descending one or two hills, we reached Shibukawa, a town of considerable extent and apparently entirely devoted to the cultivation of the silkworm. Cocoons were in all the houses, and all the women that were not actually child-bearing must have been winding silk. Here I saw the first pretty woman since we started on our journey, her beauty was rather the result of a good healthy complexion, a nice pair of eyes, and a pretty little mouth, than good features or figure.

Whilst looking for flowers I came on a small apple growing from a long tendril creeping underneath the ground, grubbing along its length I unearthed several about an inch under the ground. The Japanese called it 'genans,' it is extremely sour and rather acrid, the size of a small quince and of a bright yellow colour. I have heard of a ground apple, but whether that means a potato or the fruit I picked up I don't know.

Hitherto we had not seen many dogs, but here we began to meet the cur which infests all the villages in the neighbourhood of Yeddo,¹ and whose hatred of foreigners is apparently extinguishable. Since we had left Niigata we may have seen half a dozen, but from this place to Yeddo every village has dozens of them. They are used by the peasants as watch-dogs, and in the winter they hunt the hillsides in pursuit of game, the country people following them in snow-shoes. They are the greatest cowards imaginable, the moment they bring their quarry to bay, if it is only a cat, they keep at a respectful distance or bolt, but they serve the purpose of finding what is to be found, and enable the hunters to come up within a reasonable distance.

¹ Now Tokyo.

We left our night's lodging betimes, and for three hours travelled through a succession of rice-fields and mulberry plantations interspersed with gardens. The people we met with were well-clothed and comfortably off. Most of them were leading strings of pack-horses, well-fed, shapely animals. We skirted one or two large forests and passed through several villages, the inhabitants of which seemed to be principally employed in winding silk; the season had apparently been a favourable one, we heard no complaints, and the people seemed generally satisfied with what they had done in silk and were looking forward with confidence to a splendid rice crop. Of absolute want or poverty I did not see a single instance, of disease and sickness several. The medical profession seems at a discount, beyond a few simple remedies, principally decoctions from herbs. The Japanese pharmacopœia is evidently limited, and the professions of the healing art are seldom met with except in the larger towns. Again I must notice the hideousness of the women in the country districts. They are not only plain, they are repulsively ugly. As we passed along we often encountered some dozen of women and children seated on the roadside, and a more uninteresting lot of human beings it would be difficult to find in any other country; they have no freshness and apparently no youth. The men, on the other hand, are, as a rule, good-looking. Wherein does the difference consist, and why is it that the male population is so far superior in good looks to the female? It may be that all the fairer portion of females are drafted off to the towns. At Yeddo and other places known to foreigners the *mousmees* or girls in the tea-houses are carefully selected for their good looks, but in the country through which we passed the tea-houses, with one exception to which I shall allude, were endowed with an amount of female ugliness that would have kept virtuous the whole of the royal family.

We reached Takasaki about half-past twelve, the bearers from the village where we had slept having been the very worst we had met with on the whole road. The rain now began to

pour down, as I solemnly believe it pours down nowhere else, except perhaps at Singapore in the night time, in this inhabitable globe. The bearers put on extra steam to get out of it, but the faster they went the harder it rained, until they fairly gave in and declared they would face it no longer, and we were obliged to call a halt at Honjo some seven miles short of our destination. We were in luck, however, for we were soon safely housed in an excellent tea-house with an excellent old landlady and about five of the prettiest girls I have ever met with in Japan. They one and all devoted themselves to our comfort, and in a very short time each of us partook of an excellent bath, and exchanged our damp clothes for a dry sleeping costume, and were prepared for dinner. And now I ought in justice to the exceptional beauty of our attendants to describe them, but alas! my quill is but the pinion feather of an oldish bird and can but haltingly describe their perfections. As far as we were concerned nothing could exceed the modesty of their deportment, and although they attended to our toilettes, even superintending and assisting at our respective baths, no exception could be taken to this conduct. While our dinner was preparing we sat round in a circle and chatted and laughed to our heart's content. We guessed each other's ages and we criticized each other's beauty. The eldest of the party very nearly collapsed into tears when my companion guessed her nearly forty. The stroke went too close home, and her eyes filled as her companions laughed at her, for in truth she was the eldest, and time had begun, slightly, it is true, to leave his mark upon her. It took a good deal to console her, but she was a good-natured lass and quickly recovered her composure, and was not ungrateful for the pains taken to make her forget a sad lack of gallantry. She certainly was young enough to prove her youth and lightheartedness. She was the eldest of the party and might have been twenty-five years old; the youngest was certainly not more than sixteen. After dinner we sat round the smoking-box and chatted for several hours. We were most fortunate in our interpreter, and gained a curious insight into the lives led by these girls. They

were all from the neighbourhood, from villages within twenty miles, and had been dedicated to the life they were leading by their parents for a certain number of years, moyenant a lump sum paid down, the highest price paid being \$100 for the youngest of the party, a bright clean attentive girl, a genuine Fenella, very small but extremely pretty, intelligent, sparkling and graceful. They all with nice taste confessed to a liking for foreigners when they were gentlemen *and not drunk*. Our skins were whiter and softer, although from our beef-eating propensities more odoriferous than those of their countrymen, but then we petted and caressed them, while the Japanese expected to be petted and caressed. We were affectionate and modest, while their countrymen rarely showed their affection and were rough and immodest; but then the tales told of our cruelty made them fearful of trusting themselves to a foreigner, whom they were assured thought nothing of killing women, especially when they were tired of them or got jealous; but on the whole we were nice and should be nicer if we drank less brandy; while our strength, size, and courage were beyond all praise. It is clear that the Japanese have carefully instilled into their women a dread of the licentious foreigner. Jealous of all those qualities which their instinct tells them render foreign men eminently attractive to the fair sex, they have artfully exaggerated our wickedness and vices, and so successfully that their women are frightened of us. Moreover, they have so managed that any woman who gives herself to a foreigner is tabooed by the natives, and is not considered clean until abstinence has purified her, so that for a time she is no longer a profit-earning commodity, and hence a watchful eye is kept on her by those whose interest is bound up in her continuing to be an object of attraction to her own countrymen.

None of these girls, except the youngest and oldest, expressed any desire to abandon their lives or exchange it for one less vicious; and these two exceptions only desired to be kept as mistresses instead of being let out to numbers. They all said they were kindly treated, well fed and handsomely clothed, and

on the whole preferred the chance of finding a rich husband among their numerous lovers, to marrying young and becoming prematurely old from exposure, to working in the fields and hard labour in the house. None of them evidently had the slightest notion that any shame was attached to their manner of life, still less that it was an immoral one. They considered their sex made for men and that they were only fulfilling the object of their creation. Only one of them had been a mother, and this was evidently considered a good joke amongst the rest. The child was out at nurse, but who the father of the intruder might be was a matter of the wildest conjecture.

They smoked and chatted until far away into the night, and when we began to yawn and evince signs of sleepiness they busied themselves in preparing our beds. The luxury of my sheets and pillow, to say nothing of a fringed lawn pillow-case, seemed to amuse them immensely, and I had serious apprehensions that all the five would insist on sleeping in the bed for the sake of the novel sensation produced by a pair of sheets and a horse-hair pillow. The little one nestled into it, so far as consideration for an elaborate coiffure would allow—and it was some time after I had got into my bed that they finally retired. The next morning a gentle reminder in the shape of a hand under my mosquito-curtain warned me that it was time to rise, which I confess I did unwillingly, for we had sat up later than usual and sleep had been unusually grateful and satisfactory. Two of the young ladies prepared my chocolate and my bath and two assisted, as the French say, at my performance in it—and being out of it I was rubbed dry in about half a minute—my feet tenderly dried, my hair and beard brushed and combed, and all done with the greatest simplicity and seriousness, and as if it was a matter of everyday occurrence, which it may have been to them, whatever it was to me. Certainly a Daimio's life must have had its attractions. Ah well, it is no use regretting the good old times, but there must be men in Japan who as cordially hate that 'pestilent Parkes' as any English squire hated Cobden and Bright.

We left Honjo and five pairs of bright eyes with regret; hugging ourselves with the notion that those we left behind shared the feeling. I don't think my companion spoke for at least half an hour; as I was smoking my morning cheroot my silence was not remarkable, because as a matter of habit I detest talking while smoking. I cannot now exactly recollect where my thoughts were, but I am persuaded they were, where they ought to have been, viz., with my wife at Yokohama. But my companion's thoughts were where possibly they should not have been, for he evidently had left his heart at Honjo, and I can hardly say I was surprised, for I felt it was coming, when he suddenly lifted his head and with much spasmodic exertion said, 'I say Judge, those were uncommonly nice-looking girls we saw last night.' I am afraid, indeed I am certain, that he expected a hearty acquiescence, but I was prepared for him and intermittently replied—'Yes, one I believe was rather pretty, at least you seemed to think so—I hardly remarked the others.' The look that gallant soldier gave me, or rather shot at me, it will be difficult to forget. Fortunately his thoughts did not take the form of words, but if ever eyes said 'you intolerable old hypocrite and humbug' that man's eyes did—and I deserved it. It was necessary, however, to the peace of the minds of both that the subject should die. I admit my hypocrisy—but I had studied diplomacy under a master of the art of deception, Sir Henry Bulwer—and he is responsible, not I, for any concealment of or deviation from the truth of which I now candidly confess myself to have been guilty. Let this tardy confession expiate my sin.

Our road now lay along the Tokaido, on each side of which were magnificent trees planted at regular intervals. Here the cryptomeria is to be seen in all its grandeur and far better than in the mountains or forests, for it has space to grow and has evidently been carefully tended when young. Many of the trees there were eight or nine feet in diameter and this breadth was maintained to upward of fifty feet. The road was excellent, level and soft—not capable, perhaps, of standing the traffic of

wheel carriages, but sufficient for all the purposes of a foot-and-horse-way.

We met an officer in charge of criminals. The men were literally encased in strong string nets—fitting so tightly that the arms could not be moved—the legs were free enough to admit of walking, but at any moment the cords could be drawn tightly and the whole body was in a strait waistcoat of string net. The officer in charge held a single piece of rope in his hand attached by running gear to the nets, so that he might be said to be driving four-in-hand, very much in the same manner as children may be seen playing at coach-and-horses. At the sight of our procession he ordered his prisoners to prostrate themselves in the road, which they did, the officer bowing low at the same time—when we had passed he jerked his rein and up got the prisoners and continued their route.

As we approached Yeddo, the road became alive with foot-passengers, jinrickshas and carts. Stalls at which travellers could rest, smoke their pipes and eat slices of melons and other fruit, were now to be seen every quarter of a mile. We slept at Ageo, but here we had great difficulty in getting anything like fresh meat. We managed, however, to buy a fowl, and our cook speedily converted it into a spatch-cock which we heartily relished. At this village foreigners were evidently no novelty, and no one took the least notice of us. About midday we reached Itabashi, noted for possessing an imperial residence situated in a very spacious and well-laid-out garden. We were accommodated in an outlying kiosk and had some very good coffee served to us by one of the attendants in charge. From this town, which is almost a suburb of Yeddo although it is six miles distant from the capital, the sides of the road are lined with houses and shops. We passed one or two *Yashiki* or country houses—several fine temples and innumerable tea-houses—and reached the outer gates of Yeddo about two o'clock, having done eighteen miles within three hours and a half.

I do not hesitate to say that Yeddo is the most perplexing

place to find one's way about of any town I was ever in. I do not pretend to know its configuration, and have not the smallest idea whether it has a beginning or an end. It is said to stretch some eight miles along the north-western end of Yeddo bay—for all I know to the contrary it may go all round the bay and then dip under its entrance and crop up at the other side. If anything I rather incline to this theory of its shape and form. I believe it to be extremely like a carriage wheel—the spokes forming the streets, the circumference being a general high road, and the hub whence the spokes spring, the park and castle of the Mikado surrounded by an extremely irregular moat. To complicate matters across the spokes and in every direction runs a river. If I am at all right as to the plan of the city, it will be easily seen how extremely difficult it is to get from one part of it to another, because between the majority of the spoke roads there is no connection whatever, either by side lanes or anything equivalent to them, so that it is always necessary to get into the centre and then exercise the greatest caution as to which spoke you take. When my jinricksha once brought me out of the city from Edabashi, they had clear directions to take me to the British Legation, but they became confused when they got to the centre as to the road or spoke they should take, and if in the course of the three hours that they trotted me round and about the city I returned to that centre once I did so at least ten times, which convinced me that that wheel had at least a dozen spokes and it may have had twice or thrice that number. It took me three hours to get to the Legation. I do not suppose any foreigner ever wandered about Yeddo as much as I did during that time. In vain my poor human horses appealed to me for instructions, I had none to give them, and, if I had, I could not make them understand a word I said, so all that I could do was to make a forward motion with my hand implying 'Onwards' until at last I spied a flag, which turned out to be that of the Portuguese Consul. From his residence I knew my way, and, getting out of my carriage, walked up a hill until to my great delight I dis-

covered the stalwart form of one of the Legation Escort leaning against a gateway. Notwithstanding the extent of Yeddo, it must not be imagined that it is one tithe as populous a city as has been represented. It is full of large temples and gardens, *Yashiki* or Daimio's residences and large waste places, so that on at least half of the ground on which it is built there is not a single habitation. It is now no longer necessary for a Daimio to reside in Yeddo, neither does he leave his wife or any member of his family there as hostage. Indeed, his presence would now be looked on with suspicion, and in all probability he would get a polite notice to quit. So that most of the *Yashiki* are for sale. Armed retainers are not allowed within the City. Two-sworded men, unless they are officers of the Government, are no longer to be seen lounging about the streets, and the umbrella has taken the place of the long two-handed sword. Many of these dwellings have been converted into barracks in which the troops of his Imperial Majesty are located, and these mount guard at the gate in European dress with a European musket or rifle over their shoulders. Men who looked large and powerful in their native costume, now that they are clad in short jackets and trousers, look like rather undersized boys and a great deal too small to carry the rifle and sword bayonet with which they are armed. They are, however, active little fellows not without a very fair proportion of muscular strength, and if well led would probably fight as well as any European troops. A great change has also taken place in the temples of Yeddo; when I first visited the city in 1865, they were numerous and in excellent repair, surrounded by fine trees and noble gardens. The altars were richly lacquered and gilt, and on them and behind them were magnificent colossal Buddhas and other idols, covered with precious stones. Splendid vases of richly-worked bronze filled the interiors, the walls were often hung with rich tapestry and the priests were clothed in gorgeous vestments. With a few exceptions all this magnificence has disappeared. Many of the temples have been pulled down and the materials sold. The bronze vases and bells have found their way to

Europe as curiosities, or have been broken into pieces and melted down, and the priests have been sent forth into the world to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow—and all this has been accomplished without even a murmur of disapprobation. The Priesthood of Japan, especially the Buddhist section of it, has never excited the respect, still less the affection of the people. Living an idle and often an unclean, immoral life, the people looked on the priests with contempt and disgust, and the temples were, with the wealth lavished on them, in the eyes of the Japanese, so many memorials of reckless extravagance and superstition and waste.

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CHAPTER V

TOUR IN THE INTERIOR

RETRACING our steps to Matsumoto, we proceeded from there to Uyeda over the Hofukuji pass (twenty-seven miles). From the summit we had a splendid view of Asama-yama, perfectly clear and smoking moderately, and beyond it of Adzuma-yama, another mountain which seems to be still higher. We had hardly begun the descent, when we came upon several officers whom the Lord of Uyeda had had the civility to send all this long way to greet us on reaching his territory. They bowed and presented their cards, written as usual on small slips of paper, and then we passed on. There is, indeed, no end to the civility we have met with; once it was a guard of soldiers drawn up to salute us as we went through a village; again, another guard accompanied us into Tomioka; officers were continually presenting themselves, either on the road or at the towns, and one delightful man, who belonged to the Ina Ken, accompanied us from Shiwojiri to Matsumoto, and again this day to the pass. Very different from the old state of things, as depicted by Sir R. Alcock.

There were some bullocks on the mixture of grass, ferns, etc., which was in plenty on either side of the road as we descended, and we could not help expressing the wish that here, as well as on many neglected grassy spots which we had passed, herds of cattle could browse and be fattened up, so that a little more flesh and blood might be put into the Japanese of the future. That and good beer is what they want, and in general they take very kindly to malt liquor.

It was in the districts that we had been traversing for the last few days, that we came upon a different species of dog to the ordinary wolf-like animal which infests most towns and villages known to foreigners. This dog is much livelier and brighter, it has a shorter head and body, carries its tail erect, and does not make a practice of slinking away or barking on the approach of the stranger. There is a reddish variety which is particularly engaging, and we tried to buy a specimen but without success.

We remained a day at the great market for silk-worms' eggs, and then, after a night of heavy rain, started on our way to Niigata. Uyeda is situated in a basin, through which, as in every good silk-district we have seen, a river runs. Here there is a swift stream, called the Chikuma. Fifteen miles brought us to Yashiro, and then we crossed the Chikuma in a ferry-boat, worked by men with a double rope attached on either side of the river; then along the wide valley, or rather plain, to Tambajima, where we were told that the Saigawa, a smaller stream which runs into the Chikuma somewhat farther down, had swollen so much owing to the previous night's rain that it was impassable for horses. 'When will it be passable?' we inquired. They could not say. Hoped it might be to-morrow. A forlorn hope at that moment, at least, for the mist, or rain, was gathering thick on the hills behind us, and especially on those where the sources of the Saigawa should be. We know the nonchalance of the natives; we know that often and often when we fiery Britishers would be pressing on, and 'burning the pavement,' as the French say, they would so much prefer—as well as that Artist sunk in sloth—to stay where they are, making a chair of their limbs, and smoke their pipes upon the mats. So we are incredulous, somewhat, and have the horses taken down to the water; there was no difficulty in getting them and ourselves over the first branch in the ferry-boats, but when we arrived at the second we were fairly puzzled. This stream was a good deal broader and swifter than the first, the big ferry-boat and its ropes were not worth half a row of pins, and we ascertained that there was a third branch broader

and swifter still to be crossed before we could reach Zenkoji. So we had to send the horses back to Tambajima, for the night at least, if not for a fortnight, and we were taken over the rapids in little boats which swayed about uncomfortably, and yet were handled by a couple of men with a certain amount of rough skill. Then we walked on to Zenkoji, the luggage and following coming in by degrees. We found a charming inn, and our Japanese companion comfortably doubled up on the floor writing his journal; he told us so quietly that it was such a common thing for Japanese when travelling to be kept one, two, three days by a swollen stream; they thought nothing of that. Poor comfort for the fiery Britishers, but they calmed their angry passions and sat down to dinner.

The rain kept off, and the next morning we were informed that the Saigawa had gone down considerably, and that our horses would be able to cross in the forenoon. So we felt comforted, and went off to see the big temple, which is famous in the land, and were taken round by obliging priests, and the curtain of some holy shrine, duly lighted up, was raised for us, to the great satisfaction of the crowd behind, who paid their devotions accordingly, and threw offerings of cash over our heads in the direction of the holy spot. After that we were taken down some stairs into a very dark place, in entire ignorance of the why or the wherefore (our native friend not being with us), and having groped our way painfully round, on the tiptoe of expectation, we simply came back to the original point of departure. It was an underground journey below the holy places, possibly of great supposed virtue in the eyes of the natives, but as far as we were concerned entirely unprofitable. Perhaps we were simply taken in by those wily priests. Verily they had their reward!

There is no morning more enjoyable than that when, after some heavy rain, fine weather returns, and, as the sun gains power, the mists are slowly dispelled from the hillsides, and everything becomes bright and clear. Such a morning it was our lot to witness, as we left Oiwake, and rode along the Naka-

sendo down a gentle incline ; there was a pleasant breeze, and before us mountain after mountain appeared rising one above the other, till in the far distance we could see the summits of a snowy range of Alps, standing out in the fresh clear air.

More grassy land and a capital road till we passed Shonada, a village built on each side of the swift river that runs past Uyeda into Echigo Province, and on to Niigata. Then the road became rough and the country was undulating and rather barren. The volcano was making up for its previous quiescence, and white smoke was issuing freely from its broad crater. The best view we obtained of it during the day was from a tea-house, which is reached after a long and gradual ascent up the Kasatori Toge. Every steep hill appears to be called a Toge, or Pass, in Japan. From this resting-place the whole range is seen, set as it were in a picture, which is bounded in the foreground by tall trees on either side. A straight column of white smoke was rising from the crater, and, as it expanded into a dense mass, resembled a snow-tree in the calm atmosphere. The view was too tempting not to make us linger, and as we sipped our tea, and our guards smoked their diminutive pipes and the Artist was busy with his pencil, the garrulous proprietor of the little house told us how the smoke was his weather-gauge ; how when it went off to the right, the morrow would be fine, and how rain followed when it took a direction to the left. The range is pretty well East and West. This day there was no wind, but as in duty bound he presaged fine weather for us, and was not far wrong in his prophesy.

From the tea-house the road descends rapidly down a picturesque and well-wooded ravine to Nagakubo, and thence up a valley to Wada, near the foot of the pass of that name. The resting-place of Wada was a spacious house—mansion one might almost call it—with beams of clean wood, and delicate carving and carpentering, which combined simplicity and taste with great effect. It was little used. They said it was built some ten years ago, and that her Imperial Highness, the Consort of Iyemochi, last but one of the Shoguns, had deigned to

alight there on her way from Kyoto. She was an Emperor's daughter.

The ascent of the Wada pass is long but gradual, occupying a couple of hours. Westerias and wild roses and azaleas were all in flower, and, soon leaving the mulberry behind, we found ourselves amongst mamelon-shaped hills covered with moss, rushes, and firs, and a quantity of different trees—oak, chestnut, and walnut, and higher up a number of birches. On the top of the hill we lingered, resting our horses; larks were trilling their lively song, a solitary cuckoo was uttering its monotonous note, and other birds were giving expression to their joy on this fine day. That single lark, it may be said by the way, which so astonished and delighted the author of the 'Capital of the Tycoon,' must have found a mate, and they must have had a very numerous progeny, for now these birds are to be seen and heard in numbers in many parts of Japan.

As we walked down towards Lake Suwa, we passed a curious basaltic formation; then we loitered at more than one resting-place, giving the guards and *bettos* time to enjoy their everlasting tea and smoke, and to exchange a little pleasant banter with the waiting-maids, one a fine fresh-coloured good-natured-looking damsel, with a clear ringing voice, doing credit to the mountain air. Then came retainers of the Lord of Takashima to meet us, and so we journeyed to the bottom of the pass and by midday were ensconced in a comfortable *honji*, more like a private house, in the town of Shimonosawa. All but the Artist, who, however, came dropping in presently, with his sketch-book under his arm, in a high state of delight, because he had transferred the lake on paper, with a distant view of Fujiyama, seen clearly far away in the extreme horizon.

We now left the Nakasendo, and, mounting by a steep road, feasted our eyes on a splendid panorama, Fuji towering in the distance above the lake on one side, and on the other grassy land sloping down to a valley, whence the eye was carried on to high hills, above which a snowy chain of giants was dimly visible. Our night's resting-place was Shiwojiri, a picturesque post-town,

or rather village, with a long line of houses, the ornamented gables of which faced the street and looked much like many a village in Norway or Sweden.

More than one of the party had been unwell for the last two or three days. Change of diet (those dreadful tin soups and meats !), and cold caught owing to some of the variations of temperature to which we had been exposed were probably the chief causes of our indisposition. It is a ticklish thing to be taken ill so far from a doctor, and not to know whether one will be laid up entirely for days in a strange place. A faithful native servant appeared at his master's bedside in the morning and, finding him still suffering, gave way to hopeless tears, saying simply enough that it would not have mattered so much at home, but so far away as we were, it was terrible. Afterwards he came to another of the party with a very grave face, and received what words of comfort were possible under the circumstances. So his master was put into a shut-up *kago*, and away he was carried. It was only ten miles to Matsumoto, and this distance was accomplished without much delay, though not, however, before heavy rain began to fall. The road lay through a perfectly level plain, with much grass land, and grass along the side of the road. The soil is light and dry, and the grain and sparse patches of mulberry plants looked poor and were naturally less forward than in the lower levels which we had left.

We had thirteen or fourteen miles farther to ride the following morning, along rough roads and over swift torrents with wide stony beds, till we reached the village of Furumaya in the vicinity of oak plantations, where the beautiful yamamai feeds and spins in the open air. Two interesting days we spent there, amongst simple but well-to-do farmers, who showed every attention to the strangers. On the last evening we invited the three principal men, who had supplied us with information, to a small feast, consisting partly of Japanese food and partly of our own. The tables were taken away, and down we all squatted on the mats. In came our guests, but almost on the

threshold they stopped and humbly prostrated themselves, keeping their heads down on the mats. 'But come forward,' we said. No forward movement, only more bobbing of heads, and profuse excuses. 'But do come forward,' we repeated. Advance of about ten inches, and again a halt, heads on the mats and more excuses. And so it went on, we urging them to approach, and they sweeping along the floor by slow stages, and then stopping, aghast at their own rudeness and presumption. At last we prevailed upon them to advance up to the festive board, or rather floor, and then getting their feet under them, they burst out into exclamations of surprise, delight and thankfulness, increasing in intensity as the meal proceeded. 'This is, indeed, a thing to be thankful for,' they cried with one accord, as Crosse and Blackwell's best tinned sausages were added to the food on their plates, already full of divers (to them) delicacies. They ate but little, being somewhat bashful in our presence, and being minded like good fathers of families to take this strange food home and share it with their wives and children. But it was a great success in a small way, and by degrees, as their native *saké* sent a glow through their veins, they took courage and our host especially (he was one of the party) became very jovial. Next morning his joy was at its full, when the Artist presented him with a picture rapidly sketched with a native pen on a broad roll of Japanese paper, and representing the whole of our party (characteristic likenesses enough) in the oak plantation hard by, with a view of a Fuji-shaped hill in the distance. He rubbed his hands like a child, and, looking up at us in his glee, uttered unintelligible sounds, and almost shed tears of joy. Sketches were made on fans for the other two men, and altogether we flatter ourselves that the impression left in this happy valley was none of the worst. There was one disappointment, however : the unknown is always magnified, and the inhabitants who had been looking forward to our visit with much impatience, had expected to see nothing but giants, and unfortunately nature had not favoured two at least of the party in that respect.

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